

Buffy

the vampire slayer™

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 1



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JOSS WHEDON
JOE BENNETT
DAN BRERETON
CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
HECTOR GOMEZ
PAUL LEE
SCOTT LOBDELL
FABIAN NICIEZA
ERIC POWELL
CLIFF RICHARDS

Based on the television series created by Joss Whedon.

These stories take place before Buffy the Vampire Slayer's first season.



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BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER™: OMNIBUS VOLUME ONE

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This volume reprints
Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Spike & Dru #3, originally published December 2000;
Buffy the Vampire Slayer: The Origin #1–3, originally published January through March 1999; and
Buffy the Vampire Slayer #51–59, originally published November 2002 through July 2003;
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INTRODUCTION

It's nearly ten years since I started editing *Buffy* comics, an assignment I accepted without having seen the show. The first story to see print was a short in the *Dark Horse Presents* 1998 annual, which hit the streets that August. Although we'd begun work on *Buffy* much earlier, the first issue of the monthly book came a month later; the series lasted over five years, slightly past the end of the television series.

I've edited every *Buffy* comic to see print, and as we begin *Buffy*'s Season Eight—Joss Whedon's relaunch of the comic, continuing the official story of the character—the *Buffy Omnibus* series begins a complete chronological reprint of the earlier stories, which were done with little or no involvement from Joss.

The old *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* #1, and that story in *DHP*, are not in this volume. When we started work in early 1998, we set the first stories in the then-current Season Two. These stories, set at the very start of *Buffy*'s career, came later. A few months into our initial run, *Buffy* novelist Chris Golden suggested adapting Joss's original film script—a *faithful* adaptation, as opposed to the tongue-in-cheek 1992 film. This led to *Buffy: The Origin*, reprinted here. Soon afterward, Golden proposed a Spike and Dru comic, co-written with James Marsters, who (of course) played Spike on the show. There were two follow-up comics written out of chronological order, so this volume reprints the *last* of them, set long before Spike and Dru had ever heard of Sunnydale.

Toward the end of the original series—of both the show and the comics—Scott Lobdell was writing the comic. He proposed a sort of *Buffy: Year One* story. For those of you who didn't grow up on comics, Year One is a term that, like so many things, we owe to Frank Miller. It's not so much an origin story as a story set at the beginning of a character's career—in this case, between the burning of *Buffy*'s L.A. high school and her arrival in Sunnydale. Joss's plans for Season Seven, the final season of the show, were so tight it was impossible for us to set stories parallel to those episodes. So we looked to *Buffy*'s past. There were the loose ends with Pike, her boyfriend from the film; a trip to Vegas; and her time in an institution, referred to in the 2002 TV episode "Normal Again." The Year One stories form the majority of this book, and will conclude in Volume Two.

One creative choice that I made here was to include Dawn. It met with some criticism from fans. Dawn wasn't *really* there during these events, but as the show had explored, and we explored in a series called *False Memories*, *Buffy* would *remember* her having been there. I always liked Dawn as a character, and so Lobdell and I—and Fabian Nicieza, who came on to co-write—decided to keep her. And thank god; otherwise we never could have done "Dawn and Hoopy the Bear."

The stories in this volume take place before *Buffy* Summers ever reached Sunnydale. They were written and drawn over a stretch of five years. During that time, my approach changed a lot. When I agreed to edit *Buffy*, I'd never seen the show, and neither I nor anyone else at Dark Horse had direct access to Joss. That changed, as I began working with the show's writers, and eventually Joss himself—leading to his own series, *Fray* (2001), and the projects he oversaw and co-wrote, *Tales of the Slayers* (2002) and *Tales of the Vampires* (2003). These won't be reprinted in the omnibus series, as I consider them more of a lead-in to Joss's reign on Season Eight than a part of my earlier series. But working with him on *Fray* and the *Tales of* books helped me bring the original series closer to his vision. This book is an interesting case study in that evolution. I hope you enjoy it.

Scott Allie

ALL’S FAIR.7
Title page—RYAN SOOK & GUY MAJOR
Script—CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
Pencils—ERIC POWELL
Inks—DREW GERACI & KEITH BARNETT
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—PAT BROSSEAU

BUFFY: THE ORIGIN 35
Adapted from Joss Whedon’s original screenplay
Title page—JOE BENNETT with HECTOR GOMEZ,
JEROMY COX & GUY MAJOR
Script—DAN BRERETON & CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
Pencils—JOE BENNETT
Inks—RICK KETCHAM
Additional Inks—RANDY EMBERLIN & J.JADSEN
Colors—JEROMY COX & GUY MAJOR
Letters—KEN BRUZENAK

VIVA LAS BUFFY!. 103
Title page—PAUL LEE & BRIAN HORTON
Script—SCOTT LOBDELL & FABIAN NICIEZA
Pencils—CLIFF RICHARDS
Inks—WILL CONRAD
Colors—DAVE McCAIG
Letters—CLEM ROBINS

DAWN & HOOPY THE BEAR 193
Title page, Script, Art & Letters—PAUL LEE

SLAYER, INTERRUPTED 217
Title pages—PAUL LEE & BRIAN HORTON
Script—SCOTT LOBDELL & FABIAN NICIEZA
Pencils—CLIFF RICHARDS
Inks—WILL CONRAD
Colors—DAVE McCAIG with LISA GONZALES
Letters—CLEM ROBINS

COVER GALLERY. 313



All's Fair





BEIJING, CHINA.
JUNE 18TH, 1900.

IT WAS CALLED THE
BOXER REBELLION. A
SECRET SOCIETY
INFLUENCED THE
CHINESE GOVERNMENT
AND FOMENTED A
VIOLENT UPRISING
AGAINST CHRISTIAN
MISSIONARIES.

THAT NIGHT, THE
DOWAGER EMPRESS
CIXI ORDERED ALL
FOREIGNERS SLAIN,
FORCING THEM TO
FLEE OR DIE.



IN THE MIDST
OF THAT
CHAOS, MOST
HAD NO TIME
TO EVEN
GATHER THEIR
BELONGINGS.

SOME, HOW-
EVER, RISKED
THEIR LIVES
TO TAKE CARE
OF CERTAIN
UNFINISHED
BUSINESS.

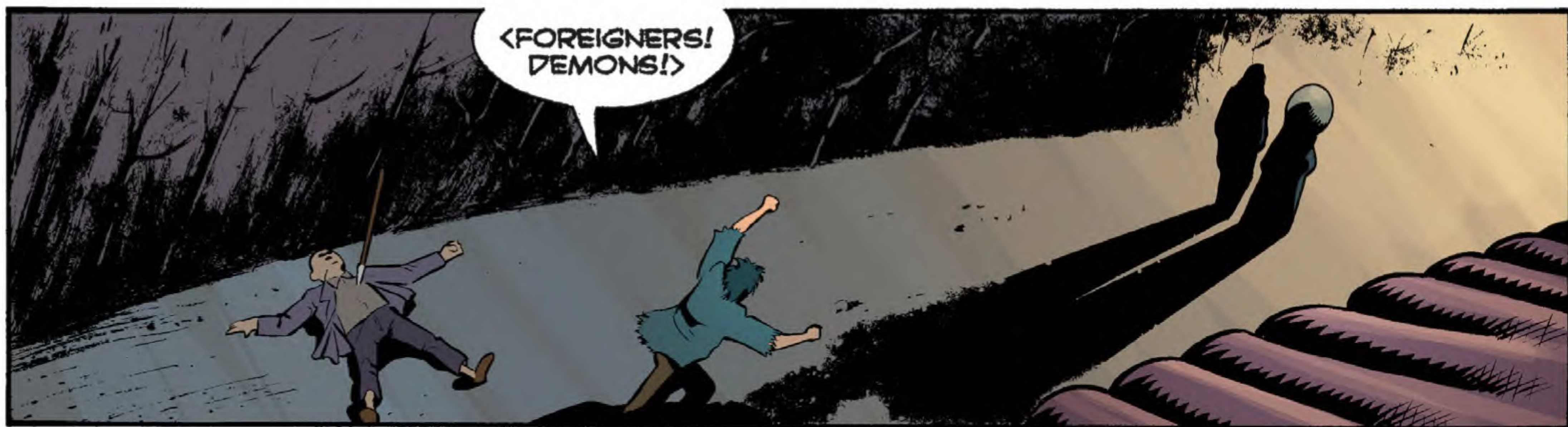


«SHE IS DEAD!
THEY HAVE KILLED
HER! MY GRAND-
DAUGHTER, XIN
RONG...STOP
THEM! KILL THE
MONSTERS!»



«THERE!
DEMONS!»





<FOREIGNERS!
DEMONS!>



<YOU
KILLED
MY GRAND-
DAUGHTER!>

BUGGER OFF, OLD MAN.
AND KEEP IT DOWN,
RIGHT? WE'RE BRITISH
AND WE'RE VAMPIRES--
THAT'S TWO STRIKES
AGAINST US IF WE'RE
DISCOVERED.



<VAMPIRE!
YOU KILLED
HER--
ARRGGHH!>

<YOU...
YOU TORE
HER APART!
RIPPED HER
BODY UP AND
SCATTERED THE
PIECES!>

<YOU'RE NOT
BEING VERY NICE.
AFTER ALL. WHAT
WERE WE TO DO? XIN
RONG WAS THE SLAYER.
IT WAS A MATTER OF
SELF-PRESERVATION.
NOTHING PER-
SONAL.>



<YEAH, WELL,
YOU GOT US
THERE. THAT
BIT WAS
JUST FOR
FUN.>

<I WILL
SEE YOU
DEAD!>



<STOP THE
FOREIGN
DEMONS!
THEY
SLAUGHTERED
MY-->



<EH? AT LAST,
YOU'VE COME.
YOUR SISTER...
THEY KILLED HER.
WE MUST FIND
THEM, DESTROY
THEM...>

<WE SHALL,
GRANDFATHER.
XIN RONG WILL
BE AVENGED. NO
MATTER HOW
LONG IT TAKES.>

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 1933. THE WORLD'S FAIR. A HYMN SUNG IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT GOD PROGRESS. THE FUTURE ON DISPLAY FOR ALL TO SEE.

SCIENCE. TRANSPORTATION. GOVERNMENT. COMMUNICATIONS. ENERGY. THE EXPLORATION OF WORLD CULTURES. IT IS A SPECTACLE UNLIKE ANY OTHER...



FOR FOLKS FROM CHICAGO AND THE ILLINOIS COUNTRY-SIDE, IT IS PERHAPS THE MOST AMAZING SIGHT ANY OF THEM HAVE EVER SEEN.



BUT IT IS ALSO A MECCA FOR TOURISTS ACROSS AMERICA, AND EVEN AROUND THE WORLD. YES, THEY'VE COME FROM ALL OVER TO BE HERE.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO THE FAIR.



IS IT EVERYTHING YOU THOUGHT IT'D BE, DRU?

BETTER. LIKE BEING INSIDE A DIAMOND. I'VE NEVER BEEN ANYWHERE SO SPARKLY. IT GIVES ME SHIVERS.



WANT TO HAVE A BIT OF FUN, THEN? ELICIT SOME PAIN AND SUFFERING, MAYBE GET AN ICE CREAM?

THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.



spike & dru
ALL'S FAIR



ISN'T IT AMAZING, NORR?



I'LL SAY. I FEEL LIKE ALICE IN WONDERLAND. MY LORD, WHO WOULD EVER HAVE THOUGHT WE WOULD LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE SUCH THINGS ARE POSSIBLE?



WELL, NOW I GUESS I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING.



NOT QUITE.



WHEN YOU'VE SEEN YOUR OWN BLOOD SPRAY YOUR WIFE'S FACE, THEN WATCHED MY SWEETHEART LICK IT OFF LIKE THE DARLING PUPPY SHE IS? *THEN* YOU'VE SEEN EVERYTHING.

SSSHH, MY SWEET PET. IT'S ALL RIGHT. DON'T FRET NOW. IT'S THE WAY OF THINGS. HOLLOW BONES AND FAILING EYES. THE MOON SCREAMS AND IT'S OVER. NO ONE LIVES FOREVER.



OVER
HERE! C'MON
DAD, OVER
HERE! I WANT
TO SEE. YOU'RE
GOING SO
SLOOO-
OOW.

NO, YOU'RE
GOING TO
FAST, ALVIN.
WHAT'S THE
RUSH? WE'VE
GOT ALL THE
TIME IN THE
WORLD.



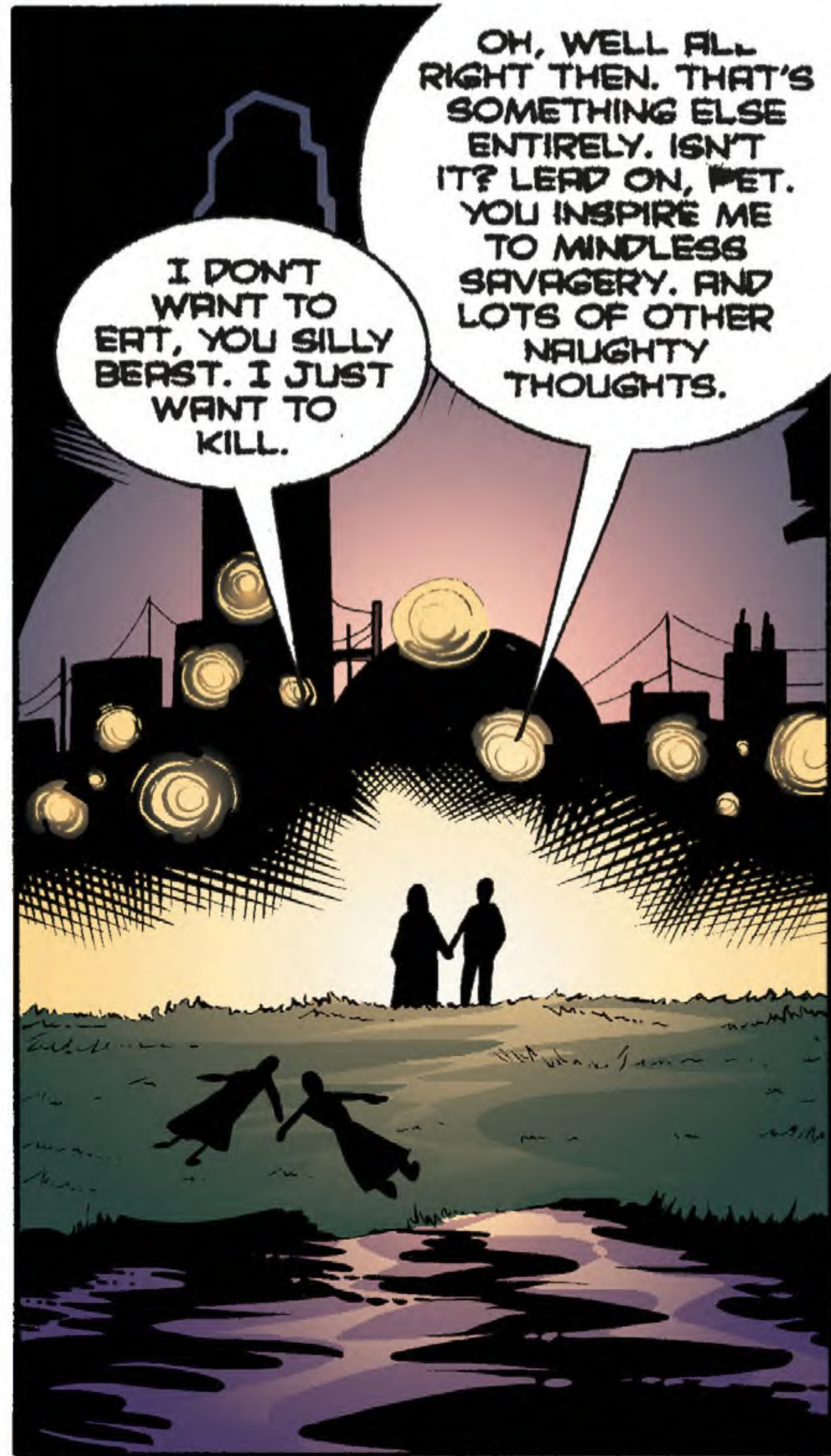
OH, COME ON, SPIKE.
LET'S DO ANOTHER.
THE FAIR ISN'T
FINISHED YET, CAN'T
YOU SEE? IT NEEDS
MORE RED. THE
OTHER COLORS ARE
OUT OF SORTS
WITHOUT IT.

ANYTHING
YOU FANCY,
DAD. YOU'RE
THE STARS IN
MY SKY, YOU
KNOW THAT.
I CAN NEVER
SAY NO TO
YOU.



ANOTHER.

YOU MUST BE
JOKING. AGAIN?
NEVER LET IT BE
SAID OL' SPIKE
CAN'T GO MORE'N
TWICE IN ONE
NIGHT, BUT I'M
ALREADY SO
FULL I'M ABOUT
TO START BLEED-
ING OUT MY
EYEBALLS.



I DON'T
WANT TO
EAT, YOU SILLY
BEAST. I JUST
WANT TO
KILL.

OH, WELL ALL
RIGHT THEN. THAT'S
SOMETHING ELSE
ENTIRELY. ISN'T
IT? LEAD ON, PET.
YOU INSPIRE ME
TO MINDLESS
SAVAGERY. AND
LOTS OF OTHER
NAUGHTY
THOUGHTS.



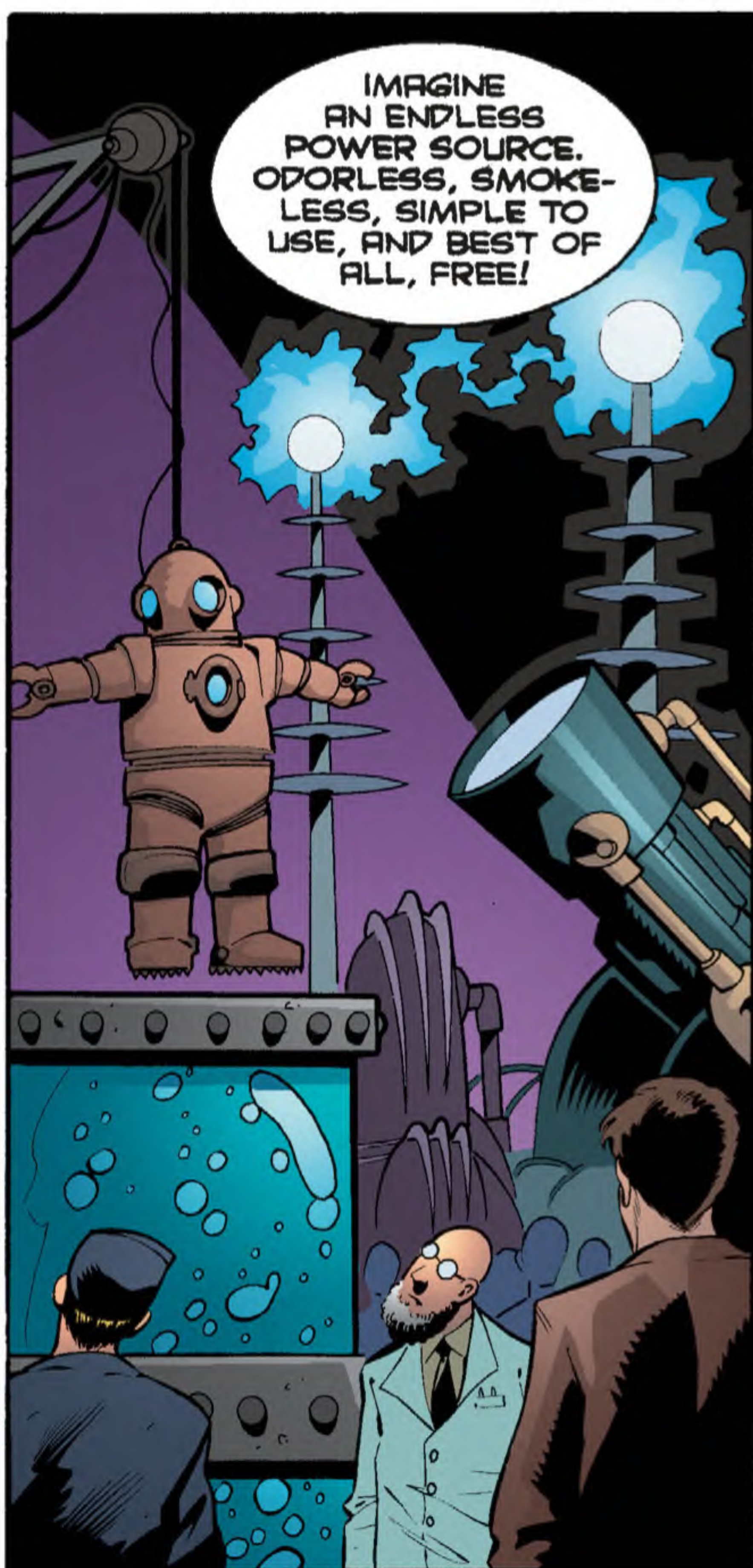
THIS IS
RIDICULOUS,
SAM. WE CAN'T
JUST PRETEND IT
DIDN'T HAPPEN.
PEOPLE HAVE
A RIGHT TO
KNOW.



GUY'S PROBABLY
LONG GONE, EDDIE.
NEVER MIND HOW
FAST THE TOURISTS
WOULD CLEAR OUT IF
THEY KNEW. UNLESS
YOU WANT THE
GOVERNOR AS AN
ENEMY, YOU'LL
KEEP QUIET.



LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, I
PRESENT TO YOU
AN INVENTION
THAT WILL
CHANGE THE
WORLD.



IMAGINE
AN ENDLESS
POWER SOURCE.
ODORLESS, SMOKE-
LESS, SIMPLE TO
USE, AND BEST OF
ALL, FREE!

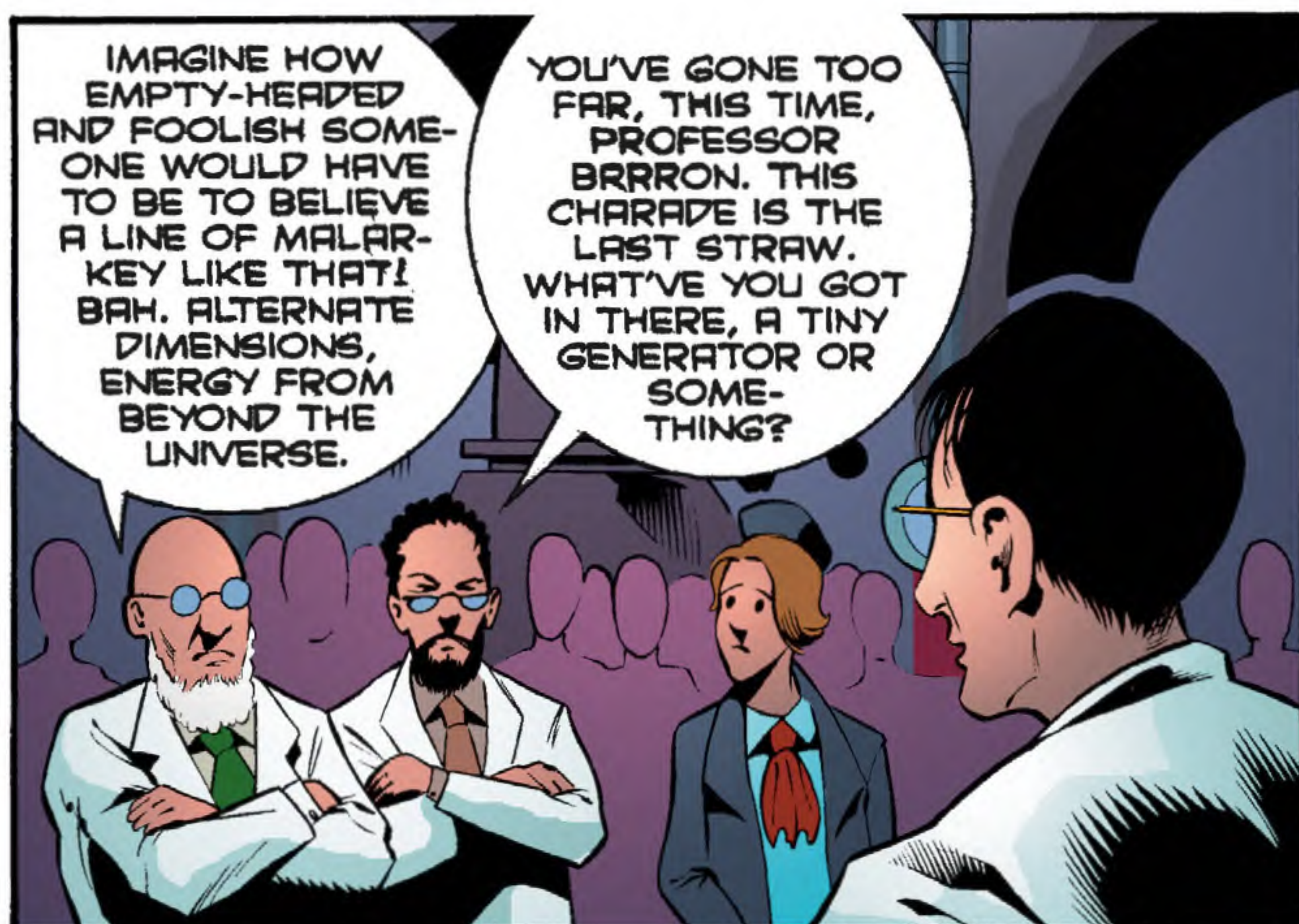


USING THE
MACHINE YOU
SEE BEFORE YOU,
I HAVE MANAGED
TO TAP INTO AN
ALTERNATE DIMEN-
SION, A PARALLEL
WORLD BEYOND OUR
UNIVERSE WHOSE
VERY SUBSTANCE IS
RAW ENERGY.



USING THIS
MACHINE, I CAN
CONVERT THAT
ENERGY TO
POWER. IMAGINE,
IF YOU WILL,
LIGHT BULBS
THAT NEVER BURN
OUT, AN AUTO-
MOBILE THAT
NEVER NEEDS
GASOLINE.

IMAGINE
THE WORLD'S
INDUSTRIES RUN
ON SAFE, CLEAN
FUEL THAT
COSTS NOTHING!
IMAGINE HOW
QUICKLY TECH-
NOLOGY WILL
PROGRESS
THEN!



IMAGINE HOW
EMPTY-HEADED
AND FOOLISH SOME-
ONE WOULD HAVE
TO BE TO BELIEVE
A LINE OF MALAR-
KEY LIKE THAT!
BAH. ALTERNATE
DIMENSIONS,
ENERGY FROM
BEYOND THE
UNIVERSE.

YOU'VE GONE TOO
FAR, THIS TIME,
PROFESSOR
BARRON. THIS
CHARADE IS THE
LAST STRAW.
WHAT'VE YOU GOT
IN THERE, A TINY
GENERATOR OR
SOME-
THING?

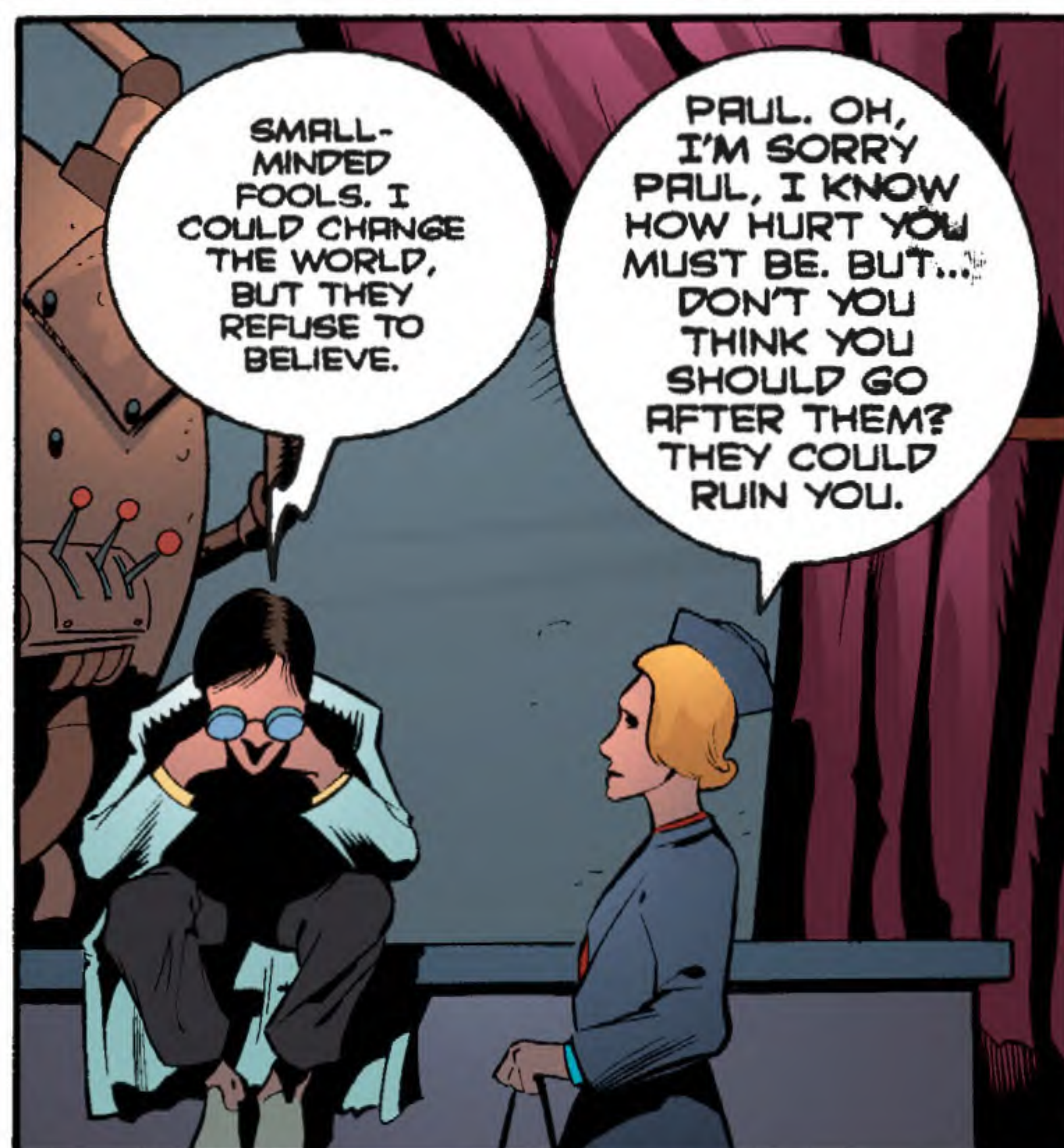


NO, GENTLEMEN,
PLEASE. I SWEAR
TO YOU, IT'S THE
TRUTH. THERE'S
INFINITE POWER
BEYOND THE VEIL OF
THIS WORLD, IF WE
ONLY ACCESS IT.
PLEASE, IF YOU
LOOK HERE
YOU'LL
SEE--



WE'VE SEEN
ENOUGH, BARRON.
CONSIDER YOUR-
SELF LUCKY WE
DON'T ASK THE
FAIR ORGANIZERS
TO EJECT YOU.

NO, WAIT,
PLEASE. IF
YOU'LL JUST
LET ME SHOW
YOU...



SMALL-
MINDED
FOOLS. I
COULD CHANGE
THE WORLD,
BUT THEY
REFUSE TO
BELIEVE.

PAUL. OH,
I'M SORRY
PAUL, I KNOW
HOW HURT YOU
MUST BE. BUT...
DON'T YOU
THINK YOU
SHOULD GO
AFTER THEM?
THEY COULD
RUIN YOU.



OH, BRIDGET
DARLING, DON'T
WORRY. I KNOW
YOU MUST BE
ANXIOUS. IF WE'RE
TO MARRY, I MUST
HAVE A MEANS OF
SUPPORTING OUR
FAMILY. BUT
THOSE MEN
ARE FOOLS.

I LOVE
YOU, PAUL,
AND I BELIEVE
YOU. YOU'LL
FIND A
WAY.



I WILL, DEAR.
I SWEAR TO
YOU. I HAVE
CRACKED THE
SHELL OF
ANOTHER REALM,
TAPPED THE
FURNACE OF
ITS HEART.

ONE
WAY OR
ANOTHER, I
WILL USE THAT
KNOWLEDGE TO
CHANGE THE
WORLD.



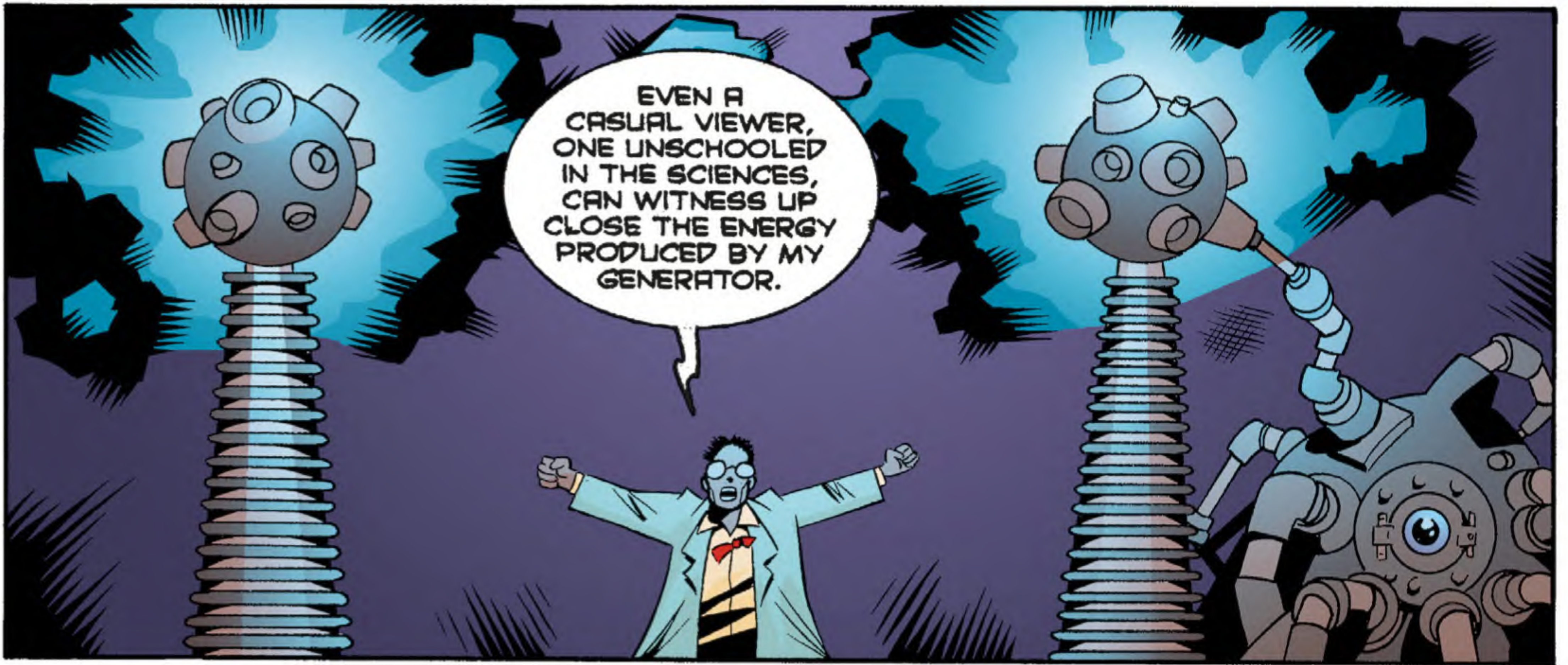




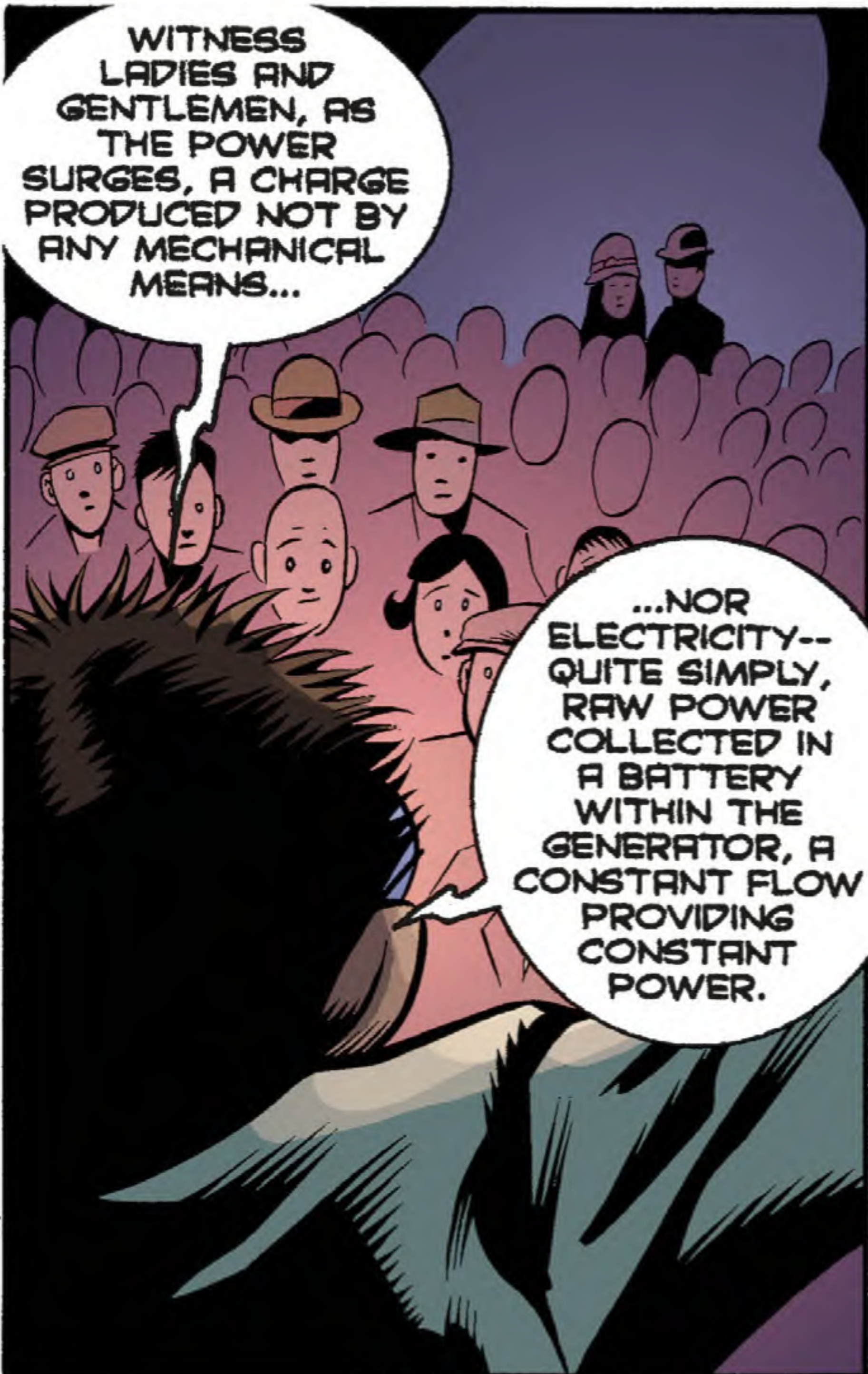
MARVEL,
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN,
AT A MIRACLE
OF THE
FUTURE.



SIMPLE AS TAP-
PING A KEG OF
BEER, I HAVE
BROKEN THROUGH
TIME AND SPACE,
FROM THIS DIMEN-
SION INTO ANOTHER,
TO FIND INFINITE
ENERGY.



EVEN A
CASUAL VIEWER,
ONE UNSCHOOLED
IN THE SCIENCES,
CAN WITNESS UP
CLOSE THE ENERGY
PRODUCED BY MY
GENERATOR.

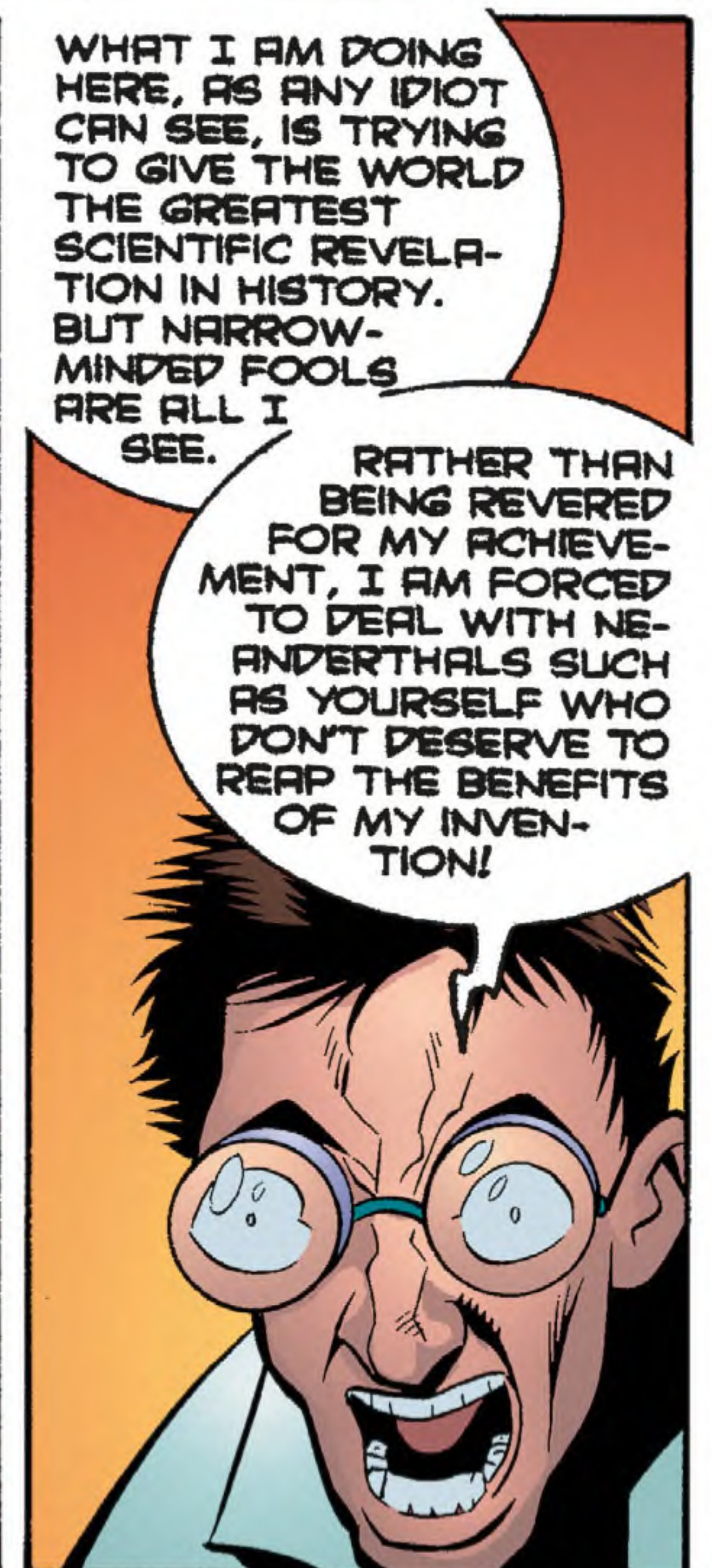


WITNESS
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, AS
THE POWER
SURGES, A CHARGE
PRODUCED NOT BY
ANY MECHANICAL
MEANS...

...NOR
ELECTRICITY--
QUITE SIMPLY,
RAW POWER
COLLECTED IN
A BATTERY
WITHIN THE
GENERATOR, A
CONSTANT FLOW
PROVIDING
CONSTANT
POWER.



YEAH? IF
THIS THING'S
FOR REAL, THEN
WHAT THE HELL
ARE YOU DOING
HERE WHEN YA
OUGHTTA BE A
MILLIONAIRE?



WHAT I AM DOING
HERE, AS ANY IDIOT
CAN SEE, IS TRYING
TO GIVE THE WORLD
THE GREATEST
SCIENTIFIC REVELA-
TION IN HISTORY.
BUT NARROW-
MINDED FOOLS
ARE ALL I
SEE.

RATHER THAN
BEING REVERED
FOR MY ACHIEVE-
MENT, I AM FORCED
TO DEAL WITH NE-
ANDERTHALS SUCH
AS YOURSELF WHO
DON'T DESERVE TO
REAP THE BENEFITS
OF MY INVEN-
TION!





OOOH. IT'S
LIKE WATCHING
ANGELS
DANCE...



...WHILE
THEY
BURN.



THEY GO UP
LIKE KINDLING,
DON'T THEY?
WHAT DO YOU WANT
TO DO NEXT,
LOVE?



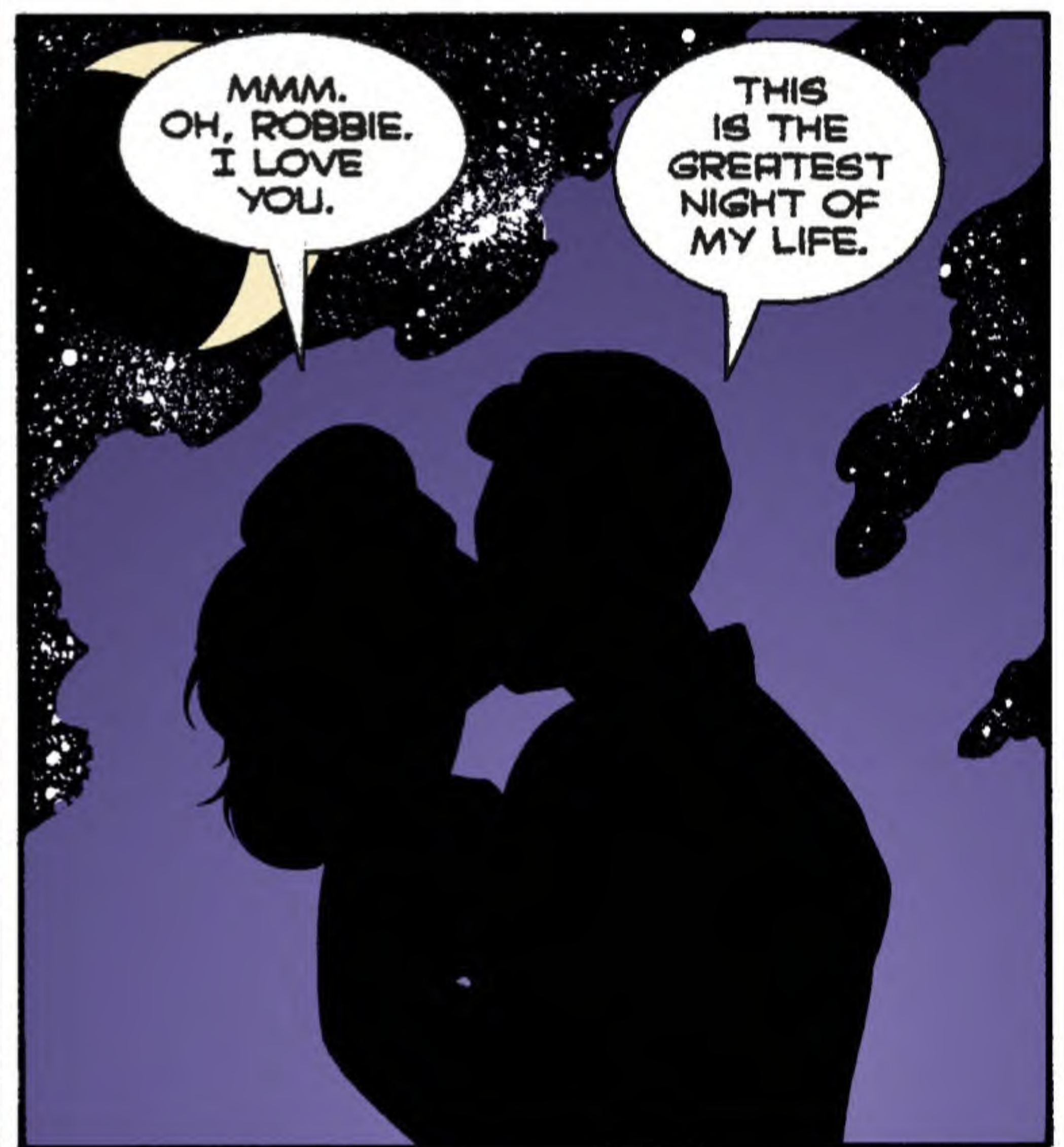
THE PANTHEON
DE GUERRE. A
WHOLE BUILDING
DEDICATED TO
WAR AND
DEVASTATION.
LET'S GO SEE
IT.

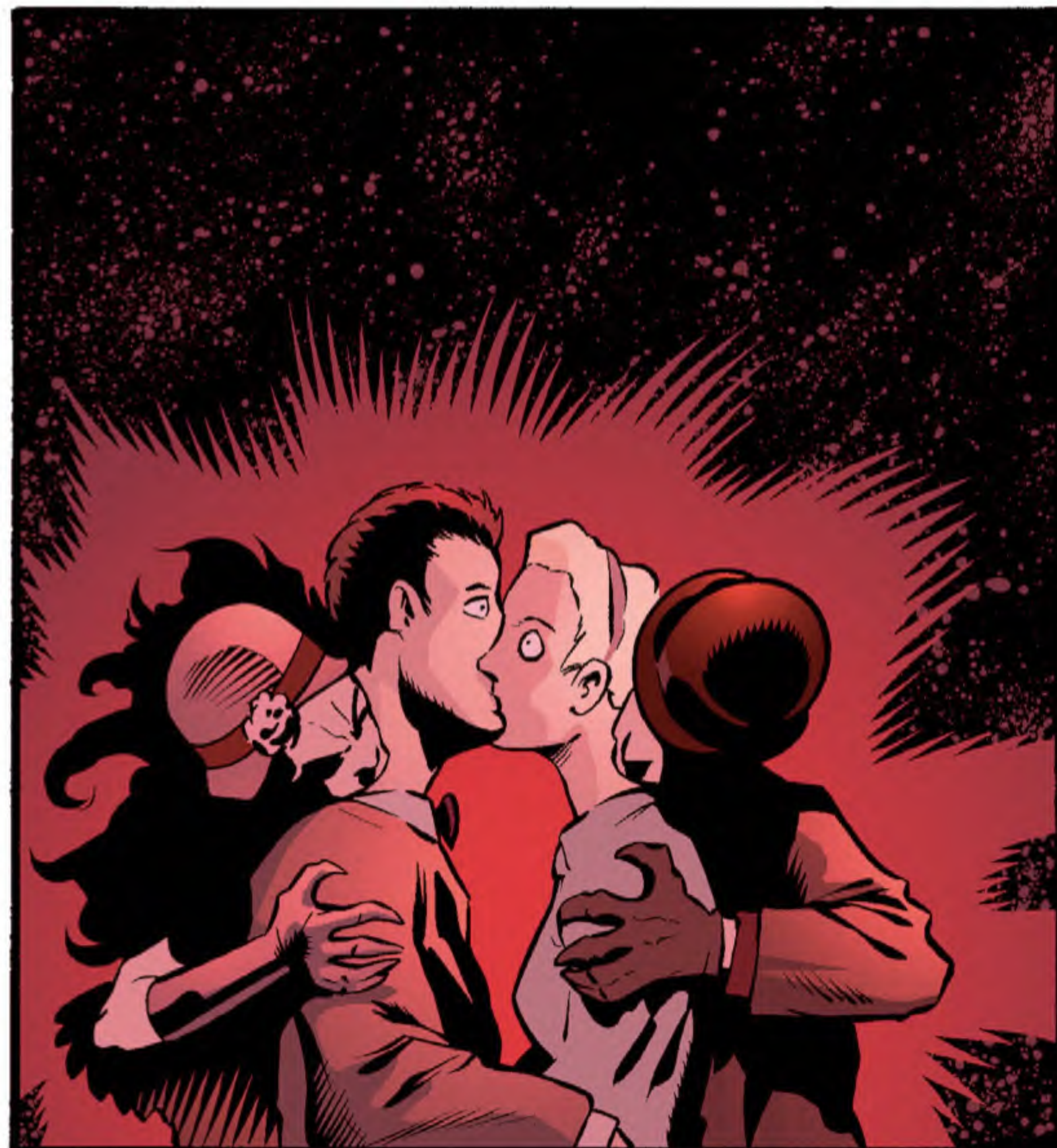


BY ALL MEANS.
WHAT DO YOU
THINK, THOUGH?
WANT TO HAVE
A BITE TO EAT
FIRST?

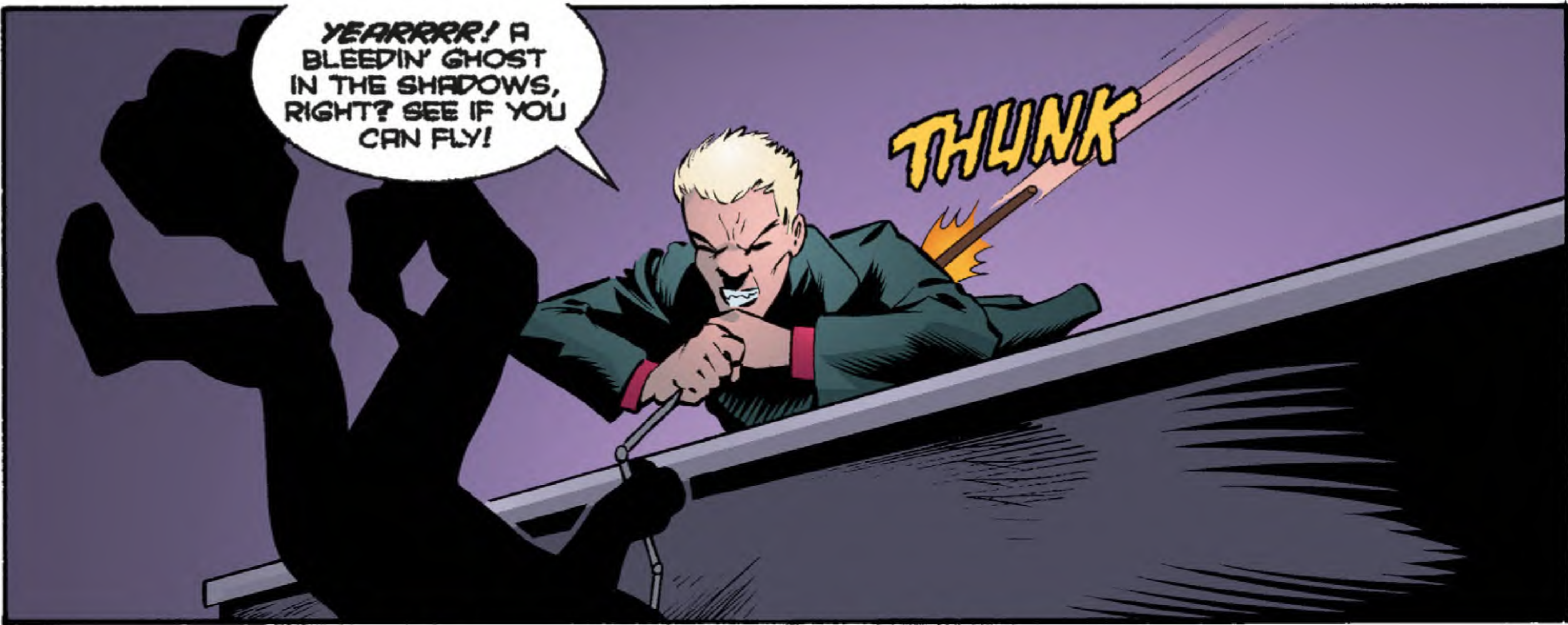


WHO'D
YOU HAVE
IN MIND?

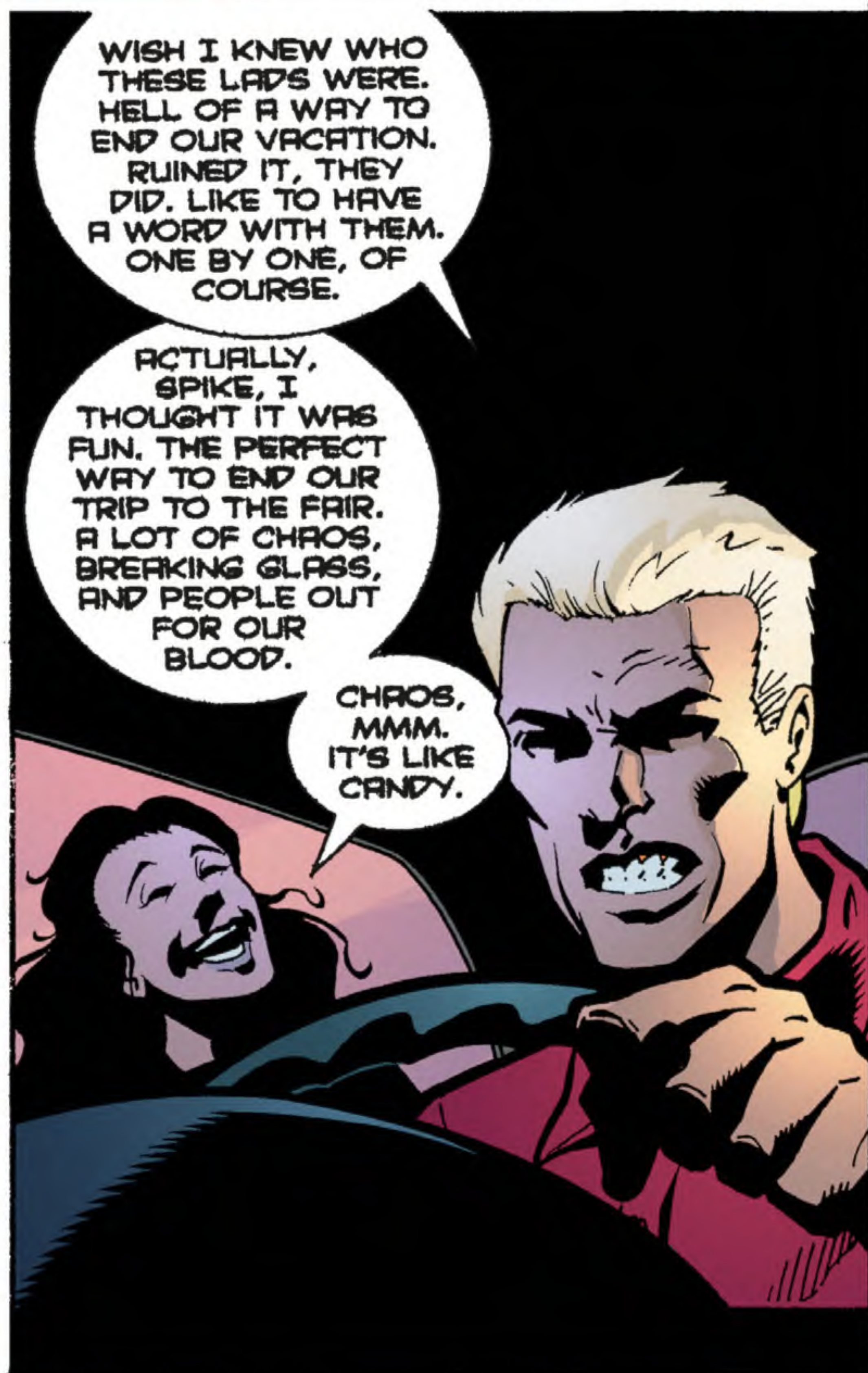
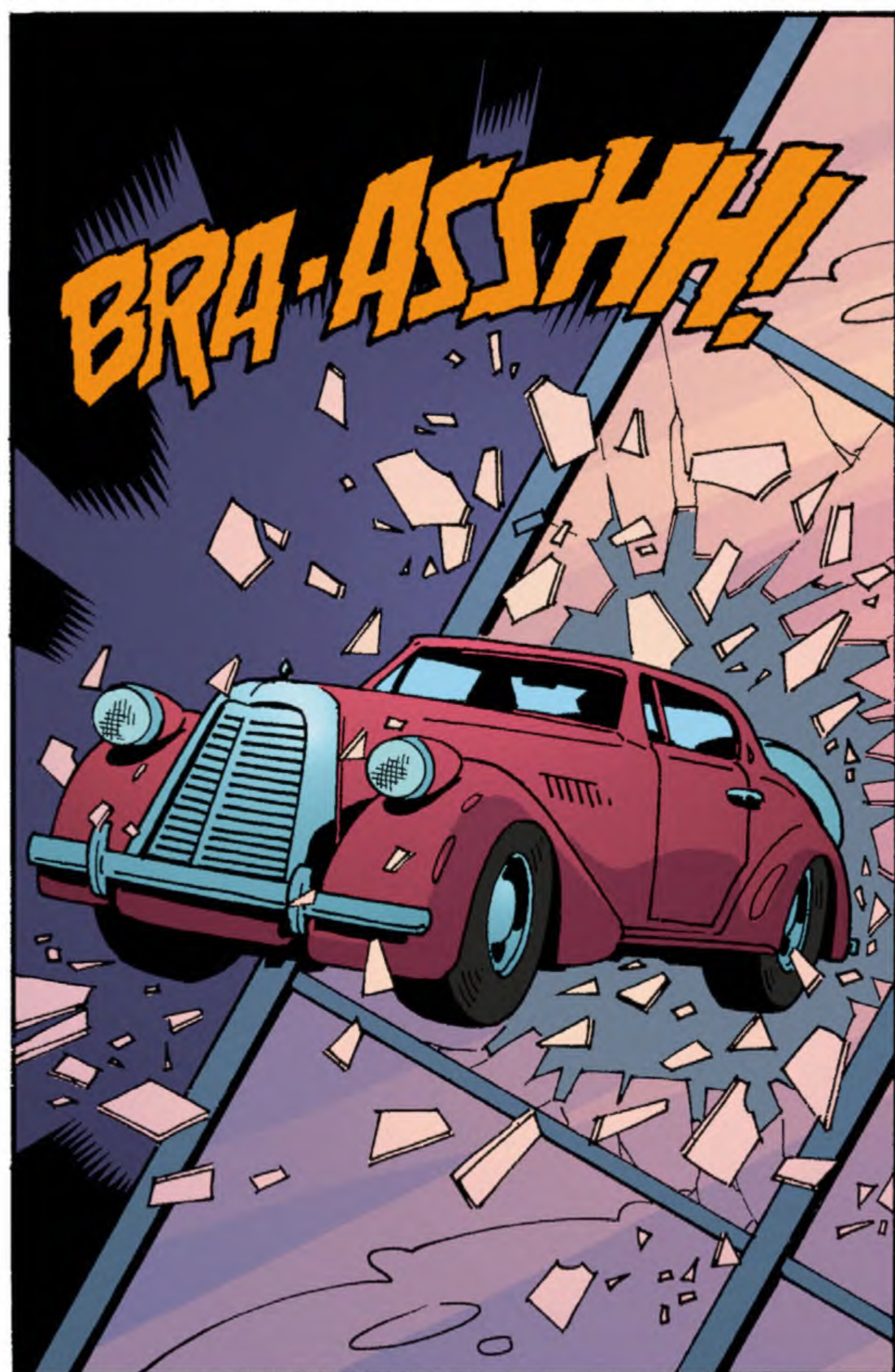
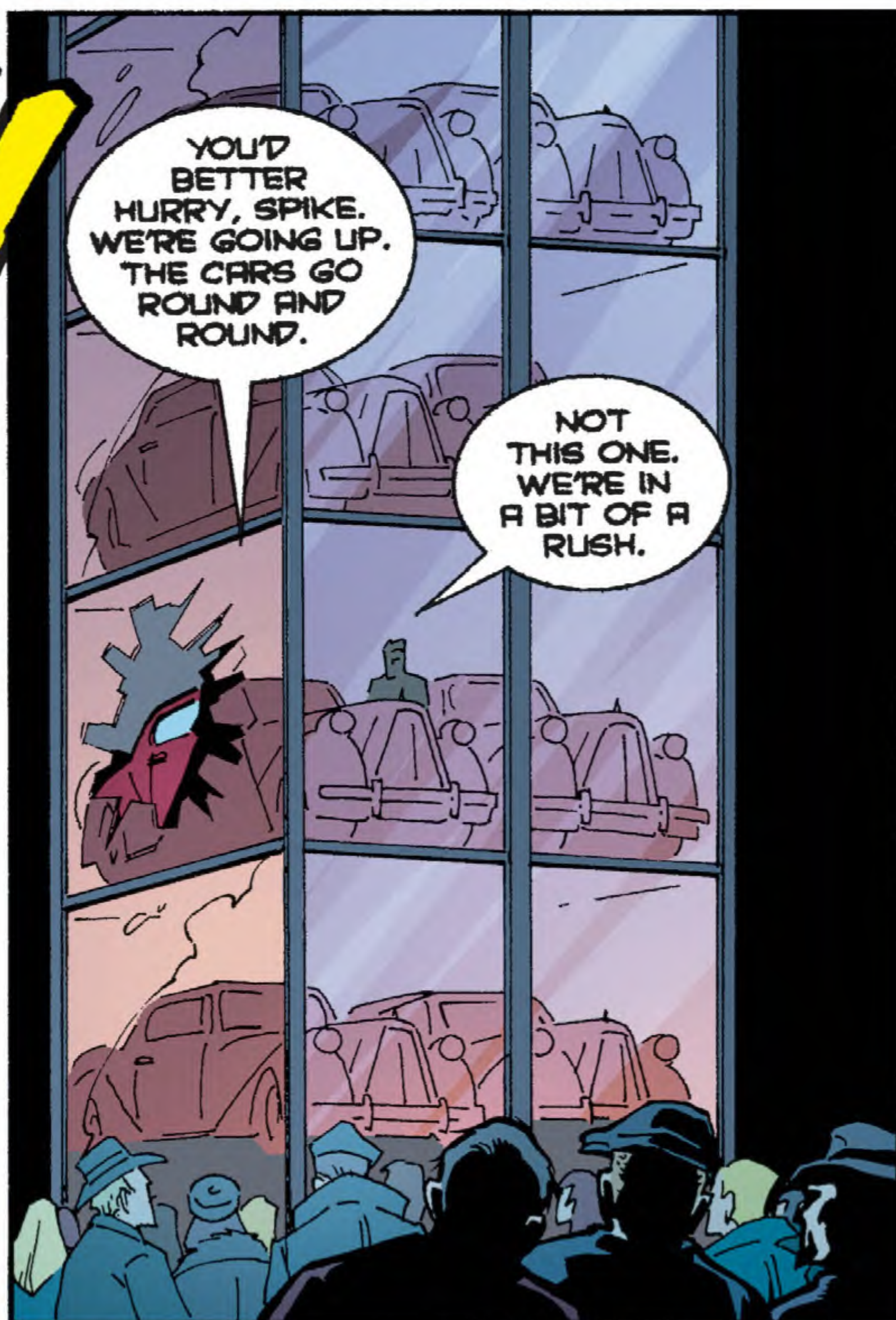


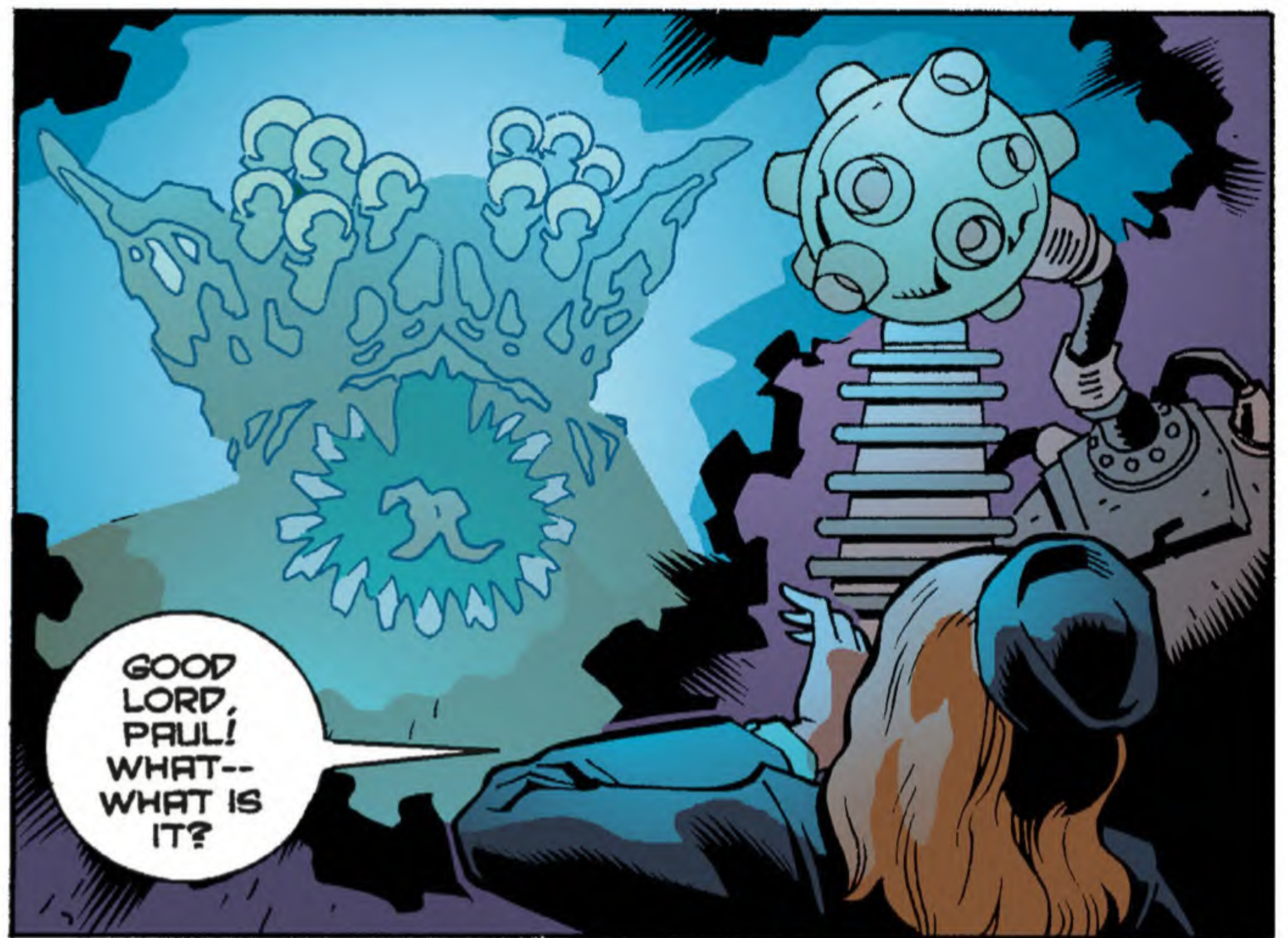


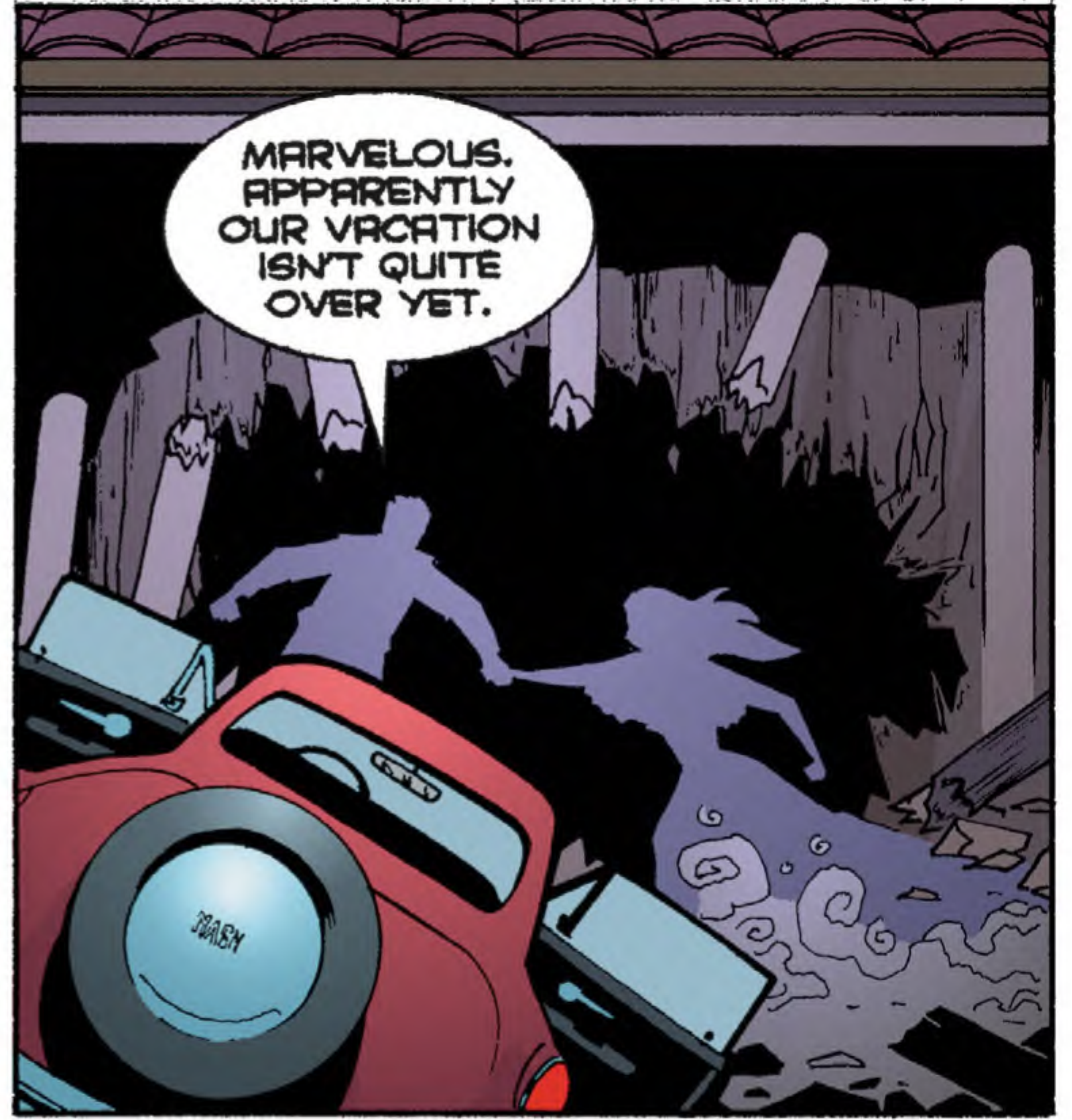
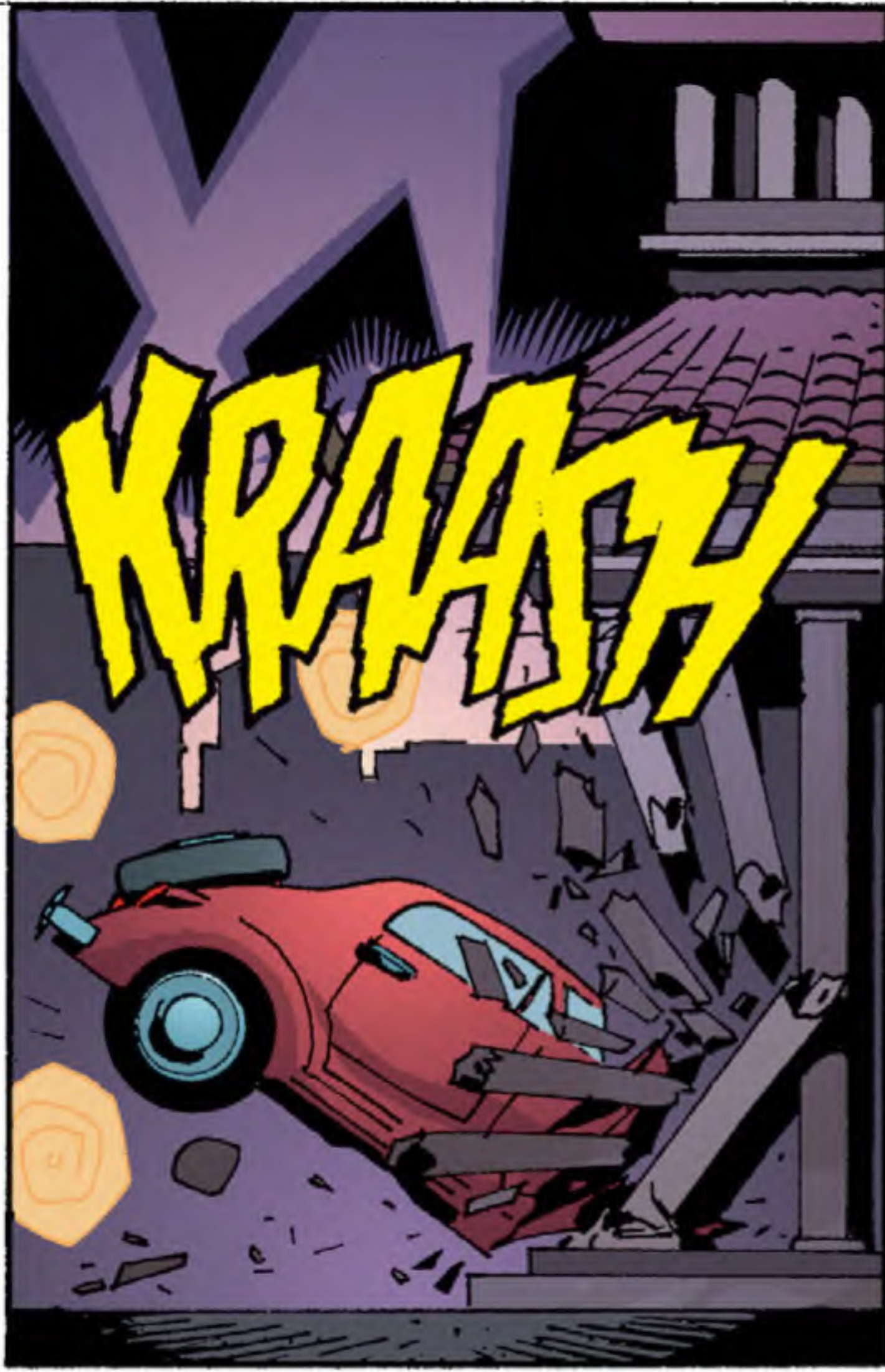


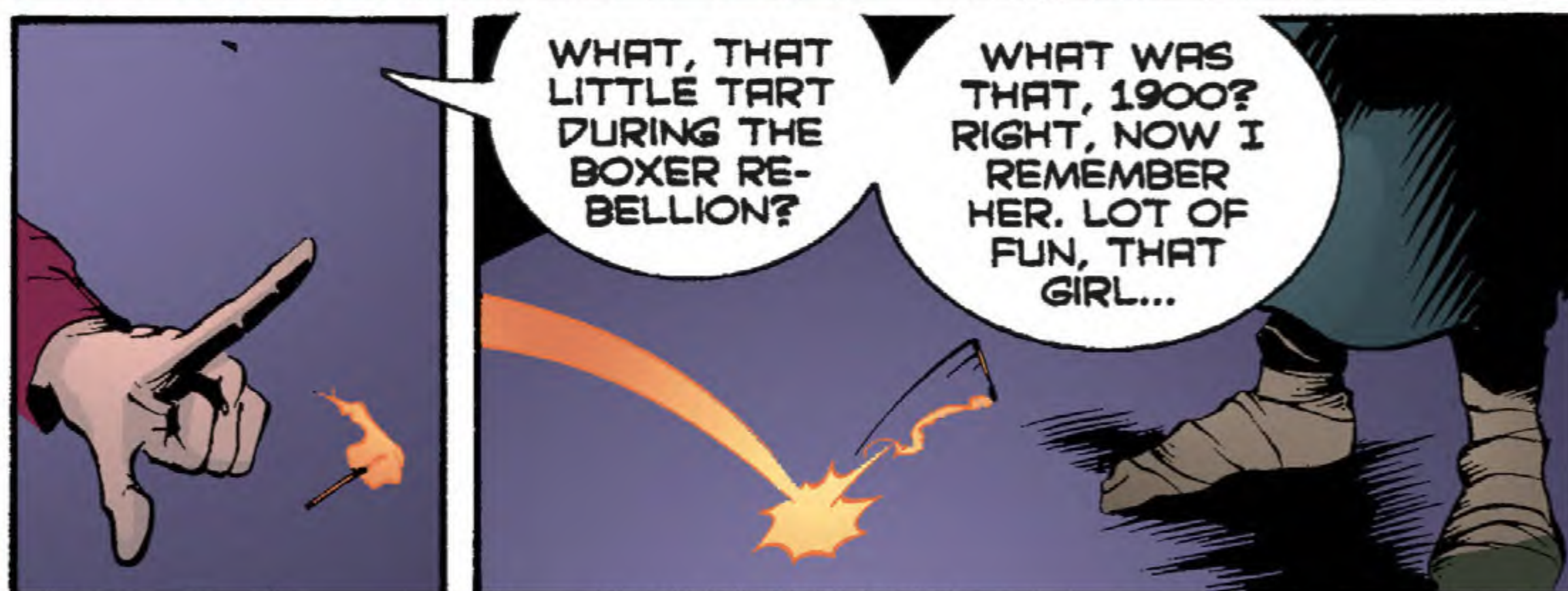


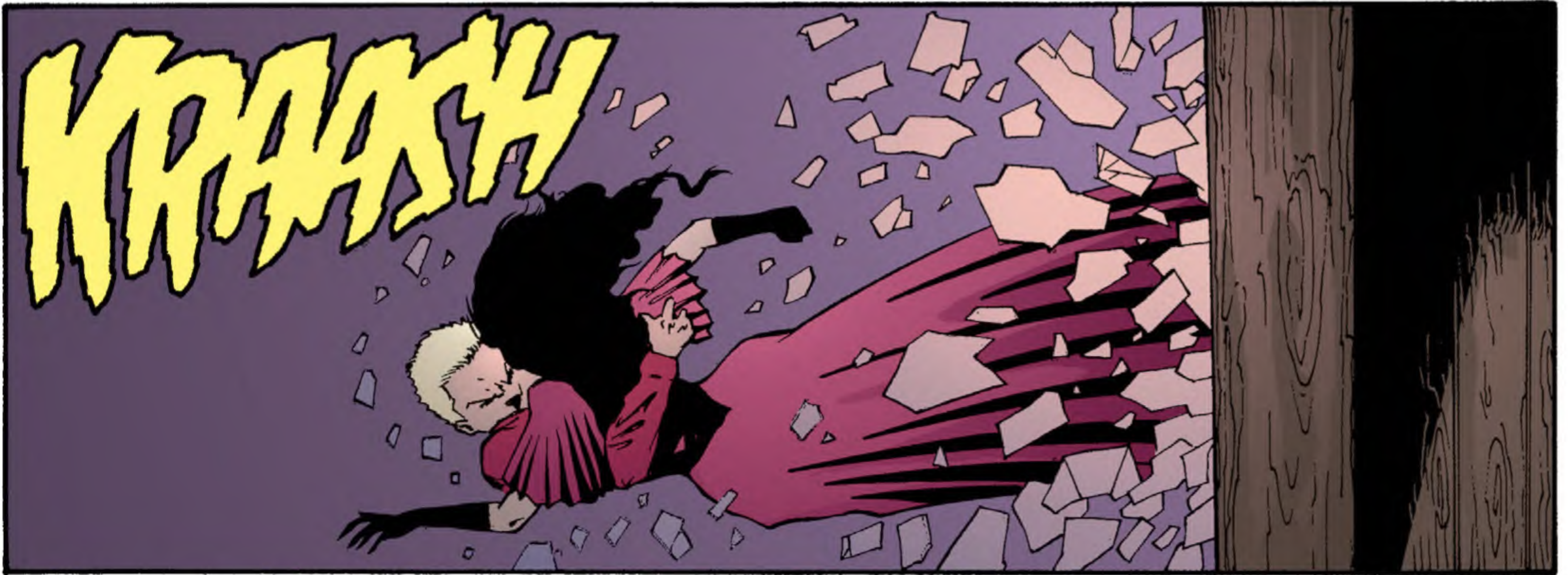




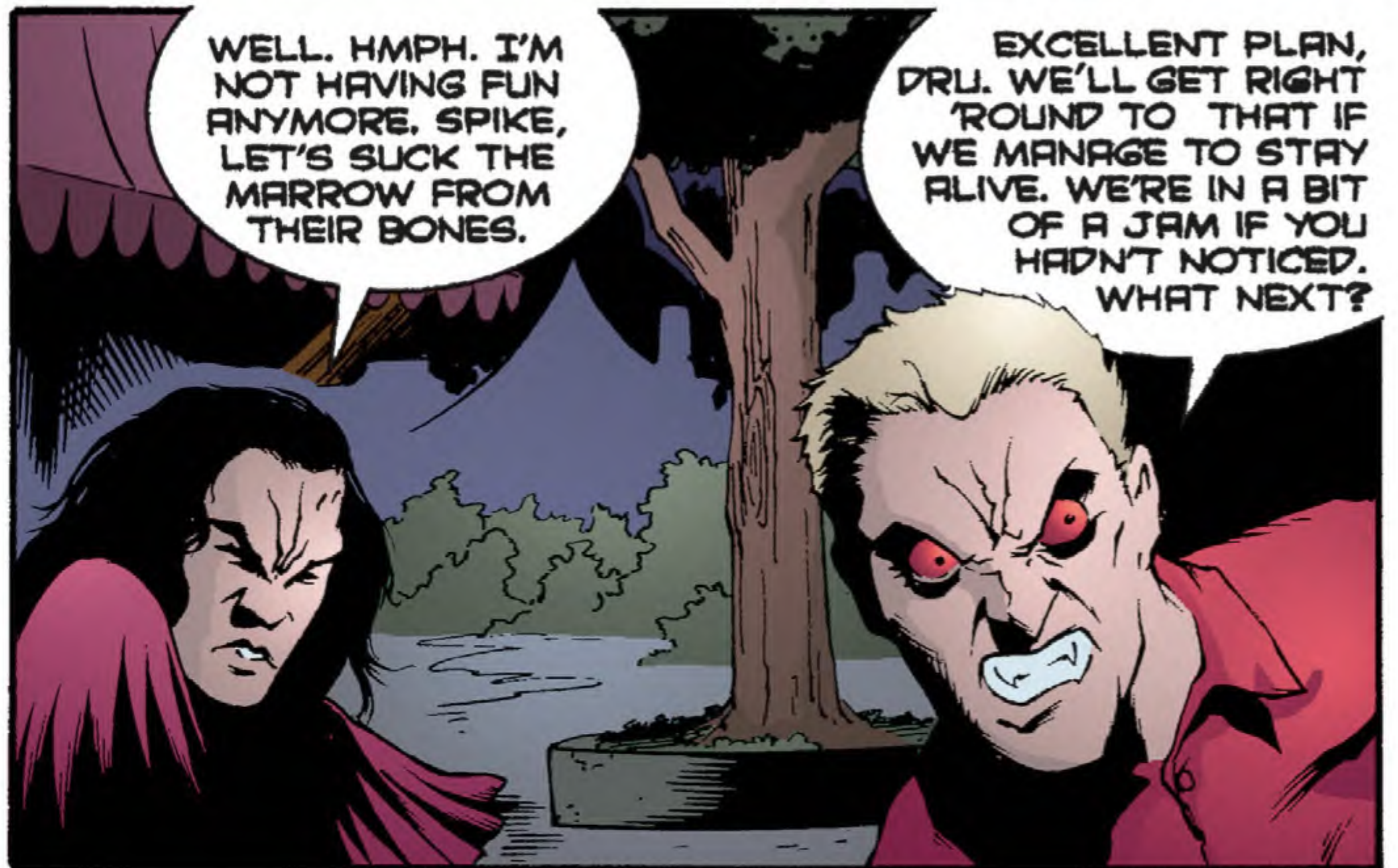






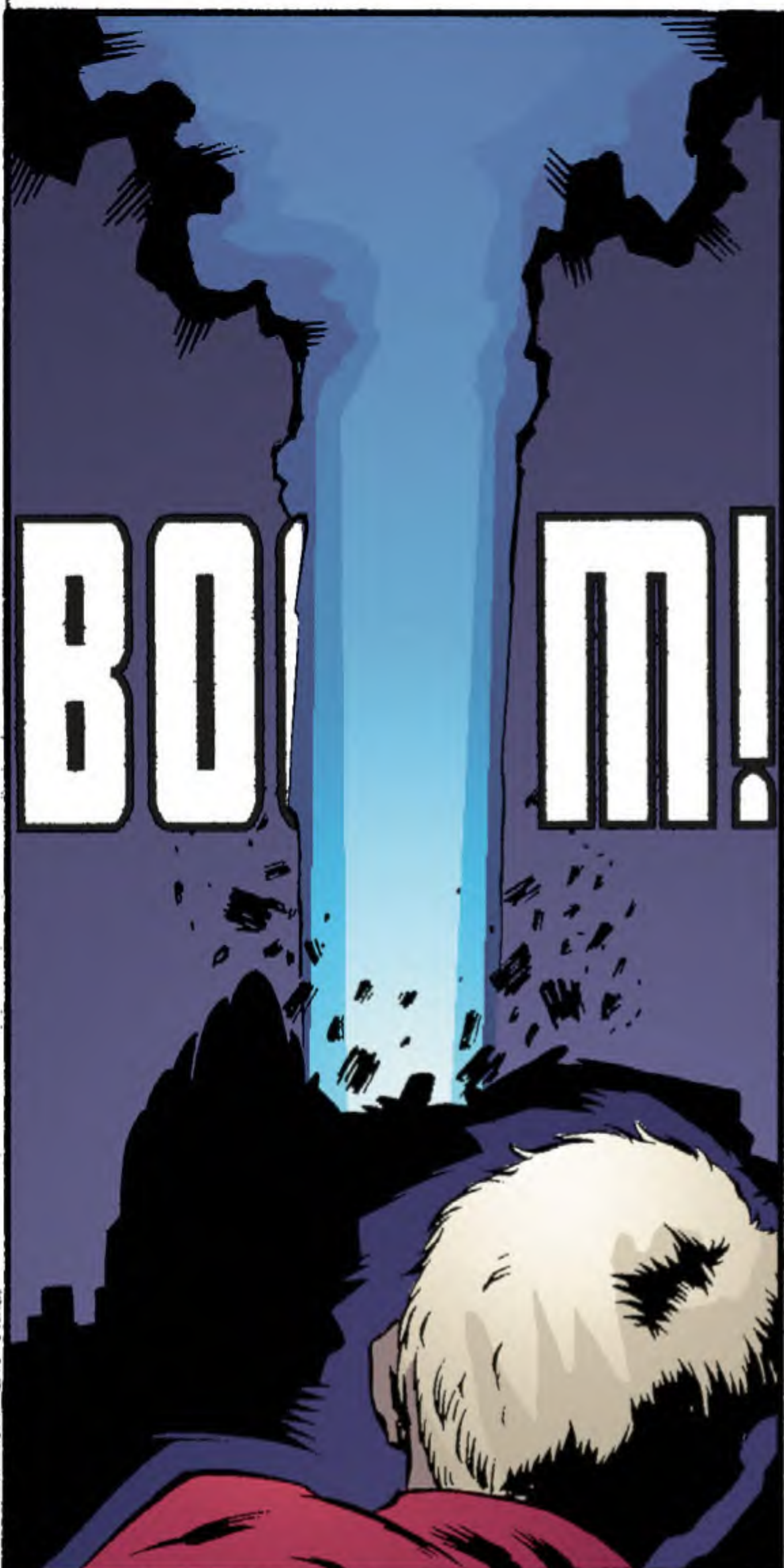


THIS WAY!



WELL. HMPH. I'M NOT HAVING FUN ANYMORE. SPIKE, LET'S SUCK THE MARROW FROM THEIR BONES.

EXCELLENT PLAN, DRU. WE'LL GET RIGHT 'ROUND TO THAT IF WE MANAGE TO STAY ALIVE. WE'RE IN A BIT OF A JAM IF YOU HADN'T NOTICED. WHAT NEXT?



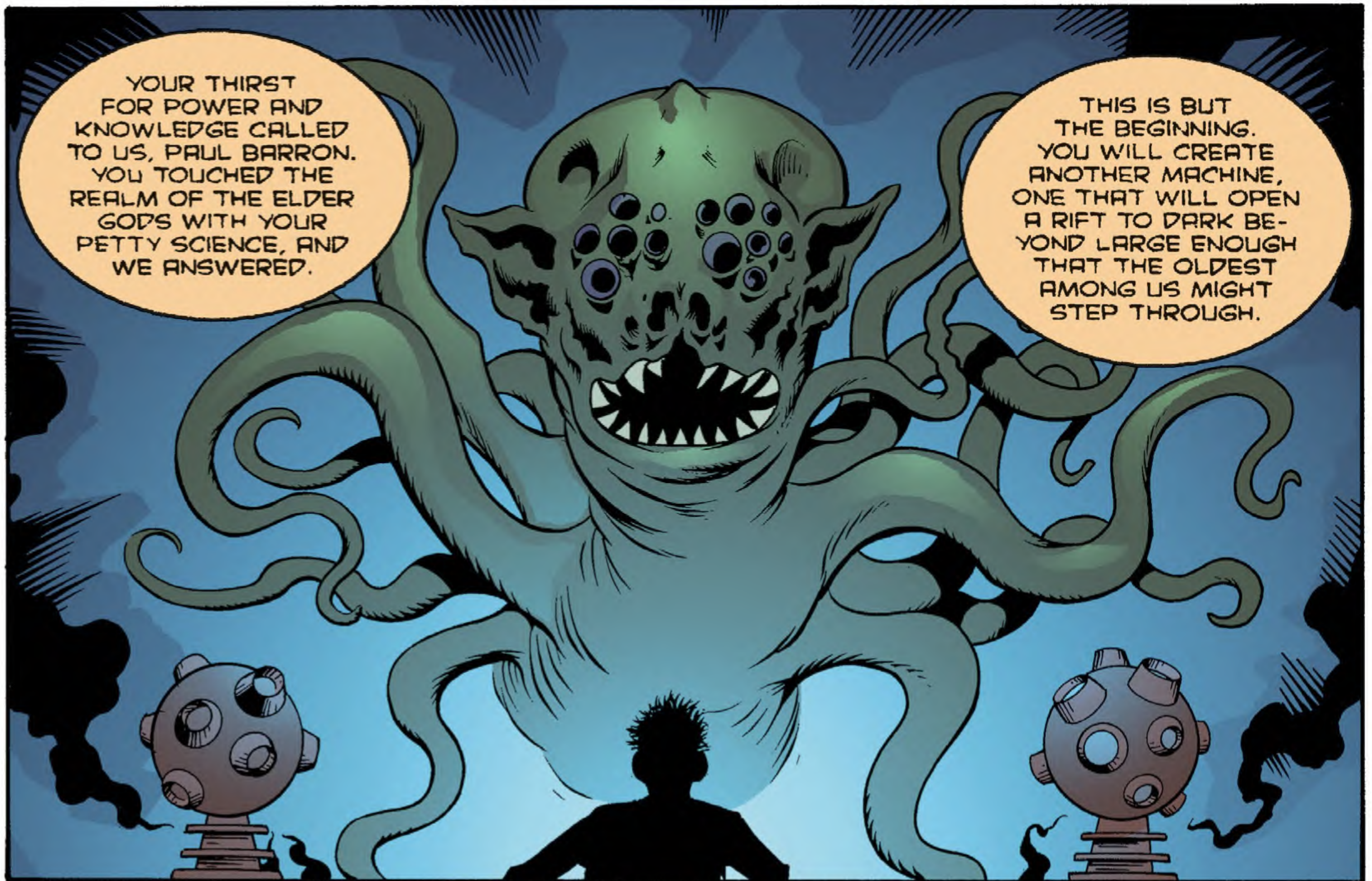
Y'KNOW, SOMETIMES THE GODS ARE JUST ON OUR SIDE. THE CRUEL ONES OF COURSE.

REMEMBER THAT SCIENTIST-BLOKE? THE ONE WITH THE CHAOS-ENGINE?



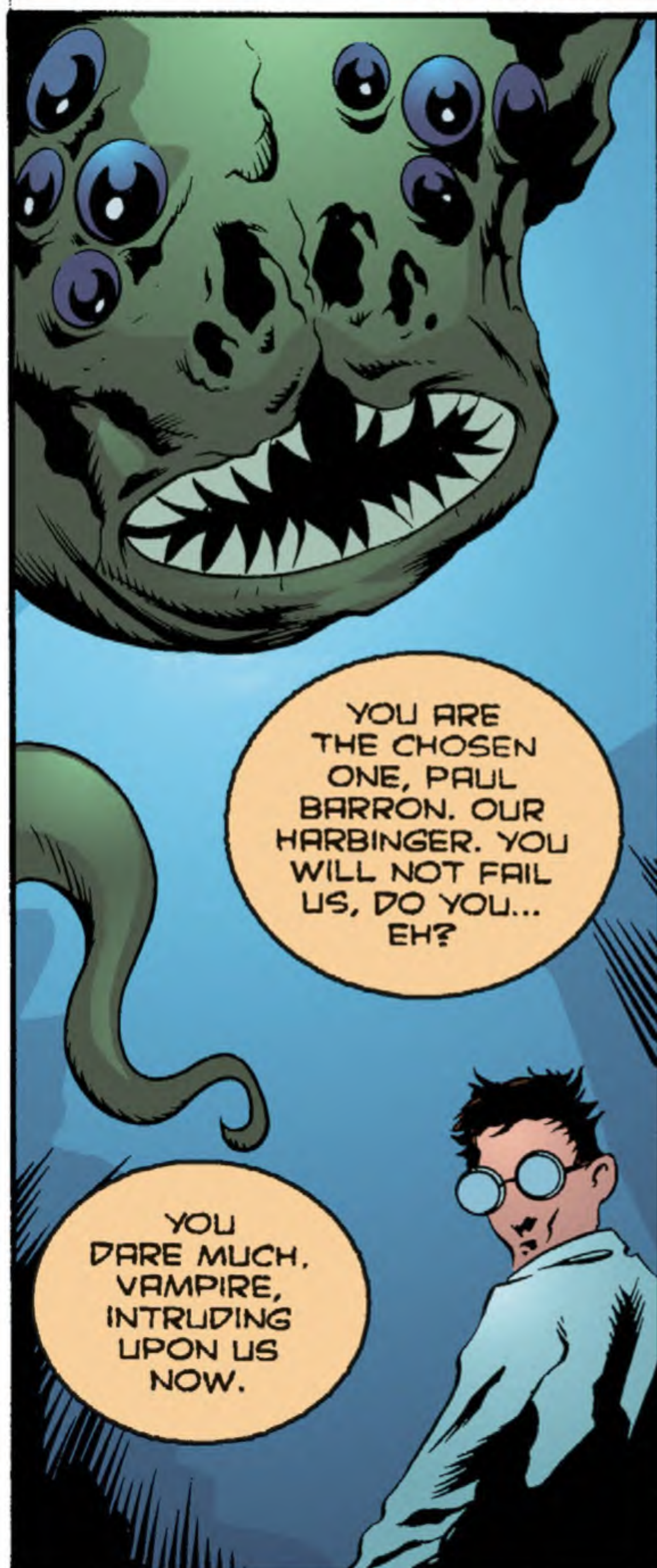
I REMEMBER. LOOKS LIKE HE'S MADE A BIT OF A MESS OF THINGS, HASN'T HE?

I'D SAY SO. I'D ALSO CALL HIM OUR NEW BEST FRIEND.



YOUR THIRST FOR POWER AND KNOWLEDGE CALLED TO US, PAUL BARRON. YOU TOUCHED THE REALM OF THE ELDER GODS WITH YOUR PETTY SCIENCE, AND WE ANSWERED.

THIS IS BUT THE BEGINNING. YOU WILL CREATE ANOTHER MACHINE, ONE THAT WILL OPEN A RIFT TO DARK BEYOND LARGE ENOUGH THAT THE OLDEST AMONG US MIGHT STEP THROUGH.



YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE, PAUL BARRON. OUR HARBINGER. YOU WILL NOT FAIL US, DO YOU... EH?

YOU DARE MUCH, VAMPIRE, INTRUDING UPON US NOW.



RIGHT, YEAH. HEY THERE. LOOK, WELCOME ABOARD AND ALL THAT. WE CAUGHT AN EYEFUL OF THAT CHAOS SURGE JUST BLASTED THE ROOF OFF? FIGURED WE'D DROP IN.

IN FACT, WE WERE HOPING WE COULD JOIN THE PARTY. Y'KNOW, MAKE AN OFFERING OF FLESH AND BLOOD AND SOULS, SWEAR AN OATH OF FEALTY, ALL THAT SORT OF THING.



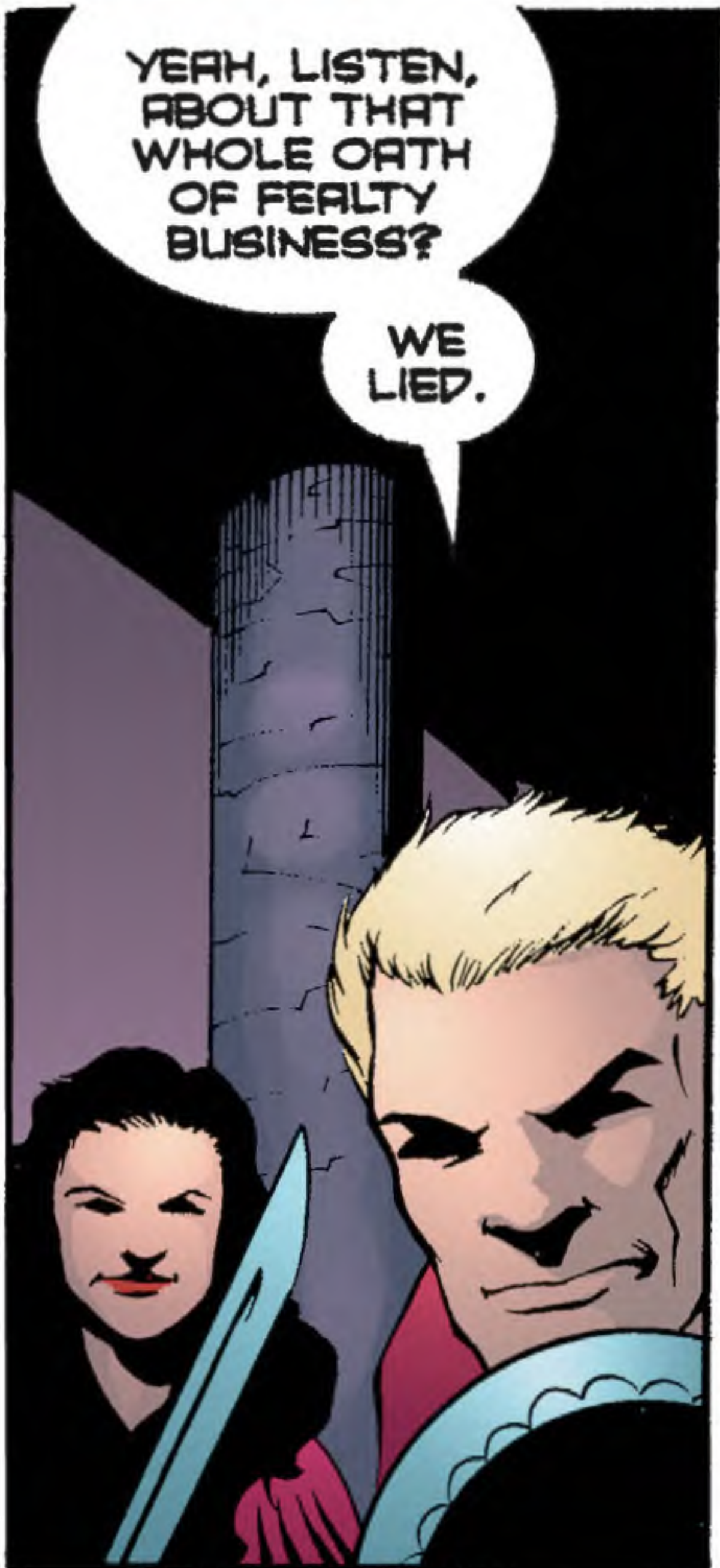
LOOK, SPIKE...I THINK IT LIKES ME.

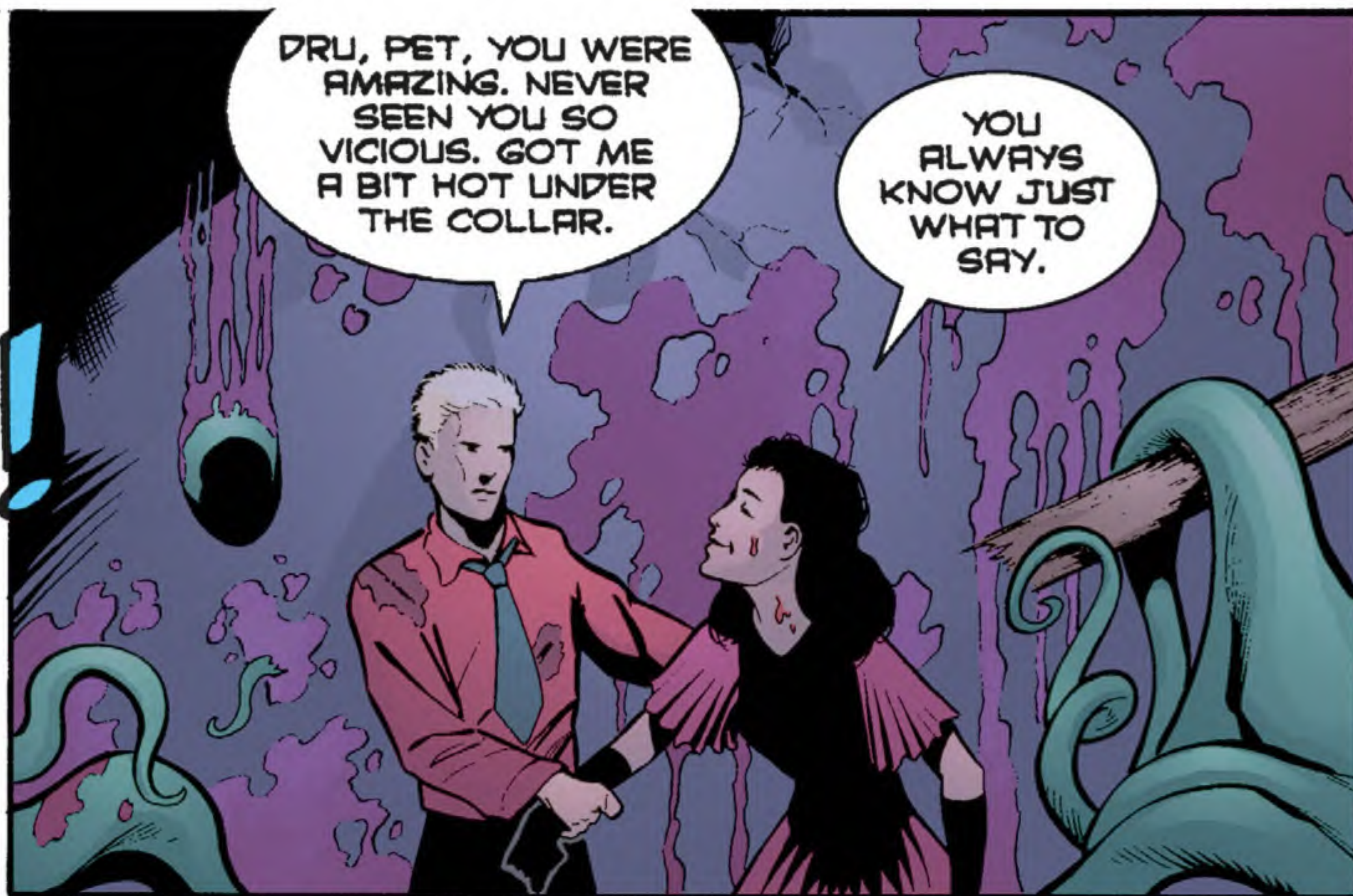


WELL WHO WOULDN'T, LOVE.

SO WHAT'S IT TO BE?







DRU, PET, YOU WERE AMAZING. NEVER SEEN YOU SO VICIOUS. GOT ME A BIT HOT UNDER THE COLLAR.

YOU ALWAYS KNOW JUST WHAT TO SAY.

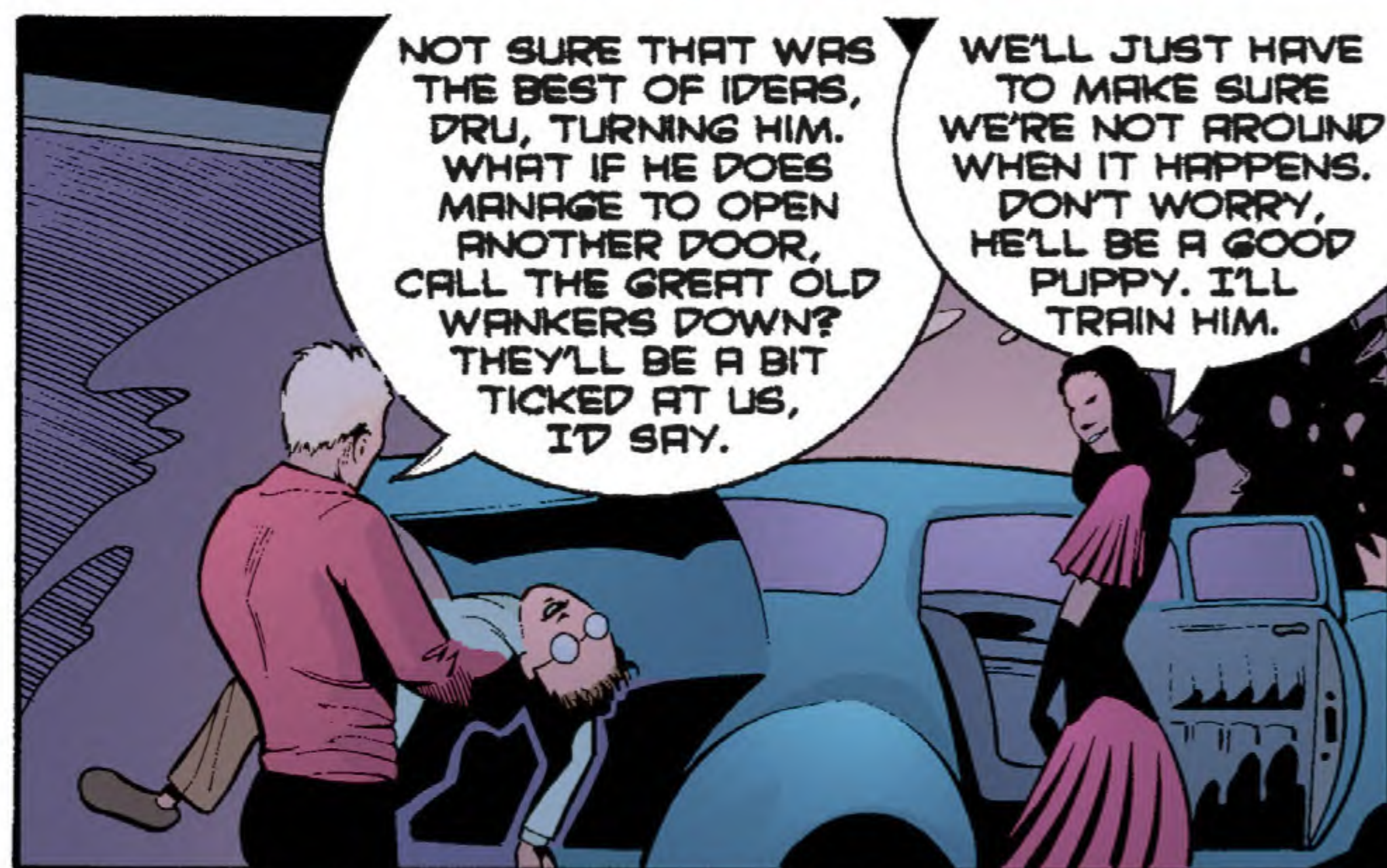


OH, POOR THING. BAD SPIKE, YOU BROKE HIS TOY. HOW WILL WE MAKE IT UP TO HIM?



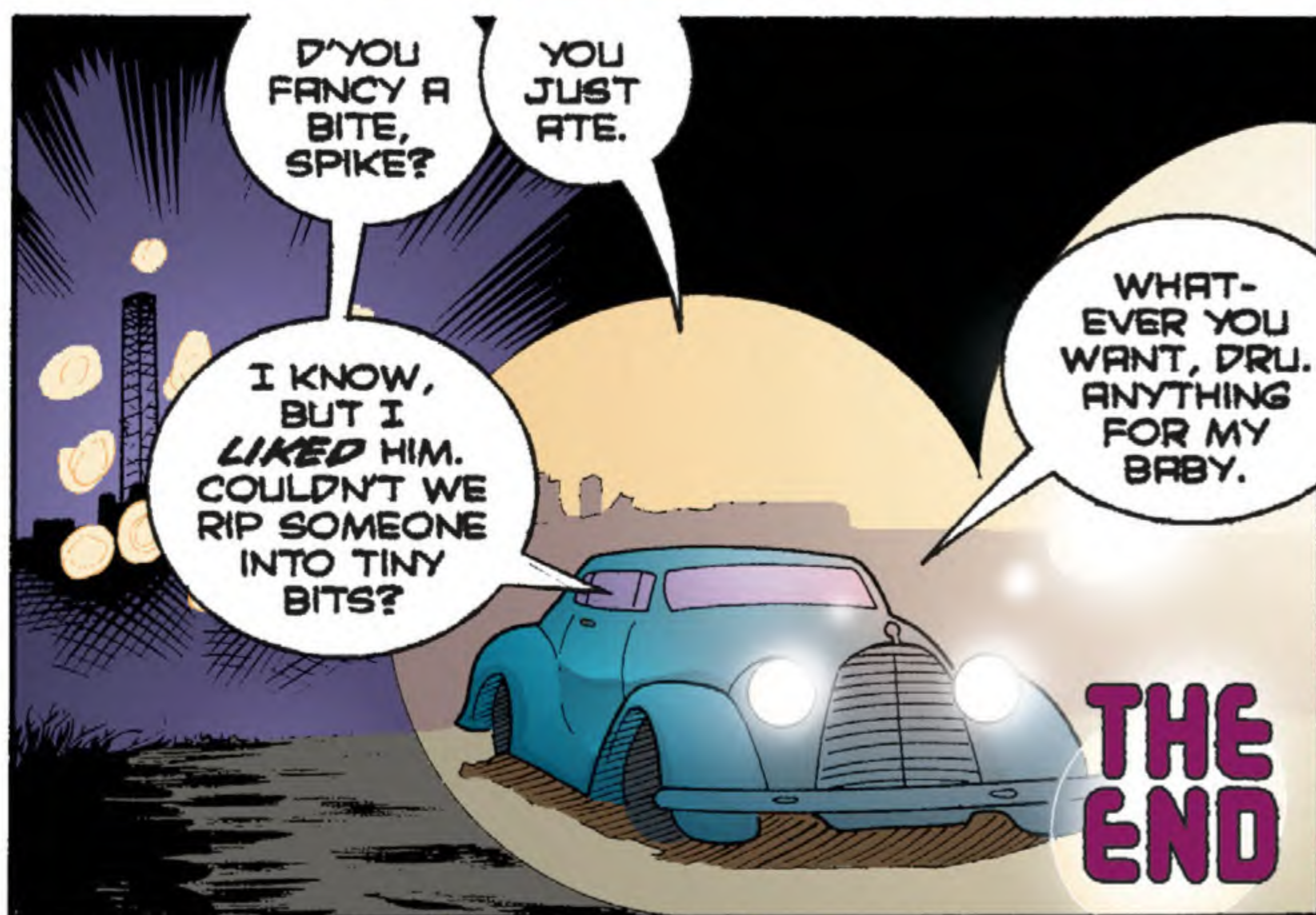
I WAS SUPPOSED TO CHANGE THE WORLD.

SSSHH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, BABY. AUNTIE DRU'S GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU. WHEN I'M DONE, YOU CAN PLAY WITH YOUR TOYS AND THOSE NASTY OLD GODS ANY TIME YOU LIKE ...FOREVER.



NOT SURE THAT WAS THE BEST OF IDEAS, DRU, TURNING HIM. WHAT IF HE DOES MANAGE TO OPEN ANOTHER DOOR, CALL THE GREAT OLD WANKERS DOWN? THEY'LL BE A BIT TICKED AT US, I'D SAY.

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE SURE WE'RE NOT AROUND WHEN IT HAPPENS. DON'T WORRY, HE'LL BE A GOOD PUPPY. I'LL TRAIN HIM.



D'YOU FANCY A BITE, SPIKE?

YOU JUST ATE.

I KNOW, BUT I LIKED HIM. COULDN'T WE RIP SOMEONE INTO TINY BITS?

WHAT-EVER YOU WANT, DRU. ANYTHING FOR MY BABY.

THE END



THE
ORIGIN



Europe:
The Dark Ages.

YE'LL
NOT
HAVE ME,
WENCH!



DAMNED
LEECH!

NOOOO!



YE KNOW NOT
TO COME 'ROUND
HERE, WHAT SORT
OF FOOL MUST YE
BE, TO WALK RIGHT
INTO THE SLAYER'S
GRASP!



ACTUALLY,
THAT SORT
OF FOOL IS
USUALLY
CALLED
"BAIT."



OH, AND DO
FORGIVE AMILYN.
HE TENDS TO
DROOL BEFORE
SUPPER.

ASHES,
ASHES,
ALL FALL
DOWN.





LOTHOS!



YOUR
TIME IS
ENDED,
VAMPIRE!

YOU
PEOPLE
WILL SIMPLY
NEVER
LEARN.



WE
CAN'T
BE
STOPPED!

THIS
IS OUR
WORLD
NOW,

KRRAK



I
CAN'T

YOU
KNOW YOU
MUST, SHE
DIED, AND YOU
ARE THE NEXT
TO BE CALLED,
WHY DO YOU
THINK YOU WERE
SENT?



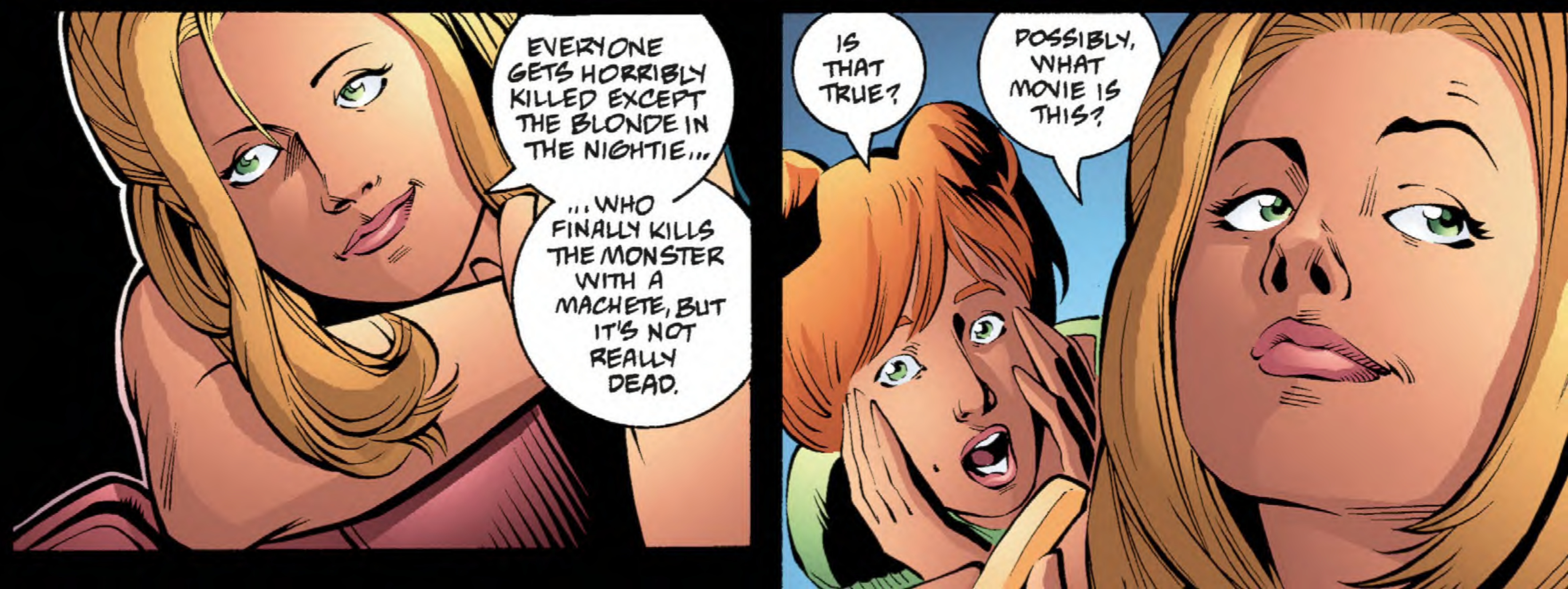
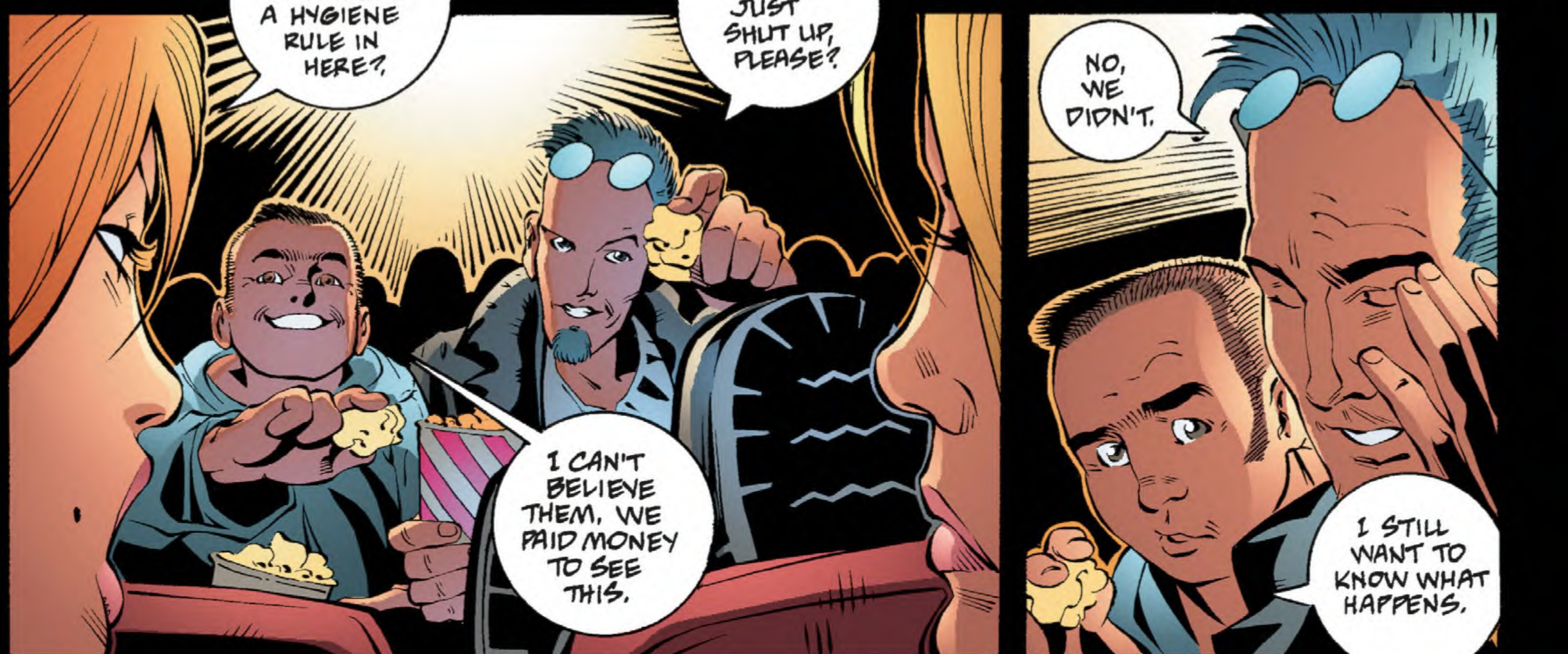
AS LONG
AS THERE HAVE
BEEN VAMPIRES,
THERE HAS BEEN
THE SLAYER, A
CHOSEN
ONE,

ONE BORN
TO HUNT THE
DARKNESS, TO
STOP THE
SPREAD OF
EVIL,

BUT
I'M JUST
A GIRL,



YOU ARE
MUCH MORE,
ONE DIES, THE
NEXT IS CALLED,
THE NEXT...





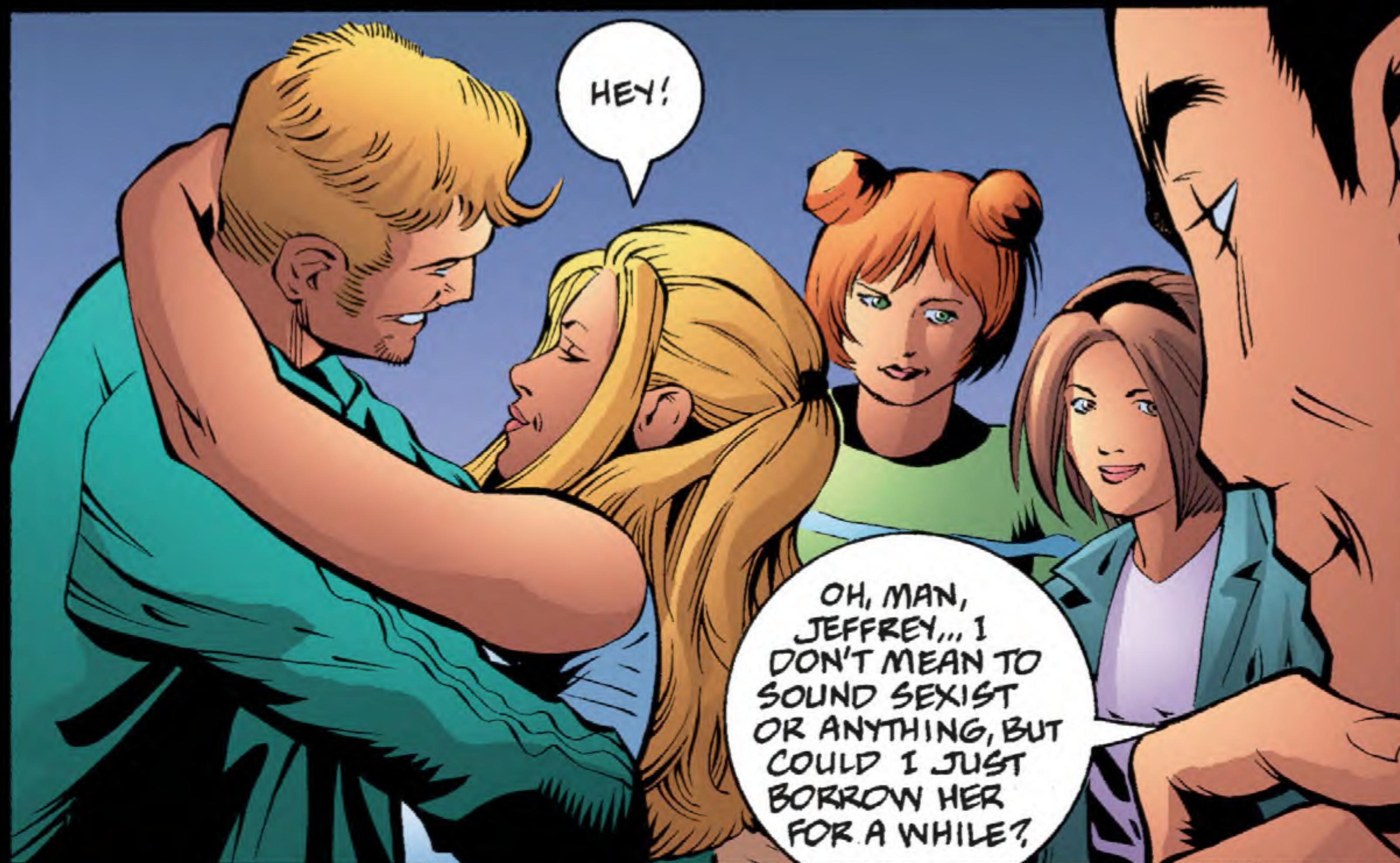
PIKE,
I CAN'T BELIEVE
THAT CHICK
GAVE AWAY
THE ENDING
LIKE THAT.

BENNY,
DUDE, YOU
GOTTA
GET OUT
MORE.

WHAT
ARE WE
WAITING FOR,
JEFFREY?
THE NIGHT
IS YOUNG,
MAN.



HERE'S
WHAT WE'RE
WAITING FOR
...THERE'S MY
GIRL!

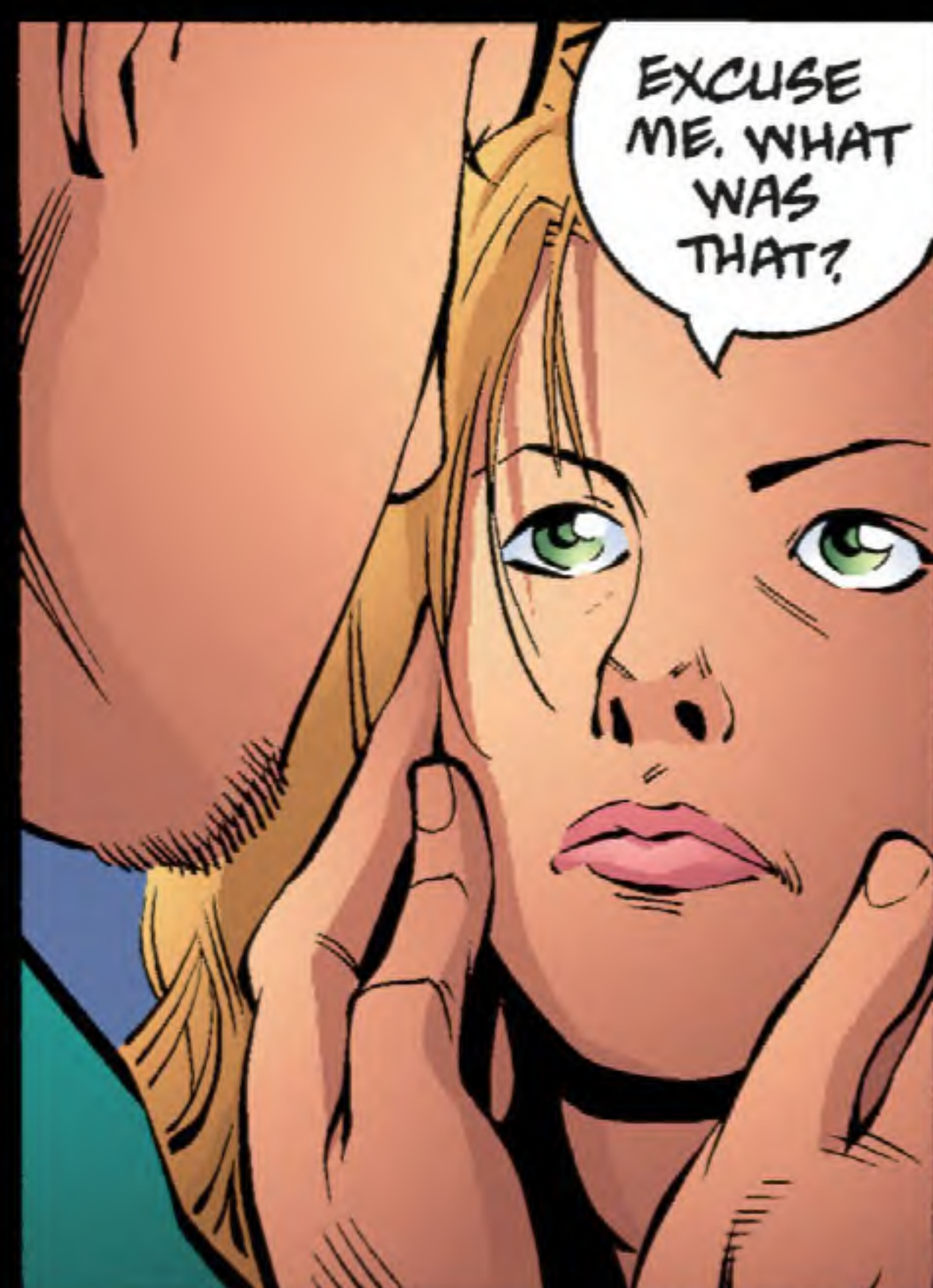


HEY!

OH, MAN,
JEFFREY... I
DON'T MEAN TO
SOUND SEXIST
OR ANYTHING, BUT
COULD I JUST
BORROW HER
FOR A WHILE?



NO WAY,
ANDY. YOU'D
JUST GET
HER
DIRTY.



EXCUSE
ME. WHAT
WAS
THAT?



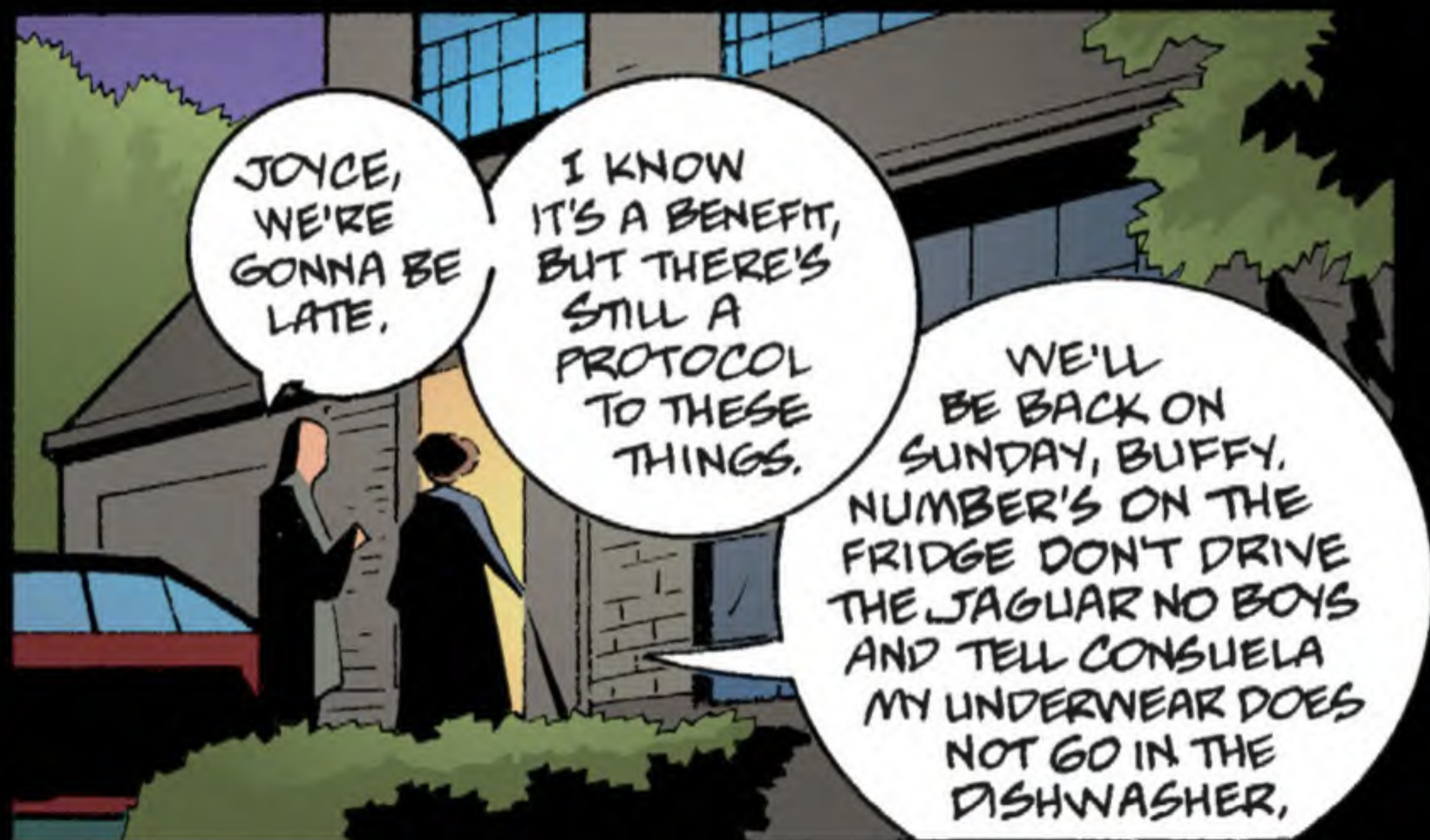
ENOUGH
OF THAT
LOVEY-DOVEY
CRAP. LET'S
PARTY!

GRUELLER,
IF YOU SPENT
MORE TIME AT
HOME, SLEEPING,
MAYBE YOU'D
SPEND LESS TIME
ON THE BASKET-
BALL COURT,
SUCKING.



'SHYEAH,
I'M OUTTA
HERE.





JOYCE,
WE'RE
GONNA BE
LATE.

I KNOW
IT'S A BENEFIT,
BUT THERE'S
STILL A
PROTOCOL
TO THESE
THINGS.

WE'LL
BE BACK ON
SUNDAY, BUFFY.
NUMBER'S ON THE
FRIDGE DON'T DRIVE
THE JAGUAR NO BOYS
AND TELL CONSUELA
MY UNDERWEAR DOES
NOT GO IN THE
DISHWASHER.



'BYE,
DEAR!
KISS
NOISE!

HAVE
FUN, KIDDO,
STAY AWAY
FROM THE
JAG.

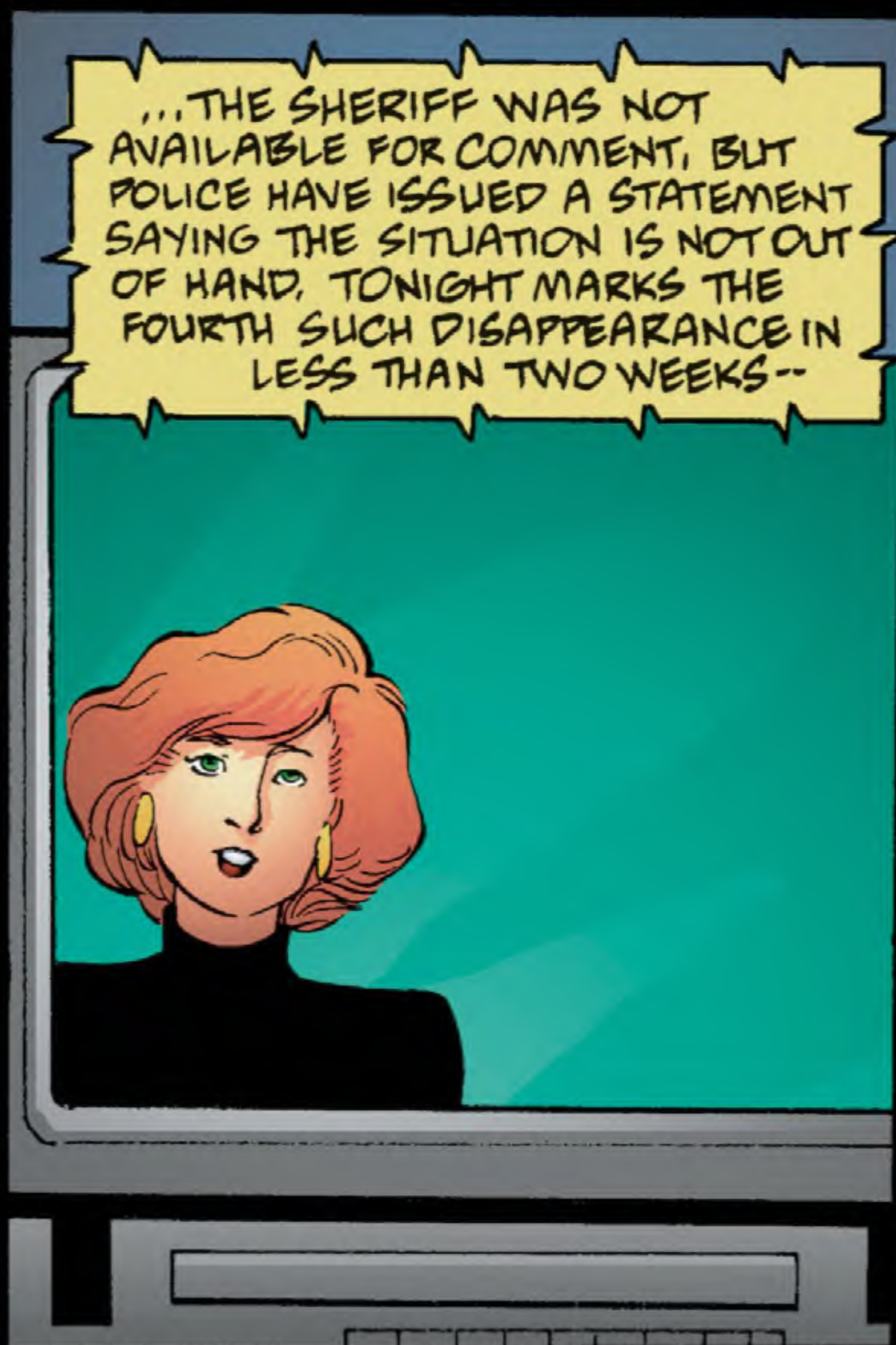


THE
JAG. I
KNOW.

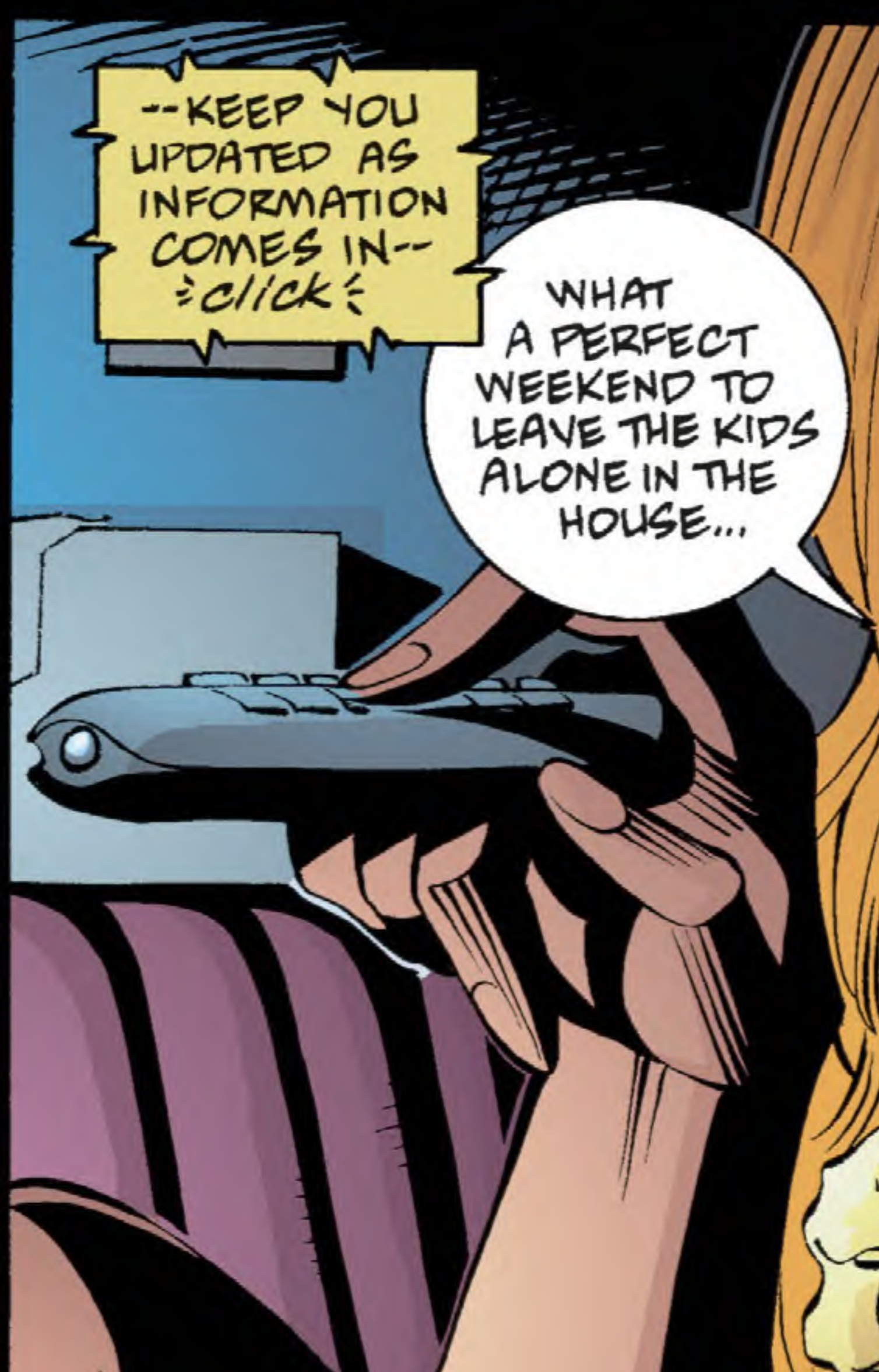


THAT'S
THE
SUMMERS
FAMILY FOR
YOU.

REAL
"QUALITY-
TIMERS."



...THE SHERIFF WAS NOT
AVAILABLE FOR COMMENT, BUT
POLICE HAVE ISSUED A STATEMENT
SAYING THE SITUATION IS NOT OUT
OF HAND. TONIGHT MARKS THE
FOURTH SUCH DISAPPEARANCE IN
LESS THAN TWO WEEKS--



--KEEP YOU
UPDATED AS
INFORMATION
COMES IN--
~click~

WHAT
A PERFECT
WEEKEND TO
LEAVE THE KIDS
ALONE IN THE
HOUSE...



Somewhere in Hong Kong:
Somewhere in the 18th Century.



NEW
AT THIS,
ARE YE,
GIRLY?



WHAT
IN BLAZES!
WE AIN'T
EVEN
STARTED
YET, YE
STRUMPET!

NO!



SOON,
CHILD.



SOON.



OH WOW
OH WOW
OH WOW!



SLEEP,
MY MASTER,
MY OWN...
SLEEP...

AND
FEED.

I HAVE
ALREADY BEGUN
BUILDING YOU A
NEW FAMILY.
SOON WE WILL
BE LEGION.

THIS
PLACE IS
EVERYTHING
YOU
PROMISED.

AND WHEN
YOU RISE,
WE'LL CLAIM
IT AS OUR
OWN.

RUBIES
WILL DRIP
FROM YOUR
LIPS.



SOON...



"THE ENVIRONMENT." THAT'S GOOD, BUFFY. SO, WHAT ARE THE MOST IMMEDIATE THREATS TO THE WORLD ENVIRONMENT RIGHT NOW,



THE HOMELESS?



I KNOW, GUYS, WHAT ABOUT THE OZONE LAYER?

RIGHT! WE GOTTA GET RID OF THAT!



GUYS, I DON'T SEE WHY WE HAVE TO INVITE EVERYONE TO THIS THING.

KIMBERLY, IT'S A SCHOOL DANCE.



CAN'T WE MAKE EXCEPTIONS? MARYANNE HEINEL?

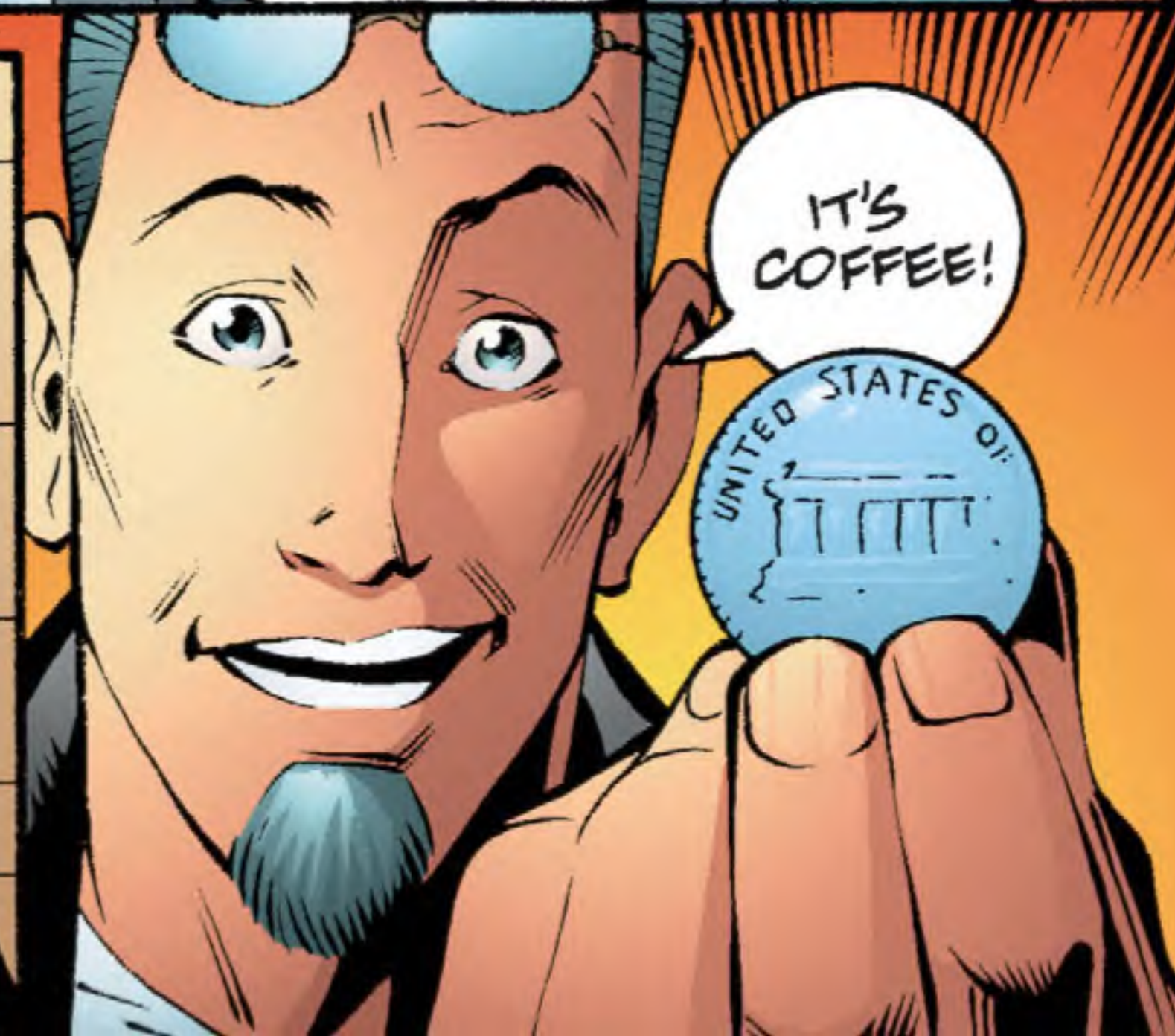
SHE'S SUCH A SCUD. CAN'T WE HAVE A MARYANNE CLAUSE?



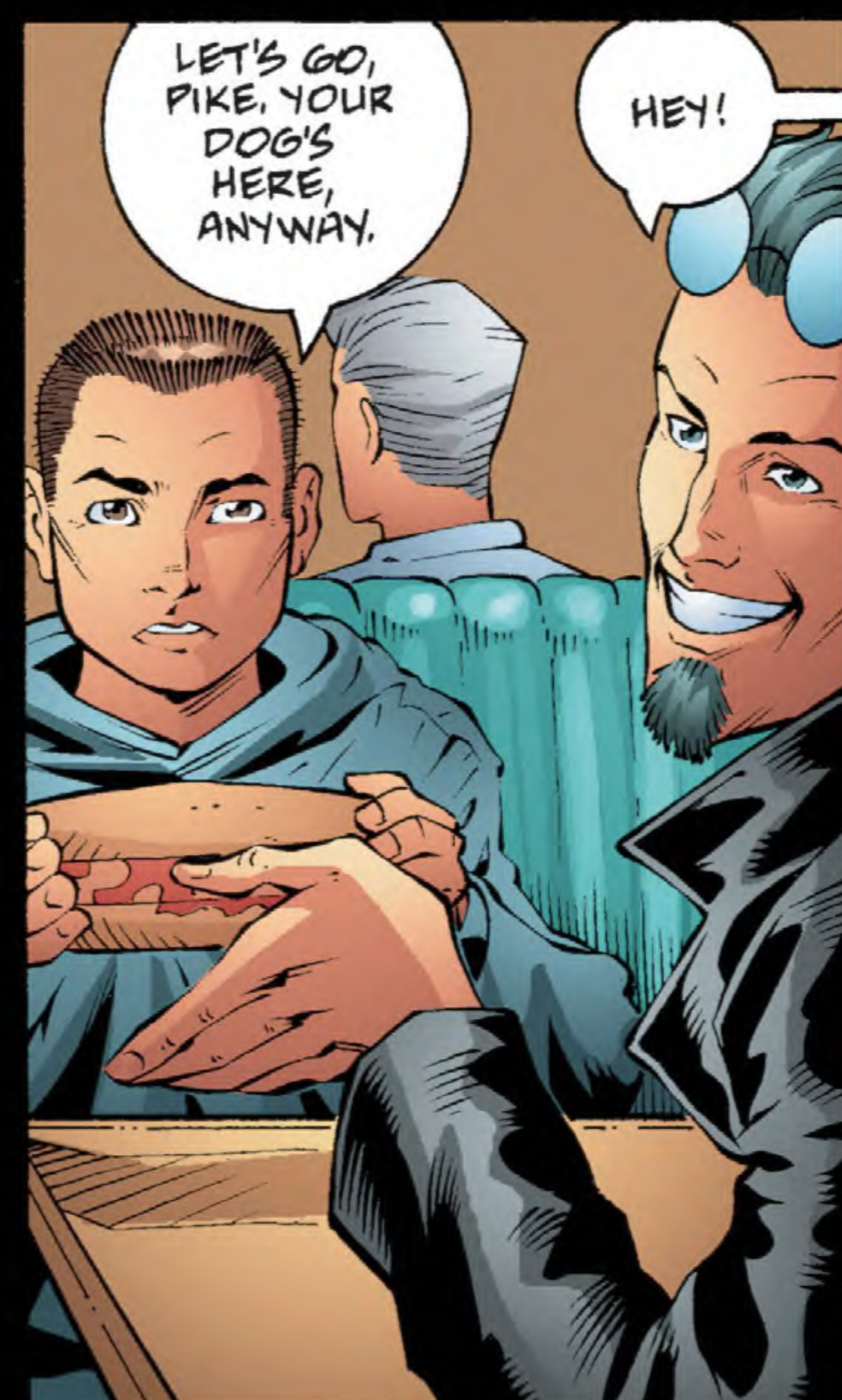
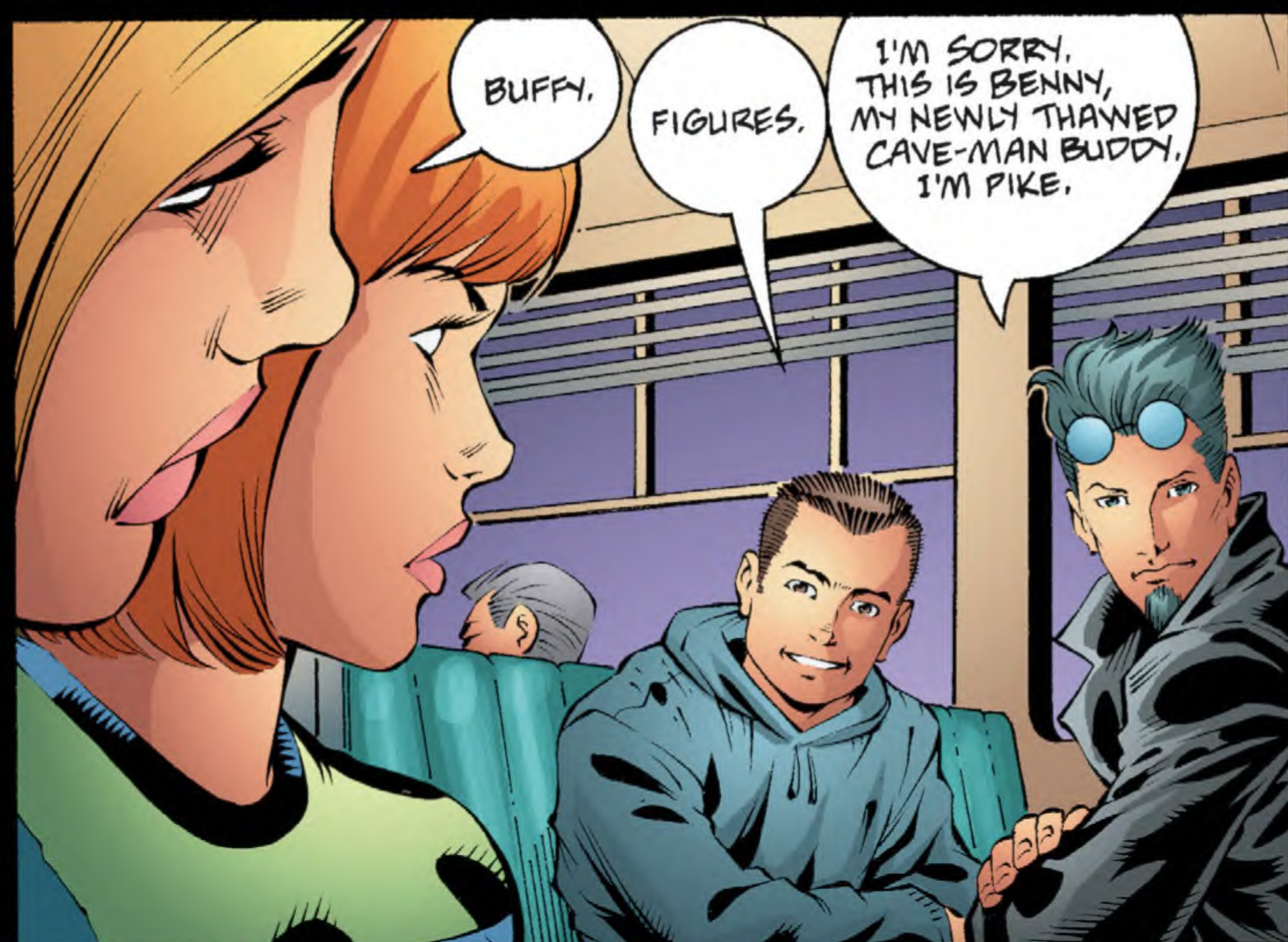
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, LOSER?

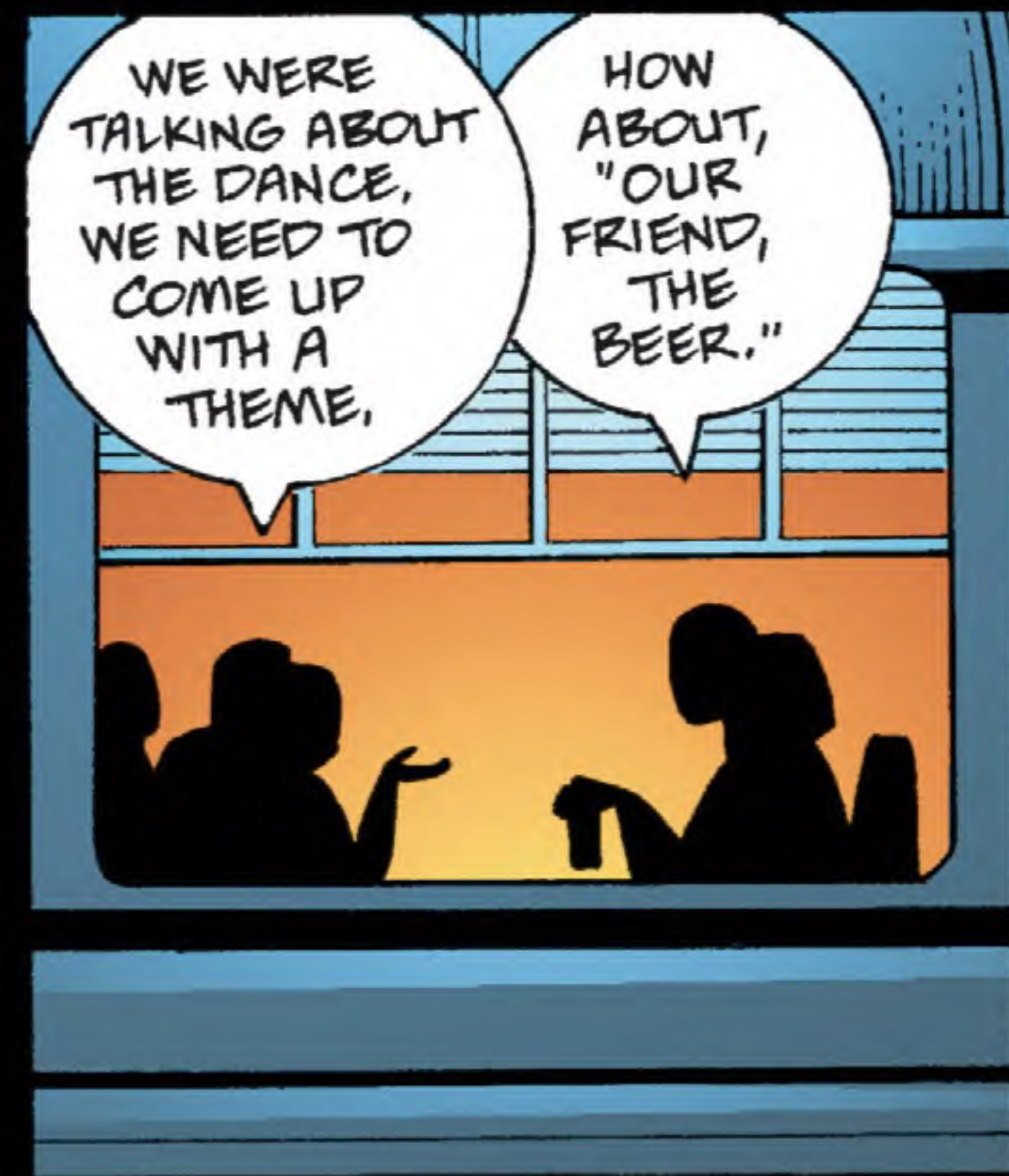
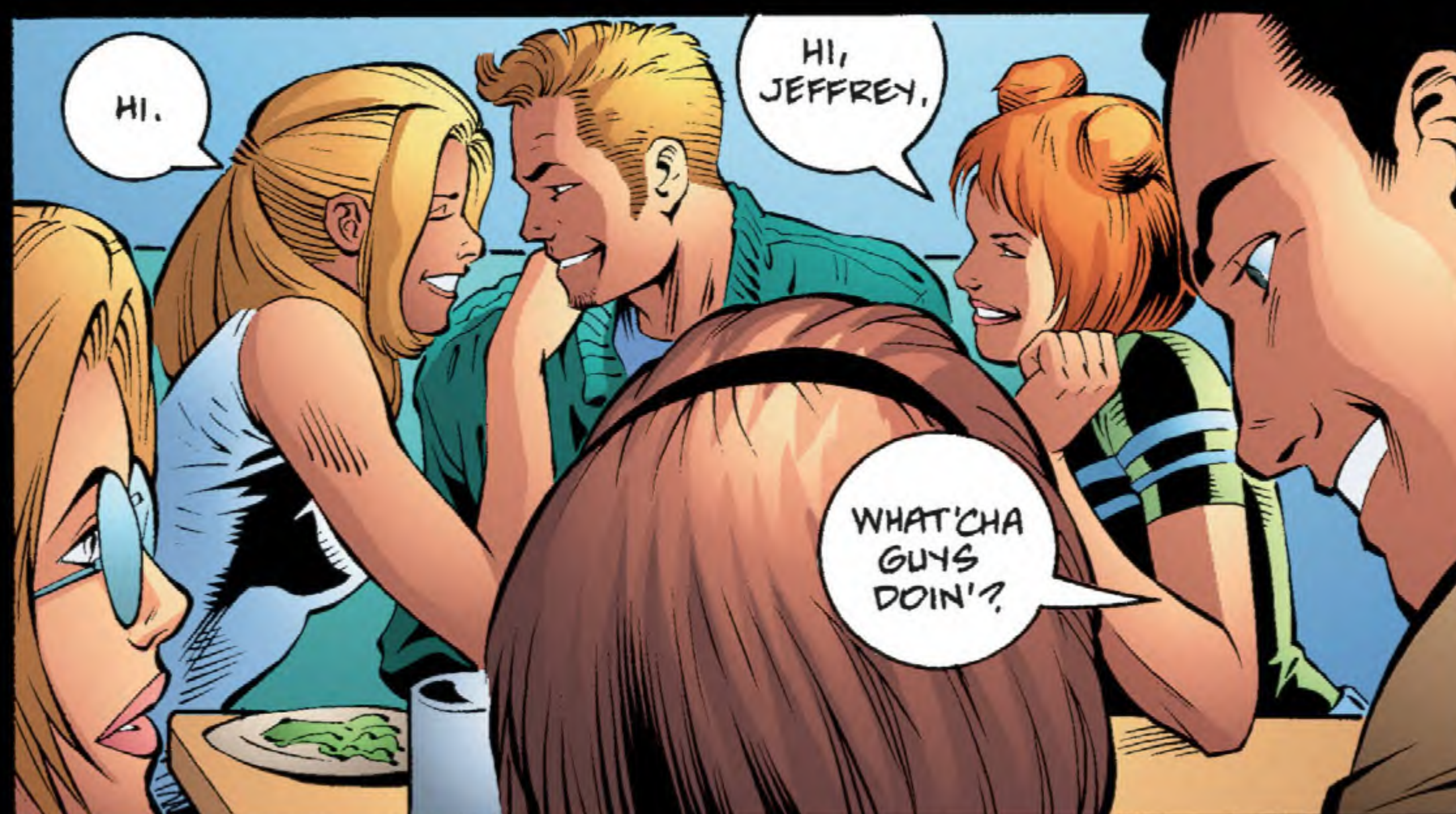
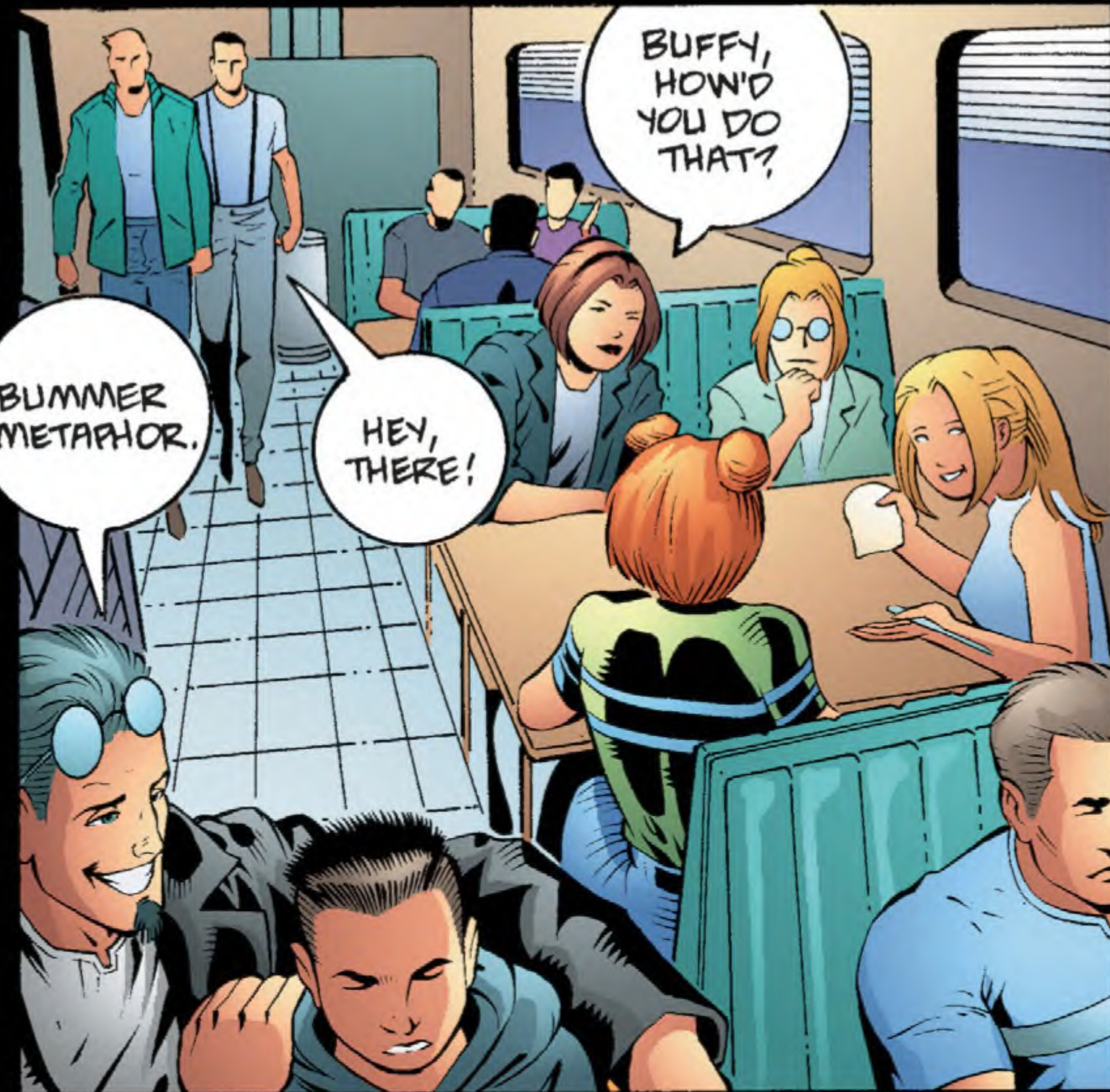


WE'RE LOOKING AT A DOG, POSSIBLE COFFEE...



IT'S COFFEE!







WHEN YOU GET THAT CAR RUNNING, MAN, LET'S AUDI, GET AWAY FROM THIS TOWN, THOSE RICH BITCHES, THEY'RE A PLAGUE, MAN,

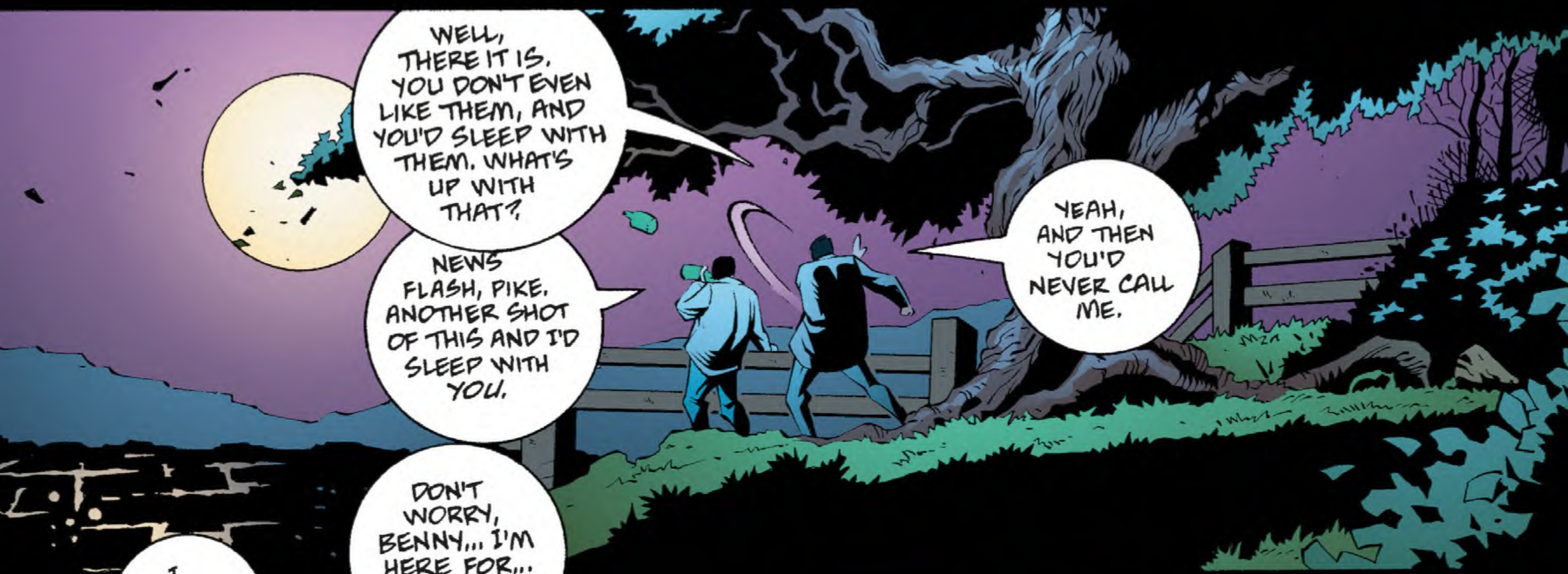
YOU DIDN'T LIKE THEM?

THEY'RE SO STUCK UP, THEY'RE NOT EVEN HUMAN. I HATE THEM,



BUT WOULD YOU SLEEP WITH THEM?

YES. DEFINITELY. PLEASE, GOD, YES.



WELL, THERE IT IS, YOU DON'T EVEN LIKE THEM, AND YOU'D SLEEP WITH THEM. WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?

NEWS FLASH, PIKE. ANOTHER SHOT OF THIS AND I'D SLEEP WITH YOU.

YEAH, AND THEN YOU'D NEVER CALL ME.

DON'T WORRY, BENNY... I'M HERE FOR... HERE FOR YA...

I THINK I'M GONNA RALF.



I'M HERE FOR YA, RALF,







SO, I'M LIKE, "DAD, YOU WANT ME TO GO TO THE DANCE IN AN OUTFIT I'VE ALREADY WORN?"

"WHY DO YOU HATE ME?"

IS TYLER TAKING YOU?

OH MY GOD, WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I GOT OVER TYLER? HE'S OF THE PAST. TYLER WOULD HAVE TO CRAWL ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES TO GET ME TO GO TO THE DANCE WITH HIM.

PLEASE. WHO'D PICK TYLER OVER JEFFREY? NOT THIS WITHOUT-A-DATE-FOR-THE-DANCE GIRL.

PLUS, Y'KNOW... JEFFREY.

ACTUALLY, I TOLD JEFFREY I'D WAIT FOR PRACTICE TO END, SO I'M GONNA WAIT.

'BYE, BUFFY.

SEE YOU. DON'T FORGET OUR STUDY DATE TONIGHT.



BUFFY SUMMERS. I NEED TO SPEAK TO YOU.

HI, WHAT? YOU'RE NOT FROM MACY'S ARE YOU? CAUSE I MEANT TO PAY FOR THAT LIPSTICK.



THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME. YOU MUST COME WITH ME, YOUR DESTINY AWAITS.



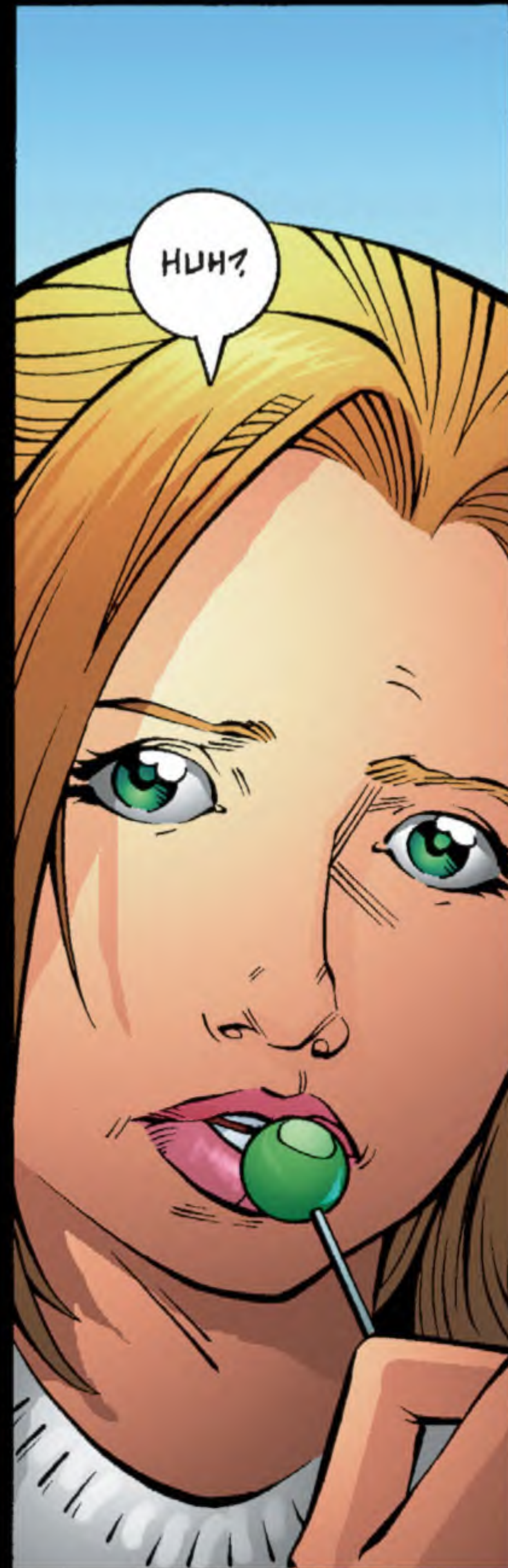
I DON'T HAVE A DESTINY. I'M DESTINY-FREE, REALLY.



YES, YOU HAVE. YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE. YOU ALONE CAN STOP THEM.

WHO?

THE VAMPIRES.



HUH?



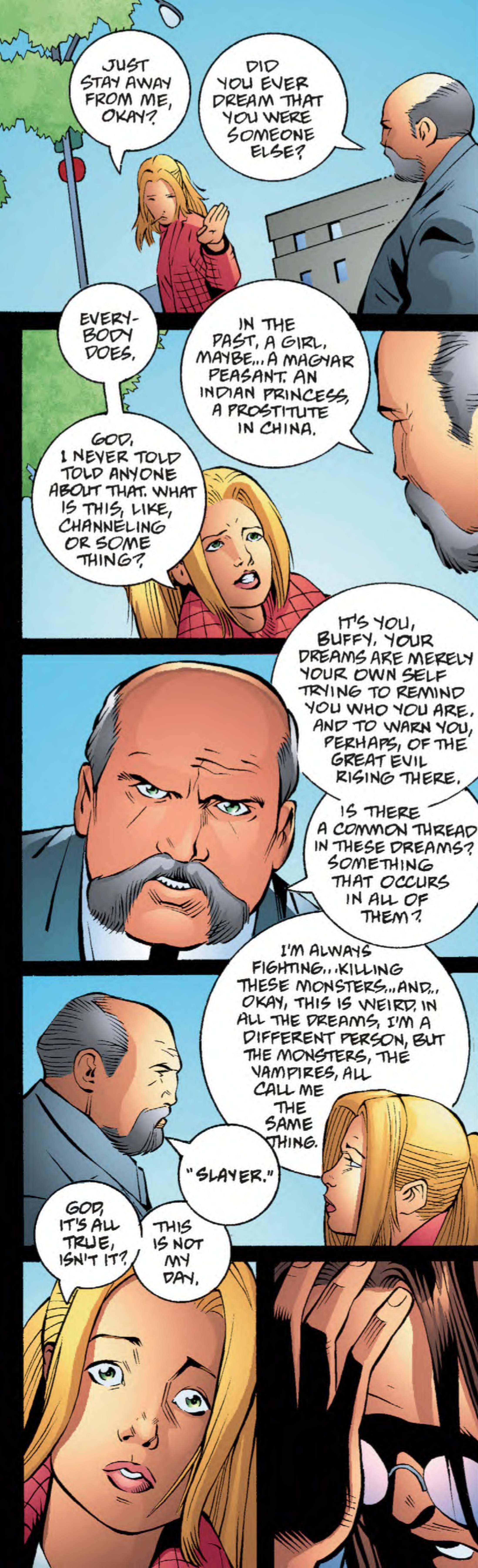
MY NAME IS MERRICK. I WAS SENT TO FIND YOU SOME TIME AGO, BUT THERE WERE... COMPLICATIONS, YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN TAUGHT. PREPARED. NOW YOU MUST COME WITH ME TO THE CEMETERY WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME.

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU'RE, LIKE, SOME KIND OF MANIAC, AND I HAVE TO GO TO THE CEMETERY WITH YOU 'CAUSE I'M CHOSEN AND THERE ARE VAMPIRES?

YES.



DOES ELVIS TALK TO YOU? TELL YOU TO DO THINGS? DO YOU SEE SPOTS?





WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ANYONE ABOUT YOUR DREAMS?

YEAH, GREAT IDEA, TELL EVERYONE I'M CRAZY. WHY NOT TELL THEM I'M ADDICTED TO CRACK WHILE I'M AT IT?



I CAN'T BELIEVE I FLAKED ON CASSANDRA LIKE THAT, TO FOLLOW YOU INTO A GRAVEYARD TO HUNT VAMPIRES.

THIS IS SO MENTAL.

IT'S RIGHT AROUND HERE...

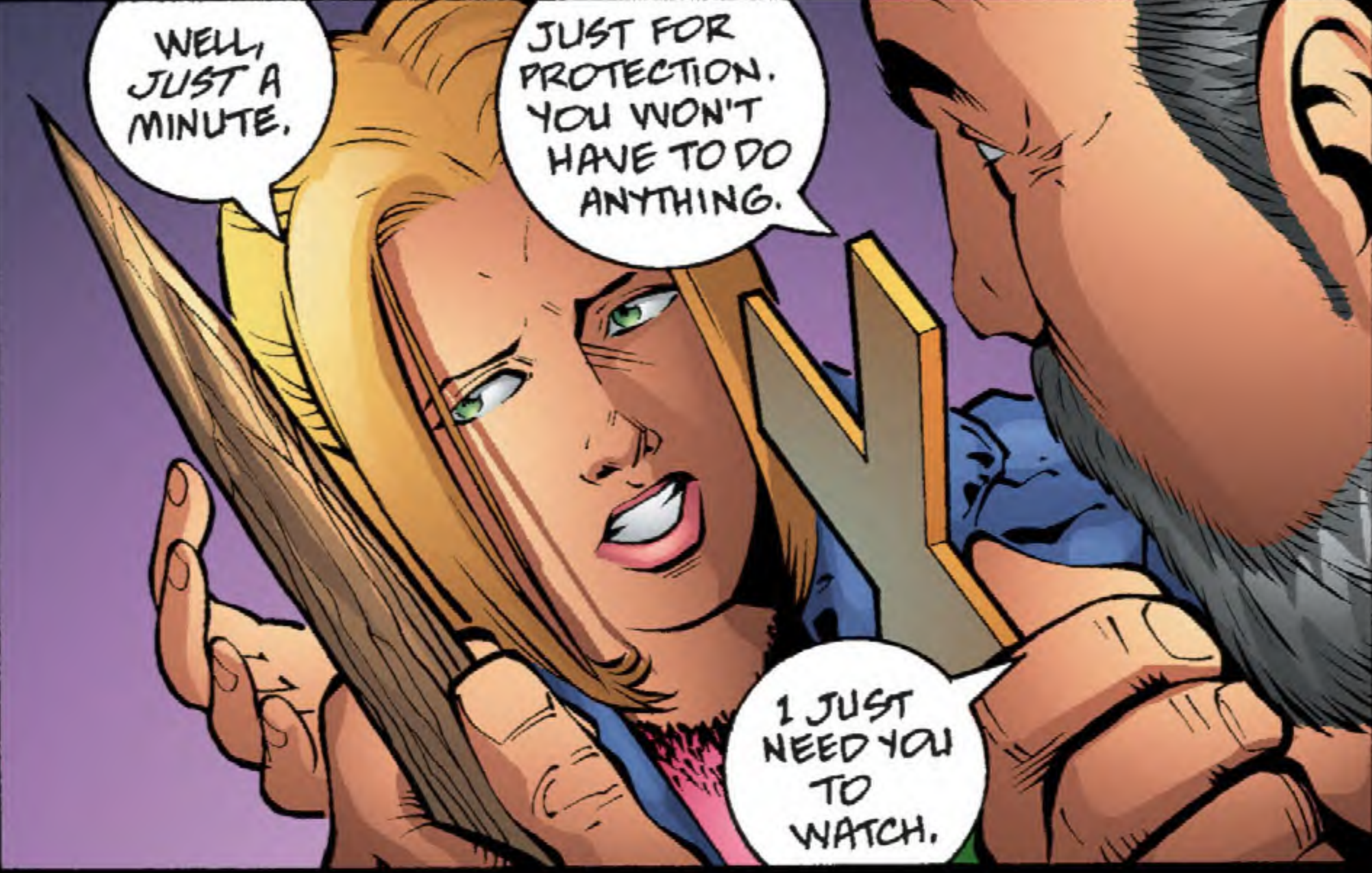


ROBERT BERMAN WAS KILLED THREE DAYS AGO. HIS BODY WAS FOUND OUT BY THE CANAL.

THERE WAS EXTENSIVE TISSUE DAMAGE, TEARING AT HIS NECK AND SHOULDERS. THE CORONER'S CHALKED IT OFF TO A DOG ATTACK.



THAT'S PLEASANT. NOW WHAT DO WE DO?



WELL, JUST A MINUTE.

JUST FOR PROTECTION. YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING.

I JUST NEED YOU TO WATCH.



NOW WE JUST WAIT.

FOR WHAT?

FOR ROBERT TO WAKE UP.

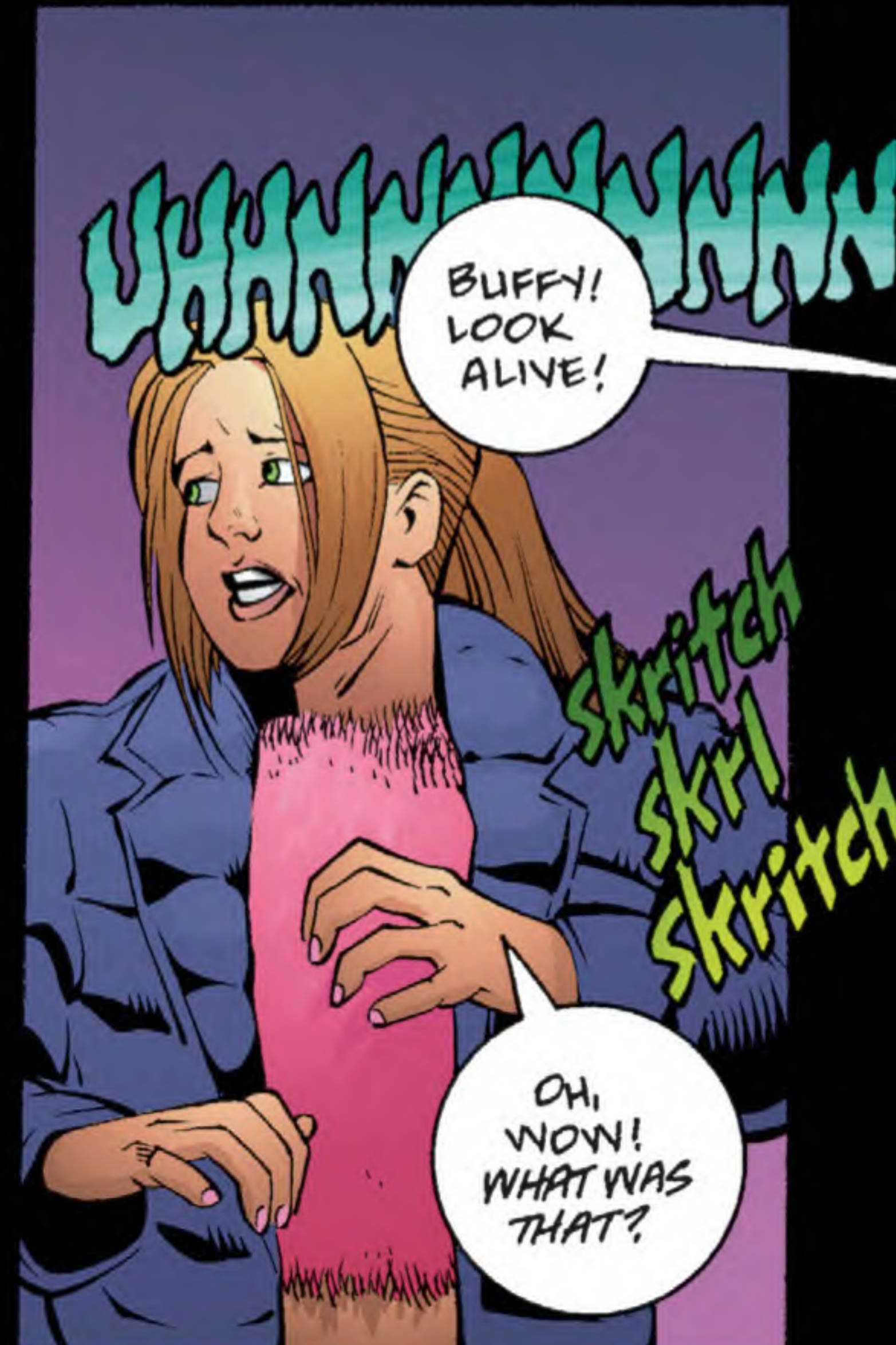
WHATEVER. YOU GOT ANY GUM?



YOU
KNOW, BEFORE
THE SUN WENT
COMPLETELY DOWN,
I DIDN'T REALIZE
THIS COULD GET
ANY LAMER THAN
IT ALREADY
IS...



PLEASE,
I'M JUST
AS BORED
AS YOU
ARE...



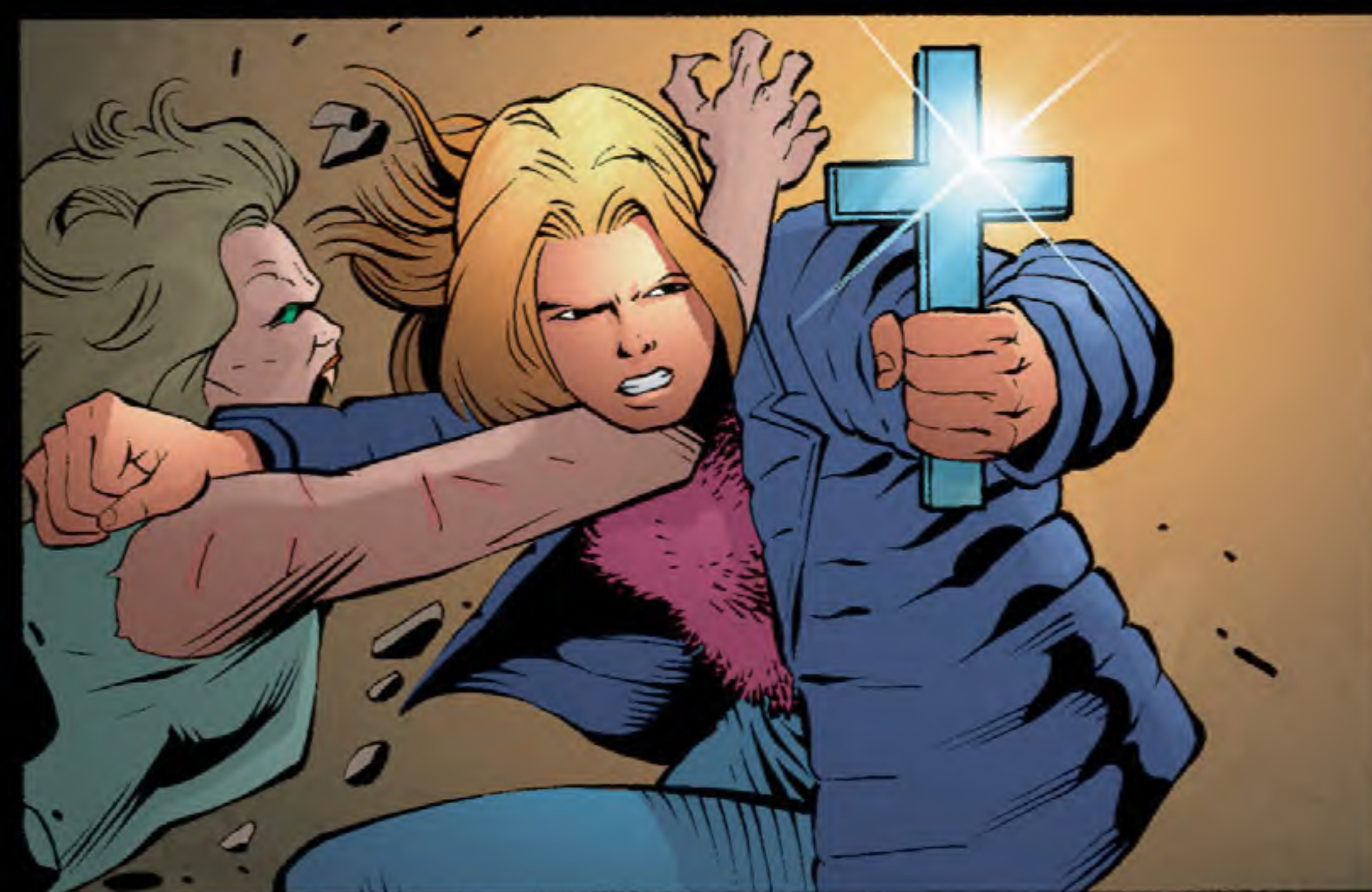
BUFFY!
LOOK
ALIVE!

OH,
WOW!
WHAT WAS
THAT?

skritch
skrl
skritch



WITNESS,
BUFFY...THE
DEAD, NOW
UNDEAD!







GO TO SCHOOL TOMORROW. TRY TO ACT NORMAL. DON'T TALK ABOUT ANY OF THIS, TO ANYONE.



THIS IS IMPORTANT. WHEN THE VAMPIRES FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE, YOU WON'T BE HUNTING THEM ANYMORE.

I GET IT.



MEET ME AT THIS ADDRESS AFTER SCHOOL.



I HAVE CHEER-LEADING PRACTICE.

SKIP IT.



MERRICK.

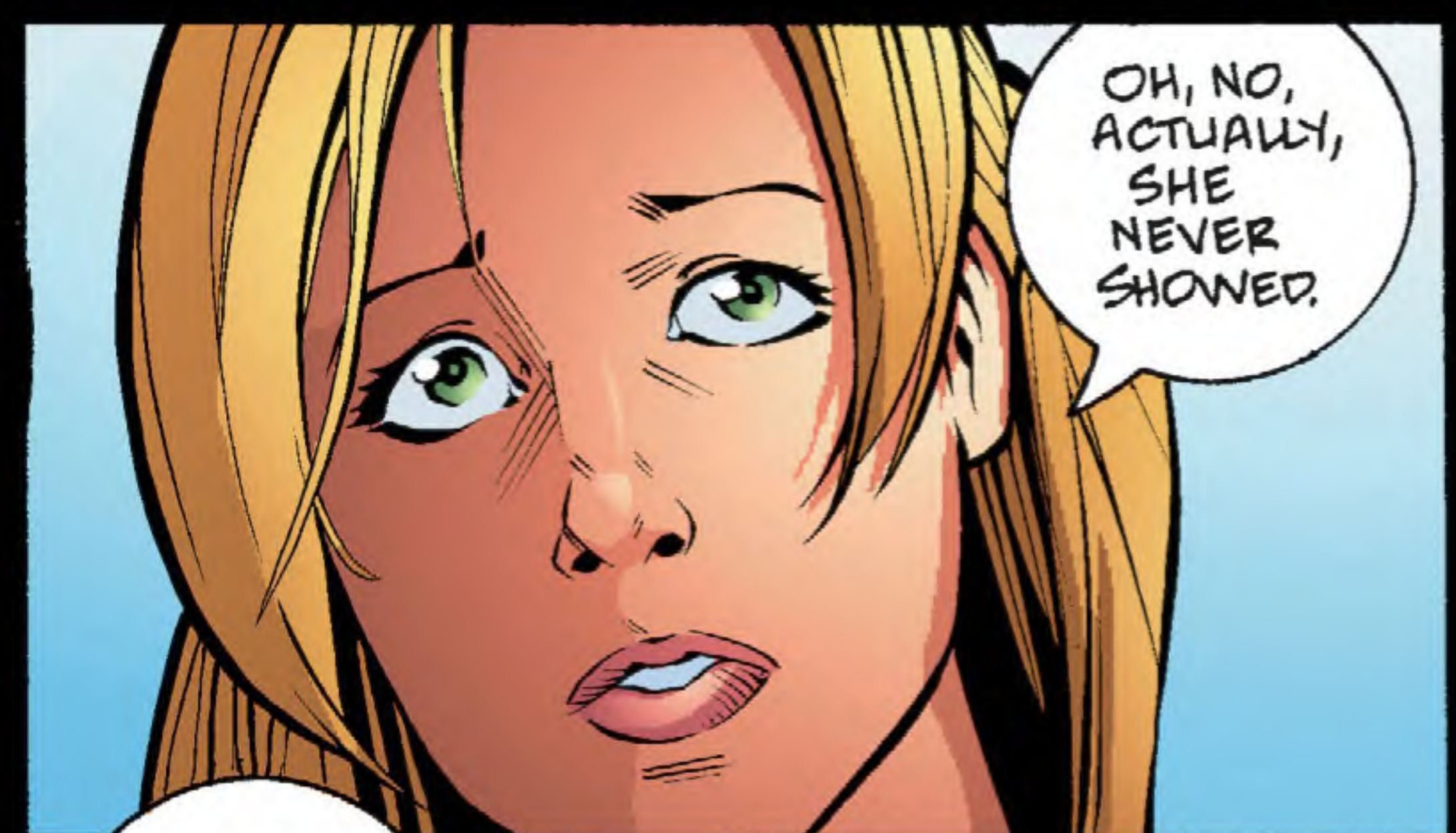
THEY CAN'T COME IN, RIGHT? UNLESS YOU INVITE THEM, IS THAT TRUE?



IT'S TRUE.

NOW GET SOME SLEEP, SLAYER.

End of Issue One





HEY.

HEY,
YOU'RE
LATE!

Uh-uh.
TIME-
IMPAIRED.



I
DIDN'T
THINK
YOU'D
SHOW.

NO.
I'M
GONNA
PRACTICE.



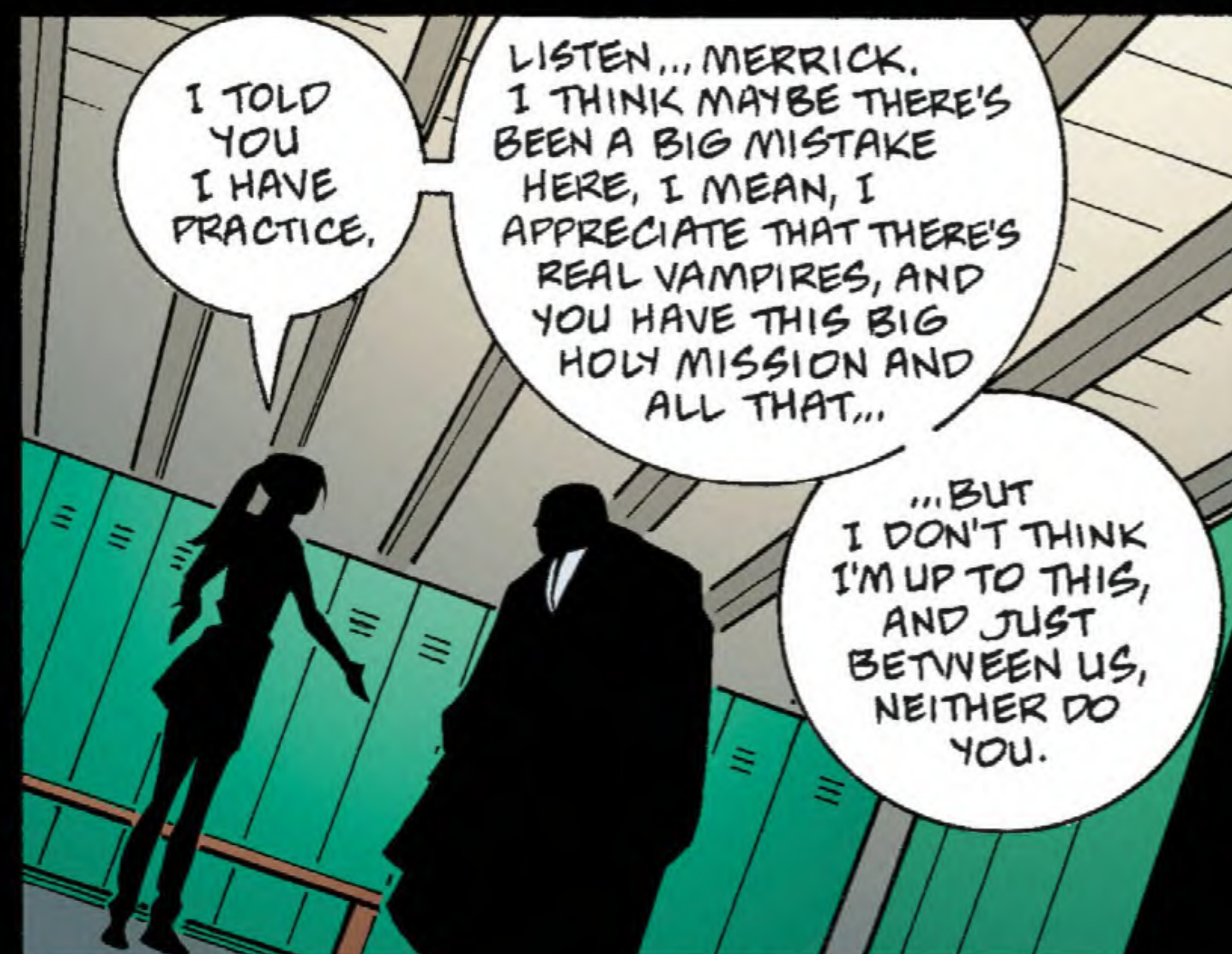
COOL,
SEE YOU
OUT
THERE.



JEEZ!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE? THIS
IS A NAKED
PLACE!



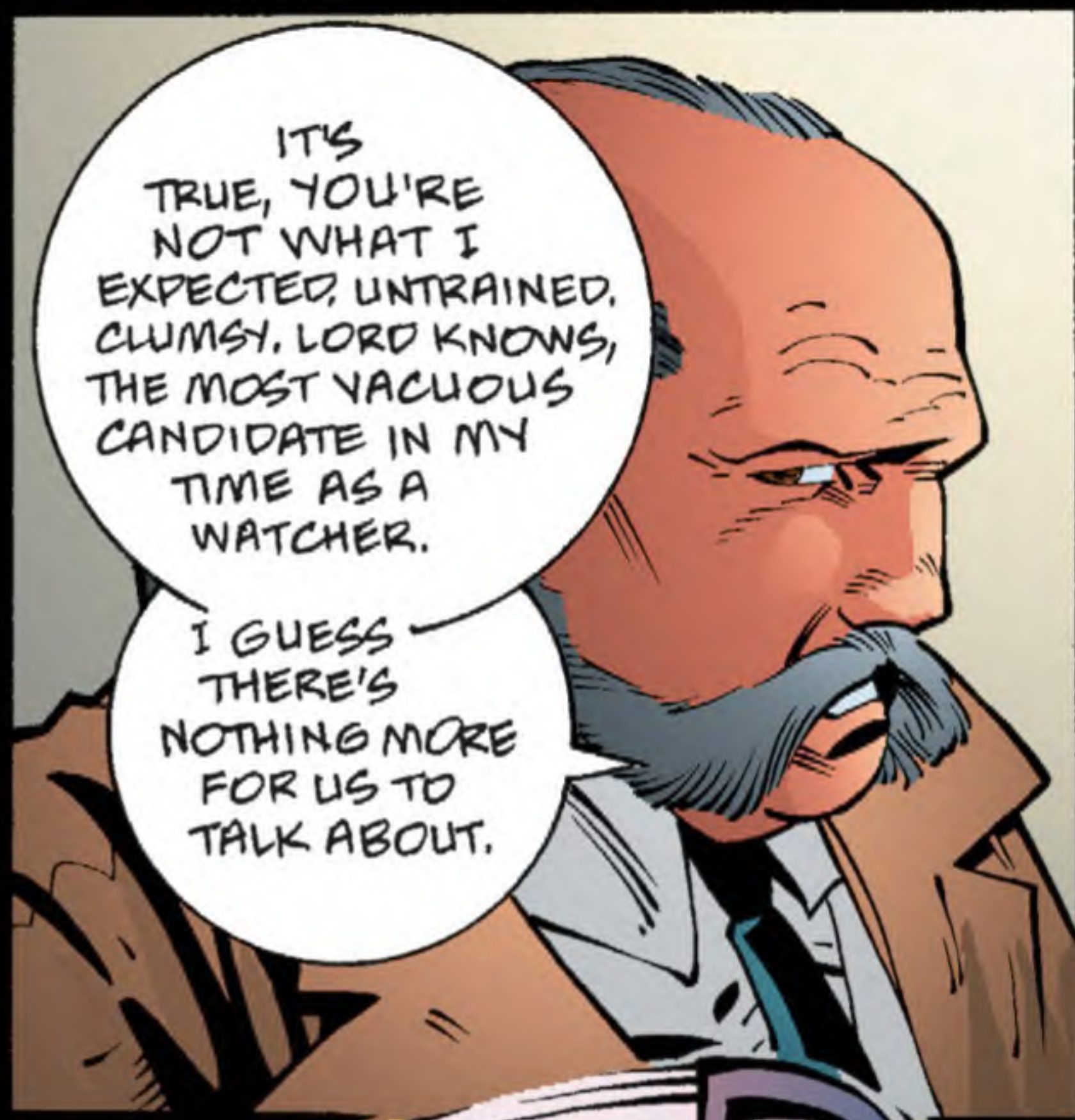
YOU WERE
SUPPOSED
TO BE AT THE
WAREHOUSE
HALF AN HOUR
AGO.



I TOLD
YOU
I HAVE
PRACTICE.

LISTEN... MERRICK.
I THINK MAYBE THERE'S
BEEN A BIG MISTAKE
HERE, I MEAN, I
APPRECIATE THAT THERE'S
REAL VAMPIRES, AND
YOU HAVE THIS BIG
HOLY MISSION AND
ALL THAT...

...BUT
I DON'T THINK
I'M UP TO THIS,
AND JUST
BETWEEN US,
NEITHER DO
YOU.



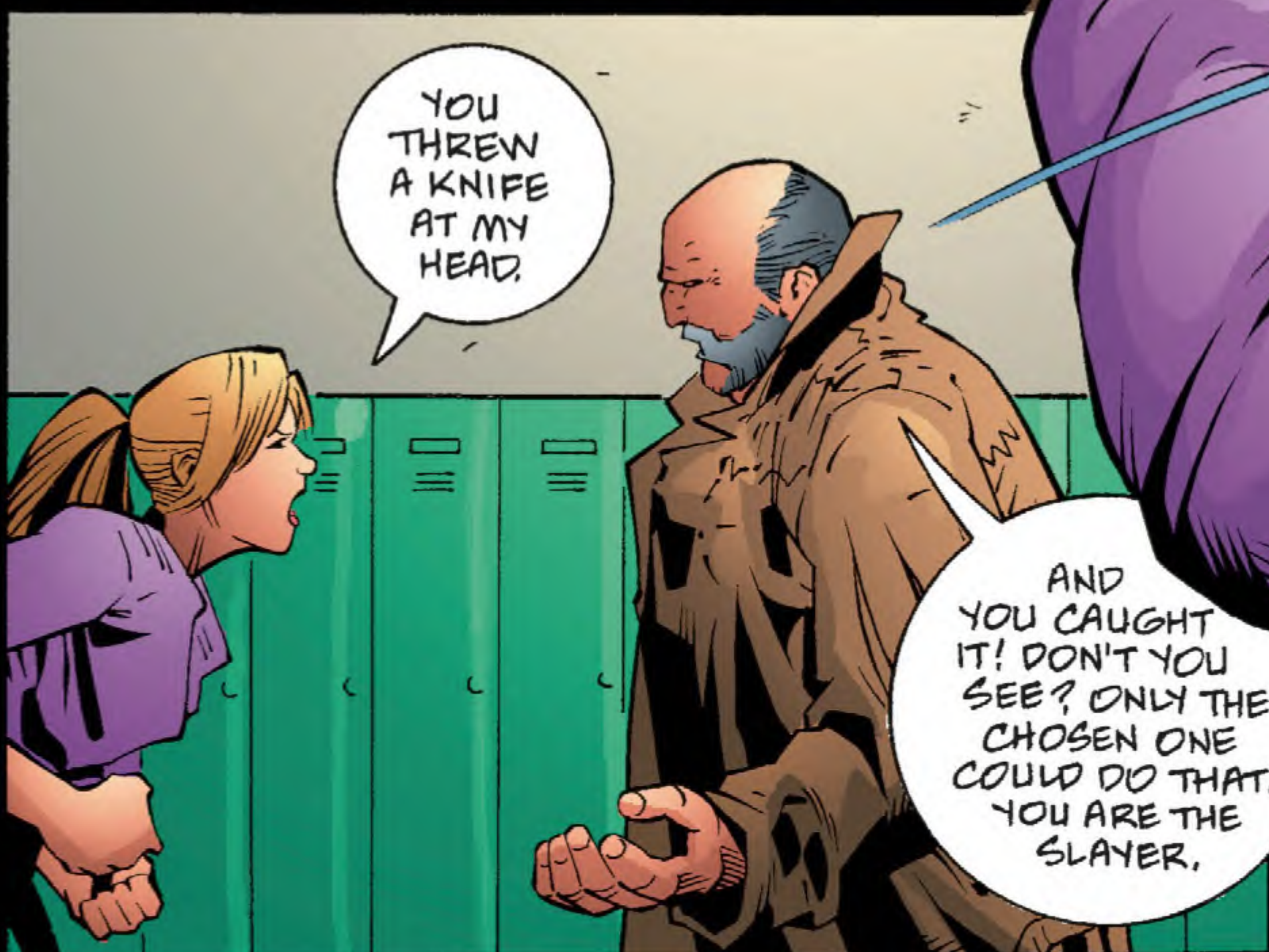
IT'S TRUE, YOU'RE NOT WHAT I EXPECTED, UNTRAINED, CLUMSY, LORD KNOWS, THE MOST VACUOUS CANDIDATE IN MY TIME AS A WATCHER.

I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING MORE FOR US TO TALK ABOUT.



REALLY? COOL! UM, GOOD LUCK AND ALL.

OH, THERE IS ONE THING.



YOU THREW A KNIFE AT MY HEAD.

AND YOU CAUGHT IT! DON'T YOU SEE? ONLY THE CHOSEN ONE COULD DO THAT. YOU ARE THE SLAYER.





TELL
YOU THE
TRUTH, I
NEVER HIT
ANYONE
BEFORE.

YOU'RE
PRIBBY
GOOD
AB IT.

MY
HAND
DOESN'T
HURT OR
ANYTHING.

I'B
SO
GLAD.

NEVER
UNDER-
ESTIMATE
YOURSELF,
BUFFY.

YOU'VE
GOT ABILITIES
YOU'VE ONLY BEGUN
TO TAP. RESERVES
OF MENTAL AND
PHYSICAL PROWESS
YOU'VE NEVER
DREAMT OF.

I APOLOGIZE
FOR THE ABRUPT
METHODS I'VE HAD
TO USE IN ORDER TO
JUMP-START THOSE
POWERS, TO GET
THE TRAINING
PROCESS
MOVING.

BUT
WE DON'T
HAVE MUCH
TIME.



SO, THIS
BATCAVE-LIKE
ATMOSPHERE... IS,
LIKE, SUPPOSED TO
BE A PLACE I'D
WANT TO WORK
OUT IN?



ACTUALLY,
THIS
COULD BE
FUN.



AM
I THE
ONLY
ONE?

THE
ONLY
SLAYER
?

"THERE ARE GIRLS...
ALL OVER THE WORLD,
WHO ARE DIFFERENT,
WHO HAVE THE
POTENTIAL TO BECOME
SLAYERS."



"BUT ONLY
ONE IS
CHOSEN."

"I GET IT. IT'S LIKE
WINNING THE LOTTERY...
ONLY, IT SUCKS."

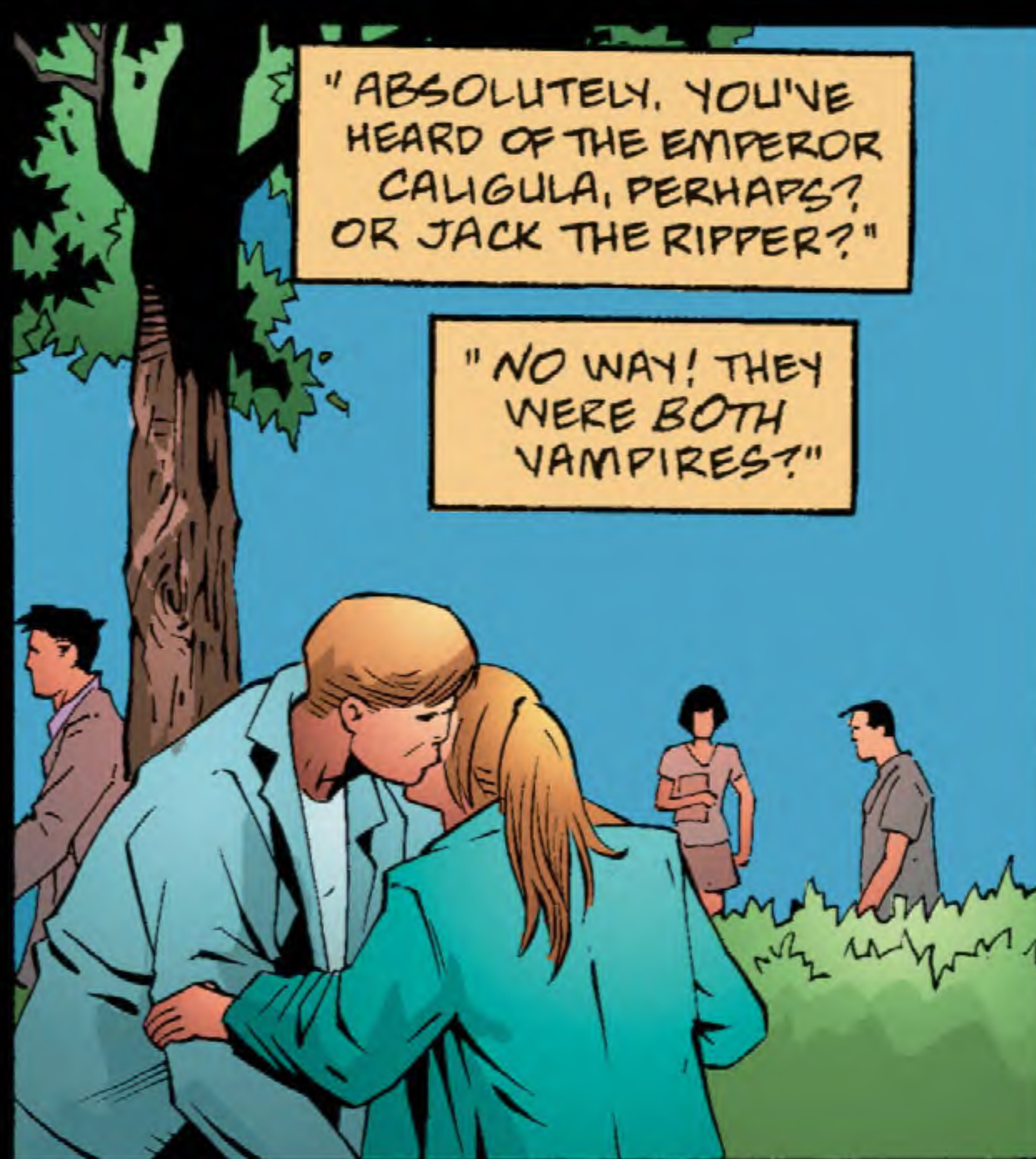


"SO, MERRICK, WERE
THERE EVER ANY, LIKE,
FAMOUS VAMPIRES?"



"ABSOLUTELY. YOU'VE
HEARD OF THE EMPEROR
CALIGULA, PERHAPS?
OR JACK THE RIPPER?"

"NO WAY! THEY
WERE BOTH
VAMPIRES?"



THE
SAME
ONE,
ACTUALLY,

OH,
WIGGINS.





"LOTHOS WAS PROBABLY BORN IN THE ELEVENTH OR TWELFTH CENTURY. HE'S BEEN DIFFICULT TO TRACE, HIS POWER HAS INCREASED WITH AGE."

"IT WILL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE YOU ARE READY TO FACE HIM,"

MMMMM,

LOTHOS IS EXTREMELY POWERFUL, BUT HE IS STILL A VAMPIRE, AND THUS VULNERABLE TO THE SAME WEAKNESSES. DAYLIGHT IS STILL HIS ENEMY, THE STAKE CAN STILL FIND HIS HEART.

UH-HUH, YEAH. OH, YEAH, RIGHT.



I HAVE HUGE ANTLERS GROWING OUT OF MY BUTTOCKS.

UH-HUH, OKAY.



AAGHH!

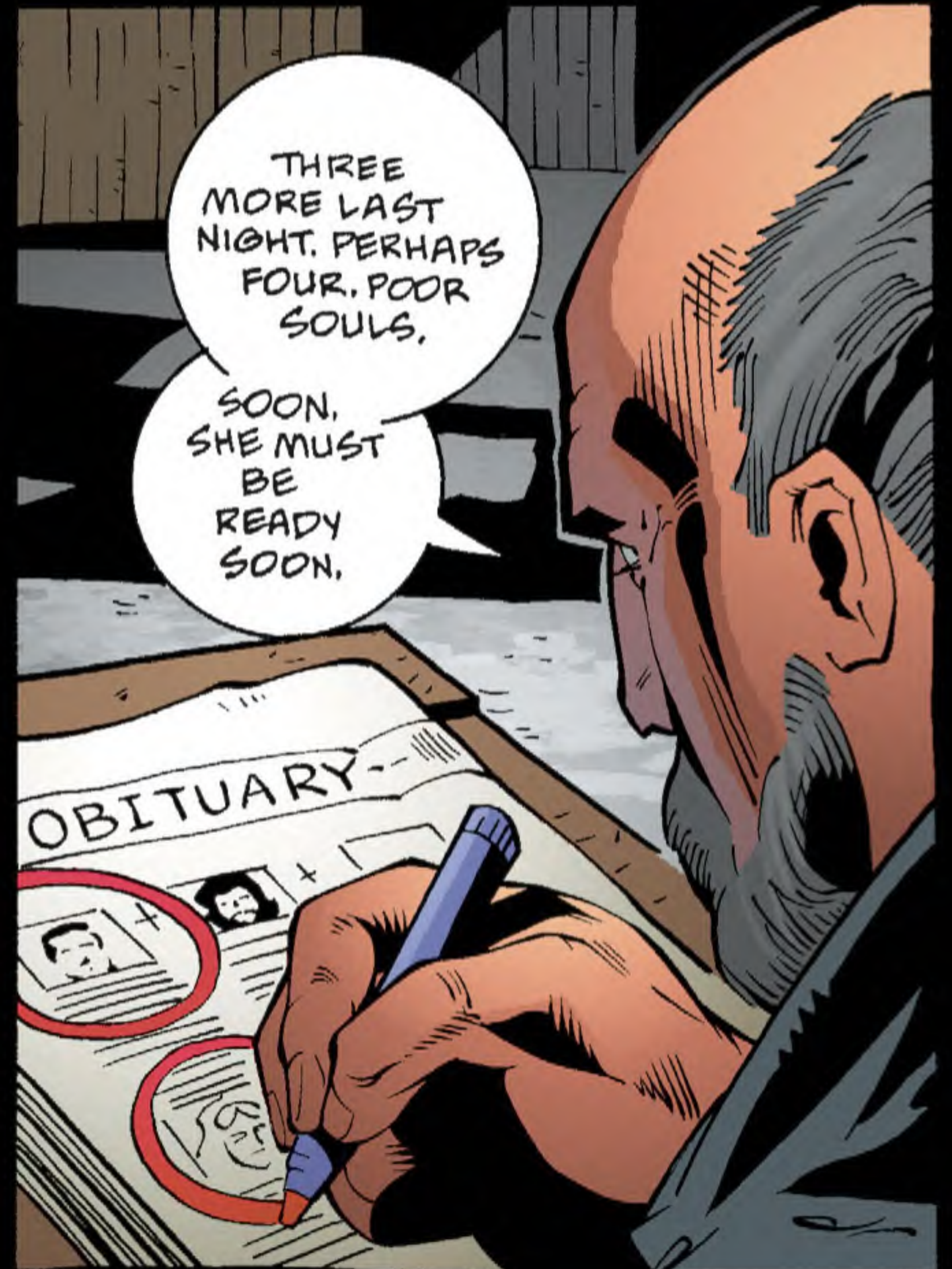


WHAT?!

TRY TO PAY ATTENTION.



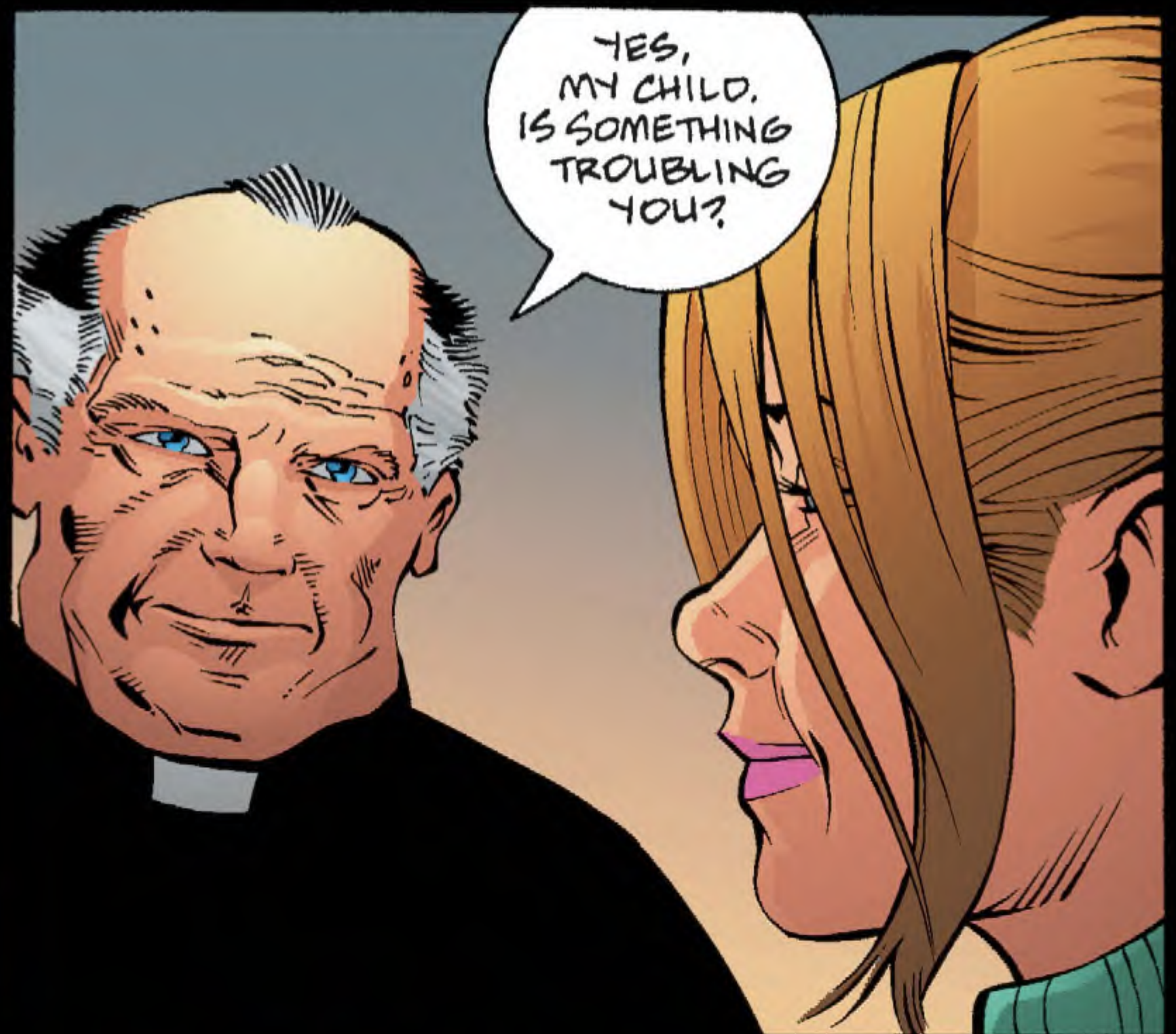
YES, YES! I KNOW! LATE AGAIN! THAT'S ME! TIME-IMPAIRED AND LOVING LIFE!



THREE MORE LAST NIGHT. PERHAPS FOUR. POOR SOULS, SOON, SHE MUST BE READY SOON.



EXCUSE ME, FATHER...



YES, MY CHILD, IS SOMETHING TROUBLING YOU?



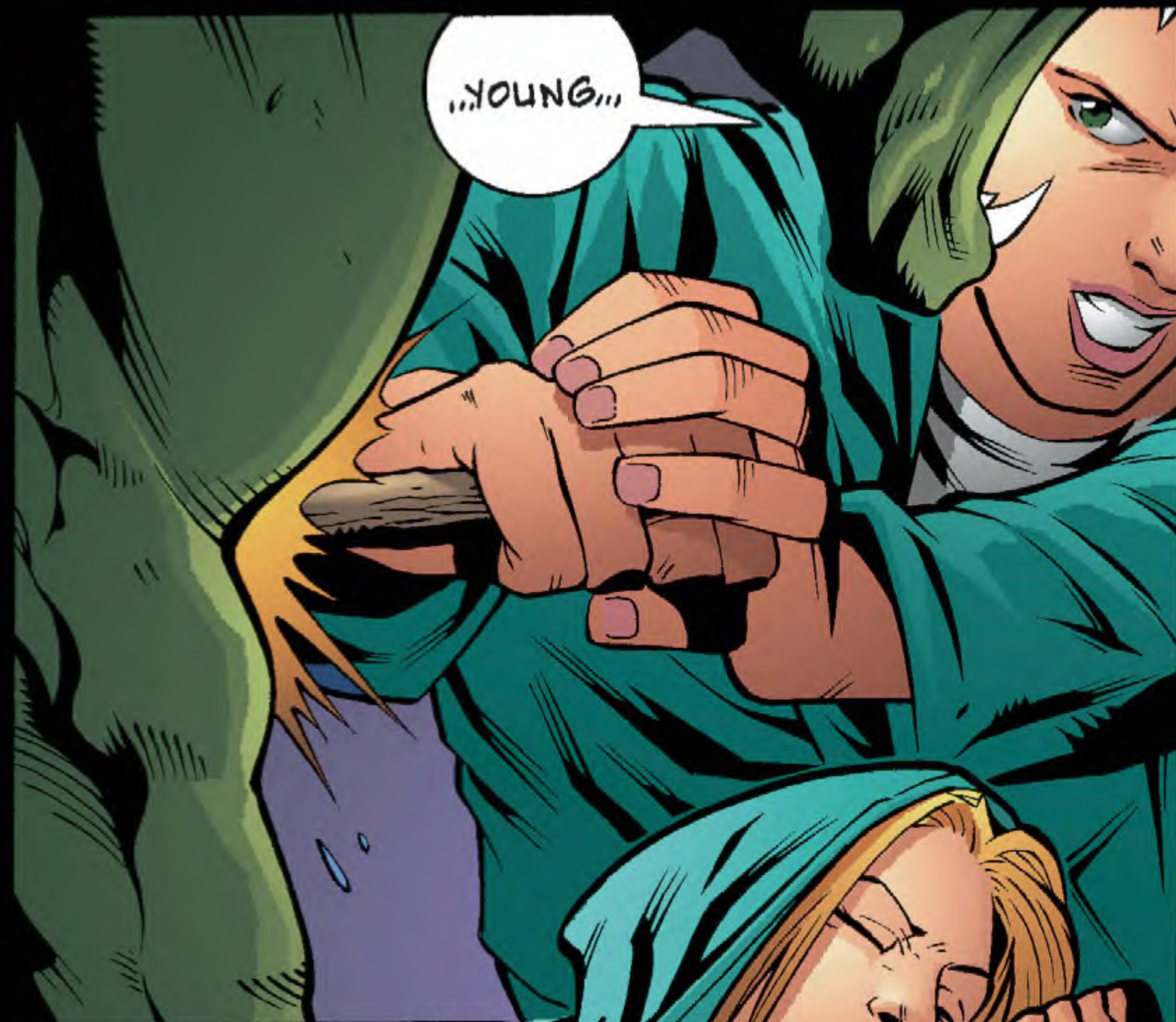
WELL, SORT OF.

I'D LIKE TO HELP, IF I CAN.

GREAT. UM,...COULD YOU BLESS THESE?









WELL?

HE WAS SLOW, THEY WON'T ALL BE THAT EASY.

FINE,



AND THE ALLEY WAS A MISTAKE, NEVER CORNER YOURSELF LIKE THAT. IF THEY'D COME AT YOU IN FORCE, YOU'D BE DEAD NOW.

DOES THE WORD "DUHHH" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?



I'M JUST SAYING TO BE MORE AWARE OF YOUR SURROUNDINGS, IT COULD HAVE GONE DIFFERENTLY BACK THERE.

YEAH, WELL, I DIDN'T SEE YOU KILLING ANY VAMPIRES, YOU WERE TOO BUSY PLAYING "BEAT THE CLOCK."



AREN'T I, LIKE, THE CHOSEN ONE? DOESN'T THAT MEAN YOU HAVE TO BE NICE TO ME? LIKE, EVER?

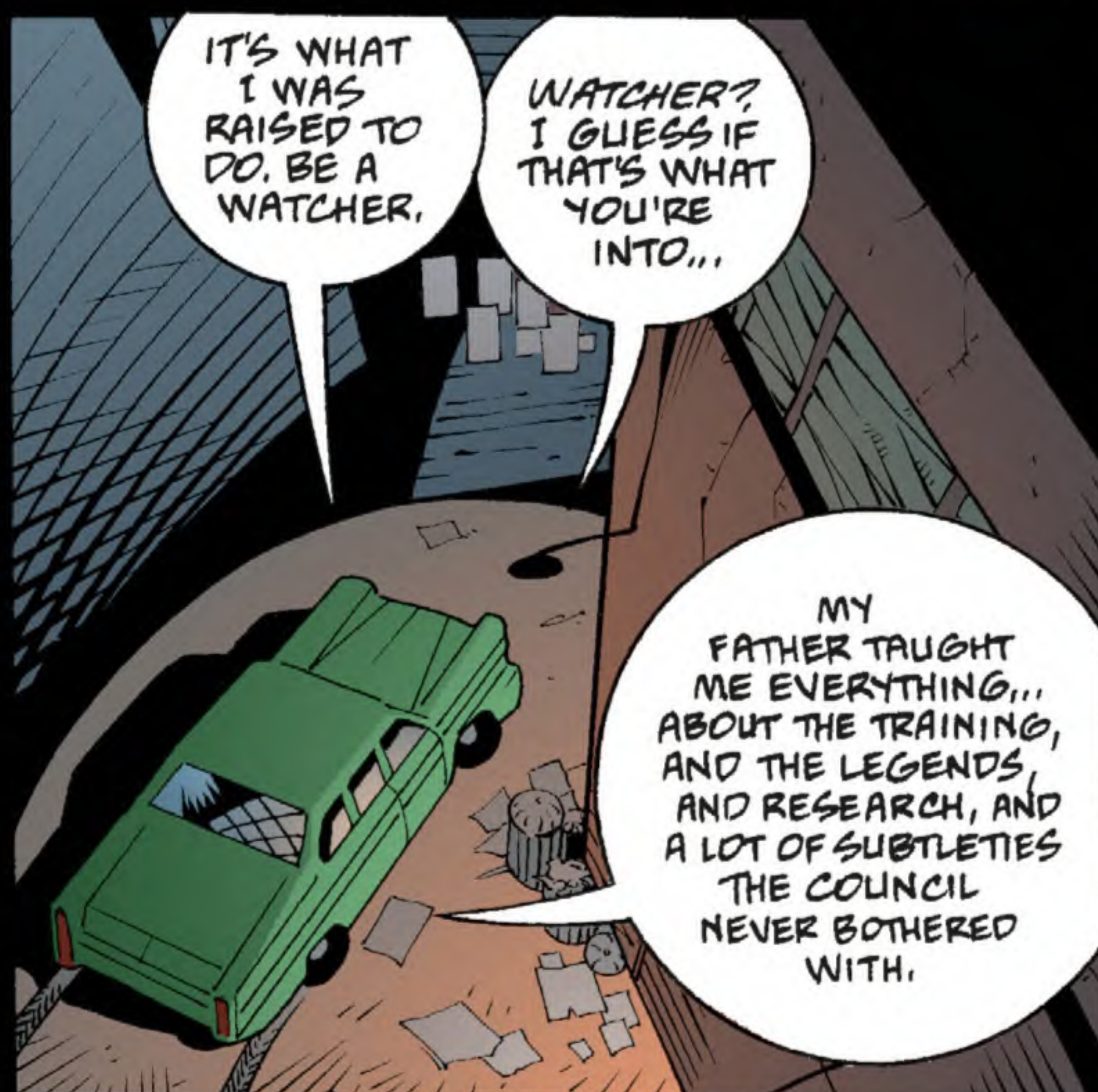
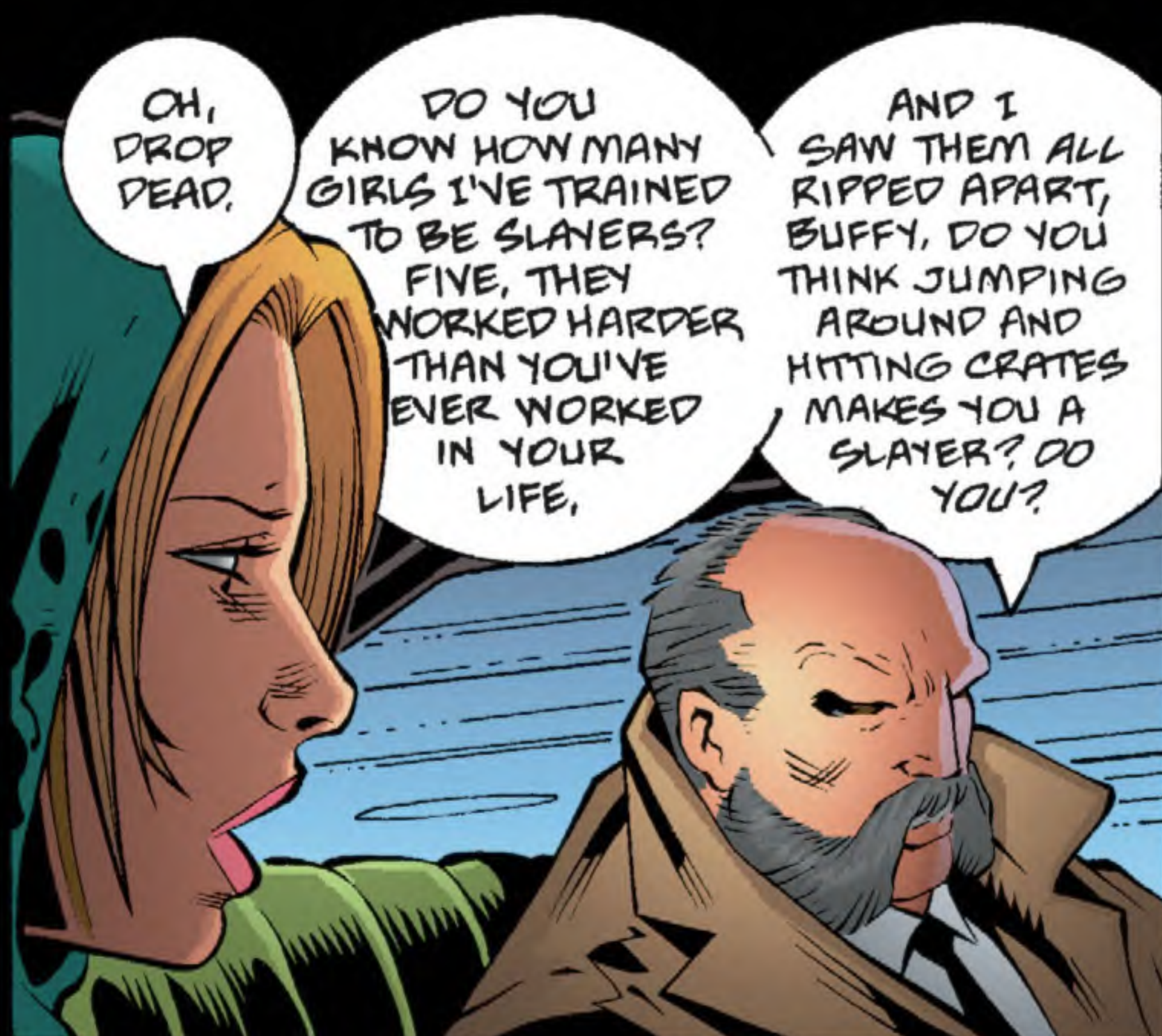
BUFFY...

AND WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS WEARING BROWN? IT'S SO, NOTHING. IT'S TOTALLY NOT YOUR COLOR. I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE A COLOR.



WHAT DO YOU WANT? ENCOURAGEMENT?

"GOSH, BUFFY, YOU'RE SO SPECIAL, I WANT TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG HUG. OH, I'M JUST HAVING A WARM FUZZY."







C'MON, MAN, YOU SAID IT'D BE READY BY TWO O'CLOCK! IT'S ALMOST DARK!

CHILL, PIKE, WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU GONNA GO, ANYWAY?

I'M BAILING TOWN, MAN. THIS PLACE HAS GOTTEN WAY TOO HAIRY.



OKAY, TRY IT NOW. SAY, BENNY GOING WITH YOU?

NO, NO WAY, HEY, YOU SHOULD THINK ABOUT LEAVING, TOO, MAN. SELL THIS PLACE. SOMETHING WEIRD'S GOING ON HERE.



chooka
chooka
chooka
bzzt
chooka
bzzt

DAMMIT, ZEPH. IT STILL WON'T START.

GIVE IT A MINUTE, AND TRY AGAIN.



C'MON, BABY, DON'T LEAVE ME HANGING, COME ON, BREATHE.

SO, WHAT SHOULD I DO IF I SEE HIM? BENNY, I MEAN.

RUN.



TOO LATE.





GIVE ME A BREAK!

ALL RIGHT, NOW I'M JUST A LITTLE PISSED OFF. THAT WAS GENUINE LEATHER.



NOT SO FAST, CURLY.



YOU GUYS ARE HUNTING IN EVEN BIGGER PACKS THESE DAYS...



...MAYBE YOU THINK THERE'S SAFETY IN NUMBERS... SAFETY FROM ME, BUT IT JUST MAKES YOU EASIER TO FIND.

UHHNN!



RUNNING NOW WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA.

RIGHT.

DO YOU DO THIS KIND OF THING A LOT? I MEAN, IS IT LIKE A HOBBY?

NOT EXACTLY.

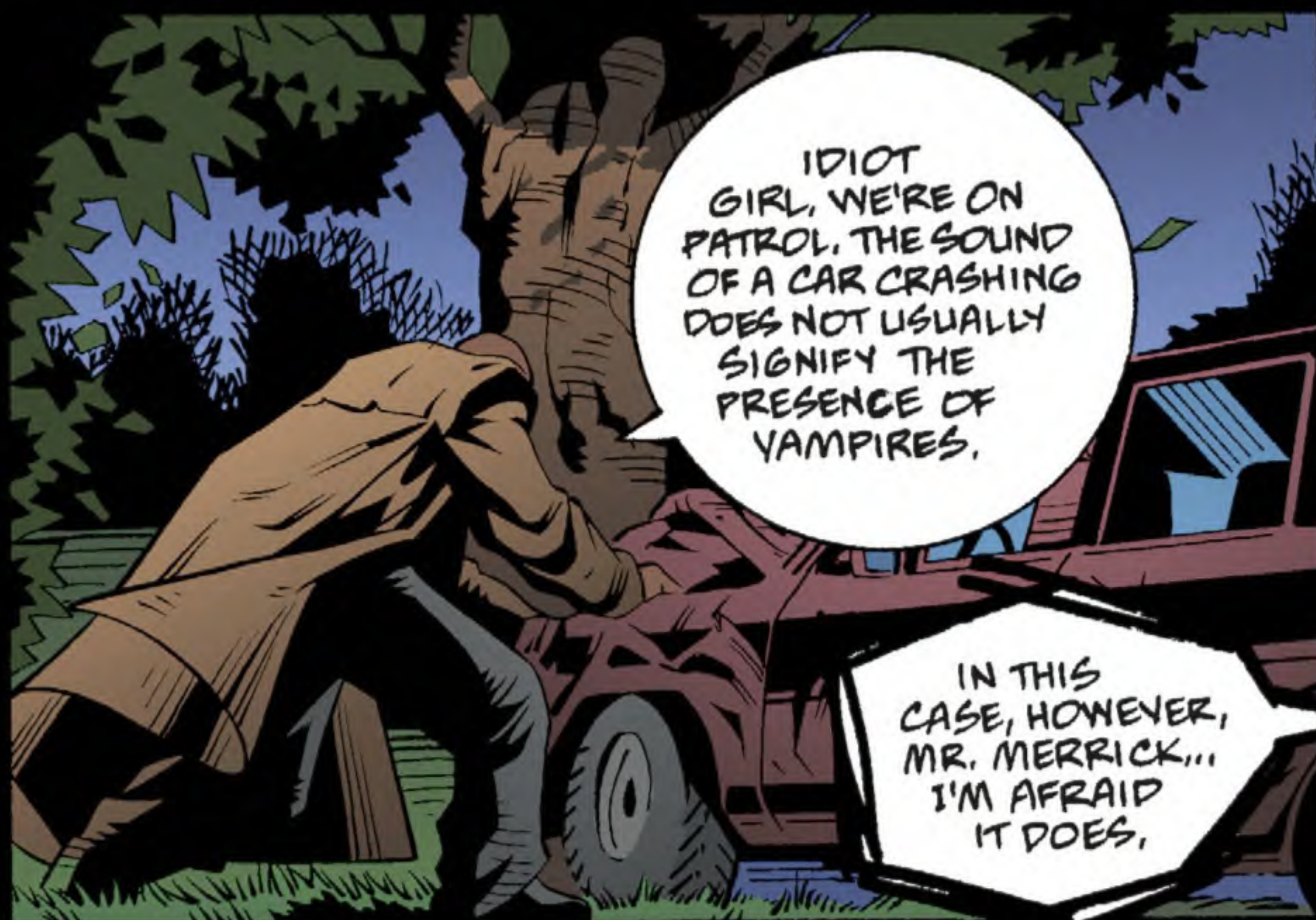


THEY WERE VAMPIRES, WEREN'T THEY?

YEAH.

GOD, UNBELIEVABLE, VAMPIRES!





IDIOT GIRL, WE'RE ON PATROL. THE SOUND OF A CAR CRASHING DOES NOT USUALLY SIGNIFY THE PRESENCE OF VAMPIRES.

IN THIS CASE, HOWEVER, MR. MERRICK, I'M AFRAID IT DOES.



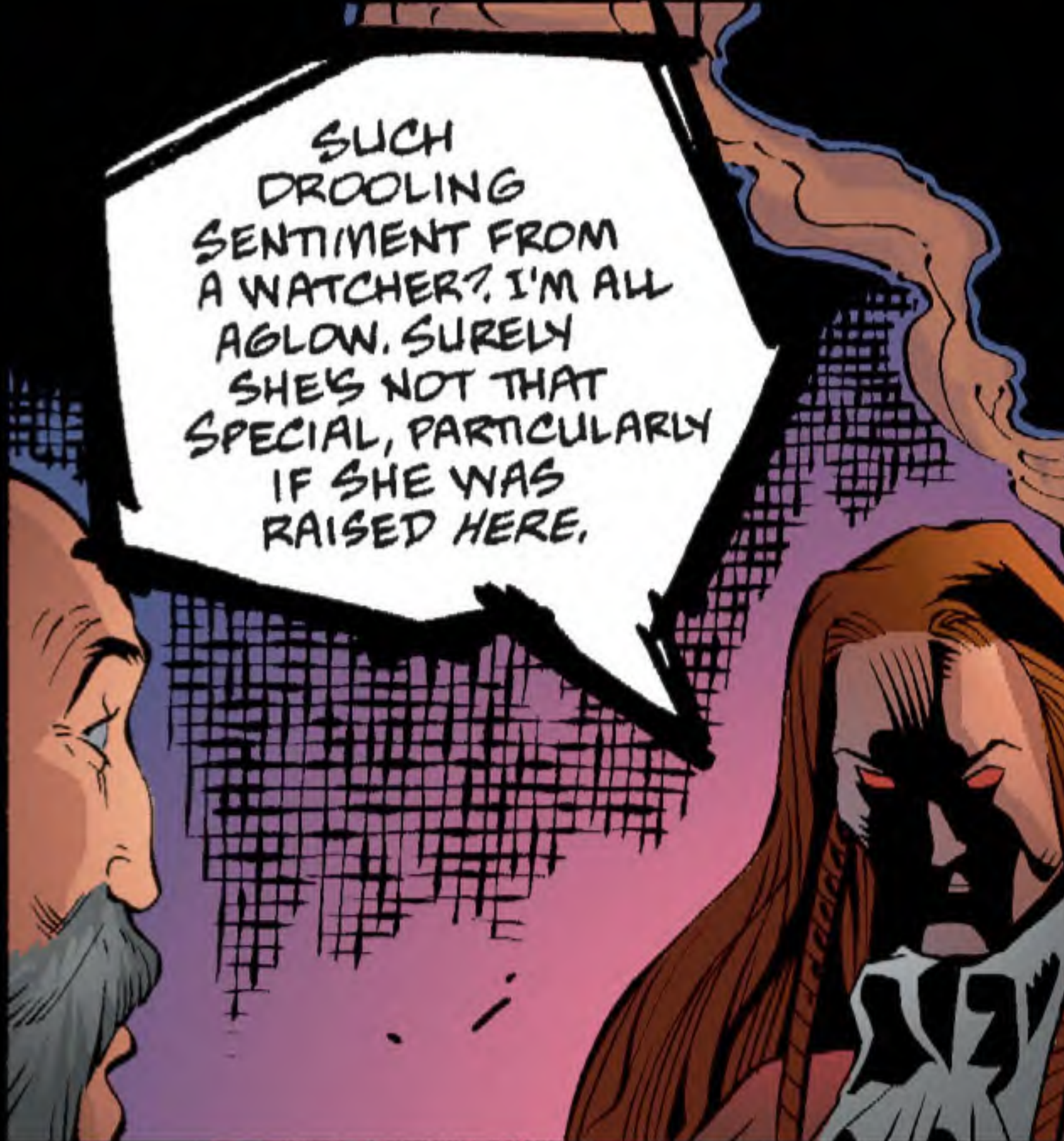
OH, MY GOD.



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT. THE DARK IS SO THICK WITH LIFE, LIKE SOIL... LIKE BLOOD.

DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD HIDE HER FROM ME, MERRICK? THAT I WOULDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A NEW SLAYER? ANOTHER PATHETIC B---- WAITING FOR ME TO SUCK ON HER CLOTTED HEART?

THIS ONE MAY SURPRISE YOU. SHE'S NOT LIKE THE OTHERS. DOESN'T PLAY OUR WAY. I DON'T EVEN THINK SHE KNOWS HOW STRONG SHE IS.



SUCH DROOLING SENTIMENT FROM A WATCHER? I'M ALL AGLOW. SURELY SHE'S NOT THAT SPECIAL, PARTICULARLY IF SHE WAS RAISED HERE.



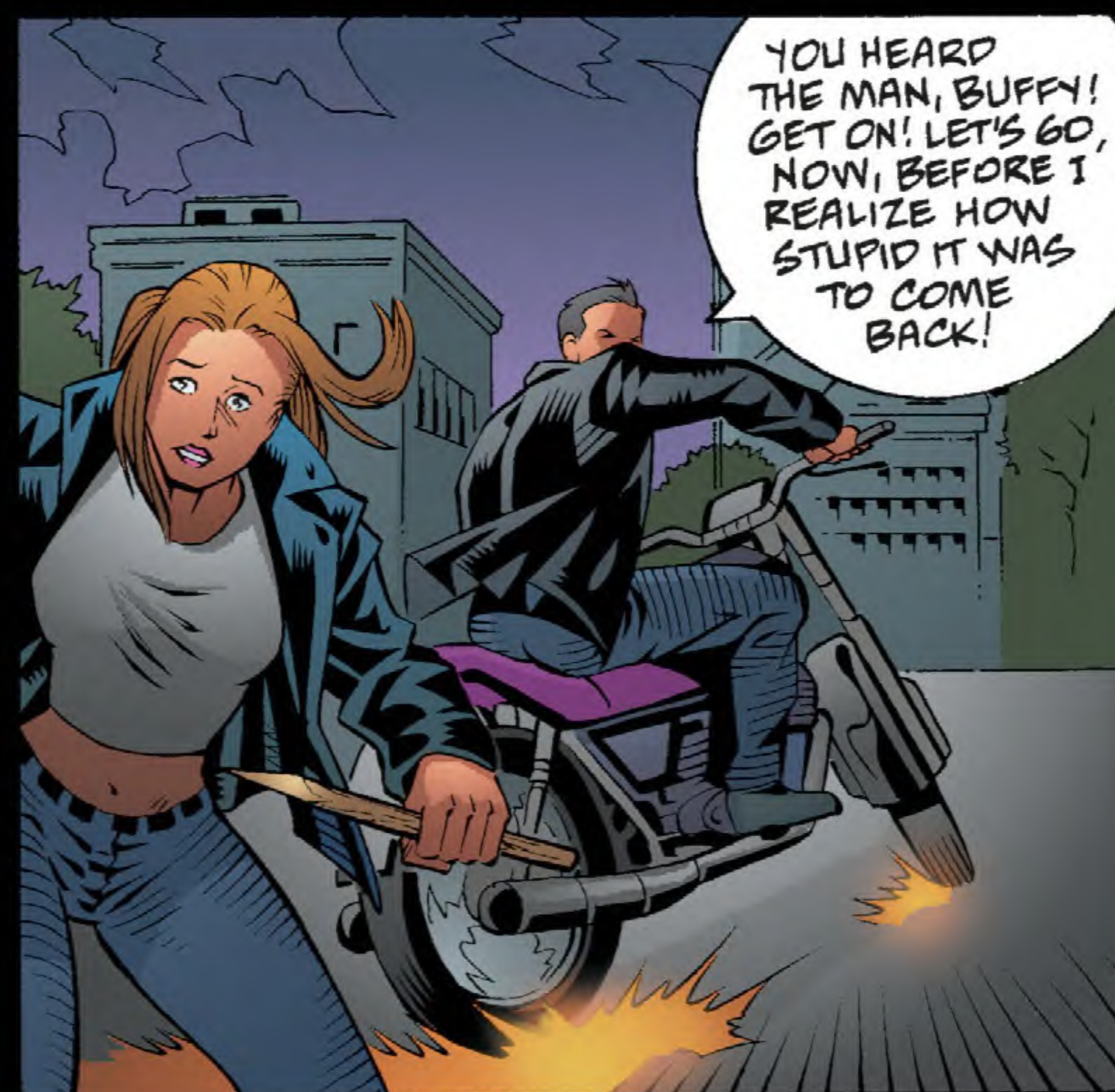
SO, YOU'RE LEAVING?

YOU'RE NOT? LOOK, I HAVE THIS FRIEND... HE'S A VAMPIRE. BAD SCENE, SO, YEAH, I'M GONE, BUT, HEY, THANKS, ALL RIGHT?

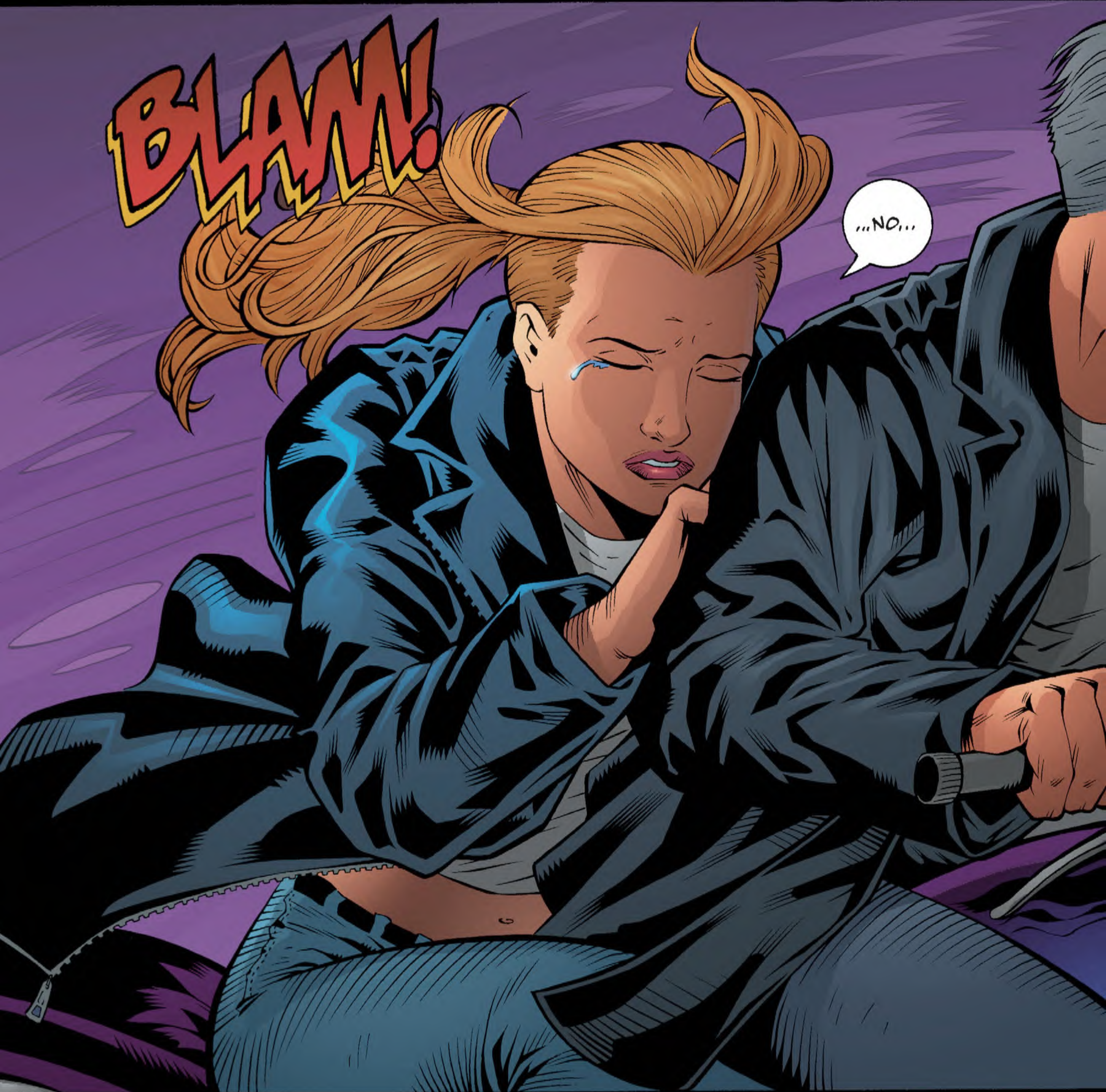


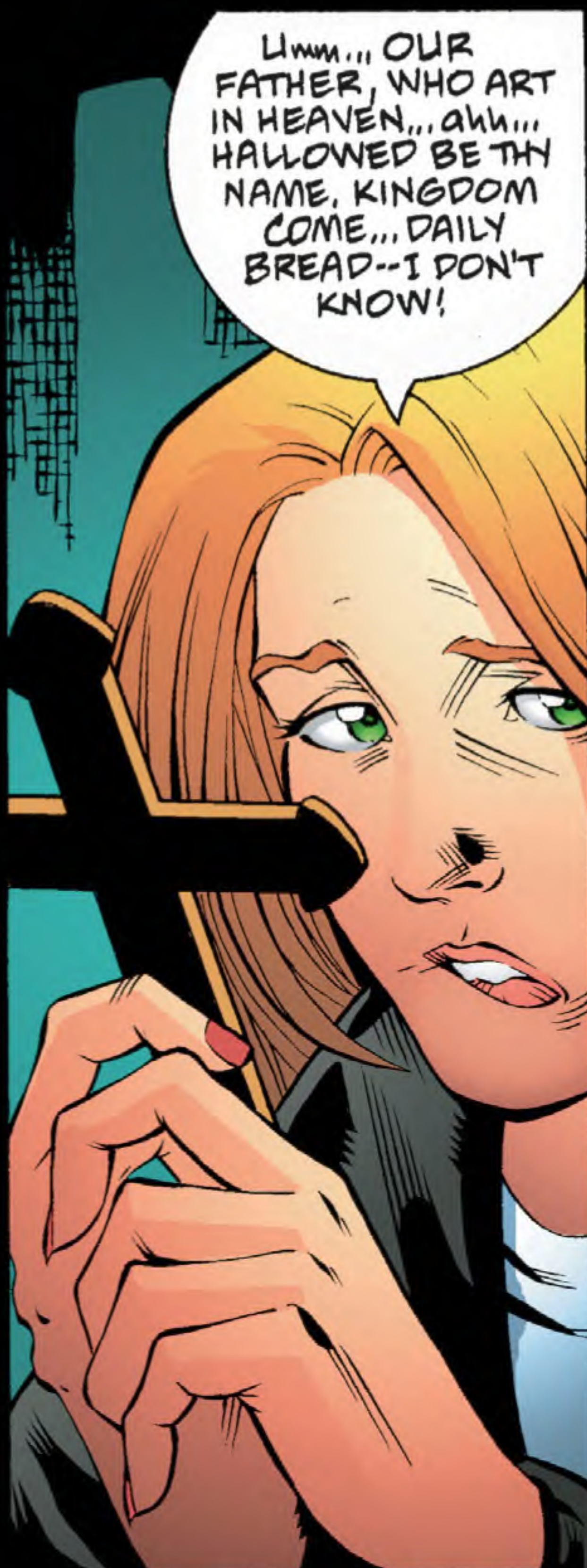
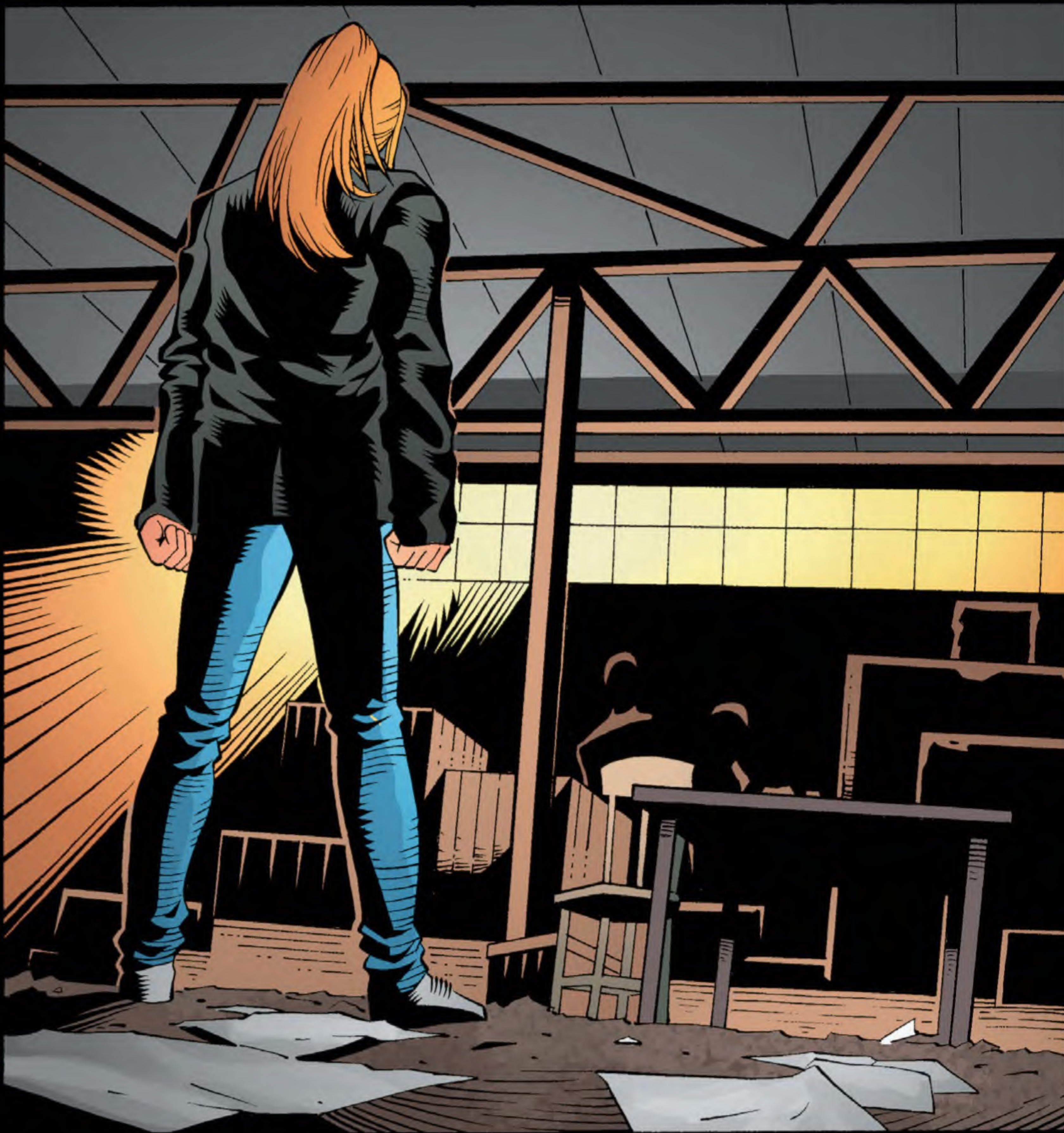
ANY TIME, PIKE, ANY... OH, MY GOD.

LOTHOS.









Umm... OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN... aww... HALLOWED BE THY NAME, KINGDOM COME... DAILY BREAD--I DON'T KNOW!



I'M SUPPOSED TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT YOU'RE JUST DEAD, SO TOTALLY DEAD. AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

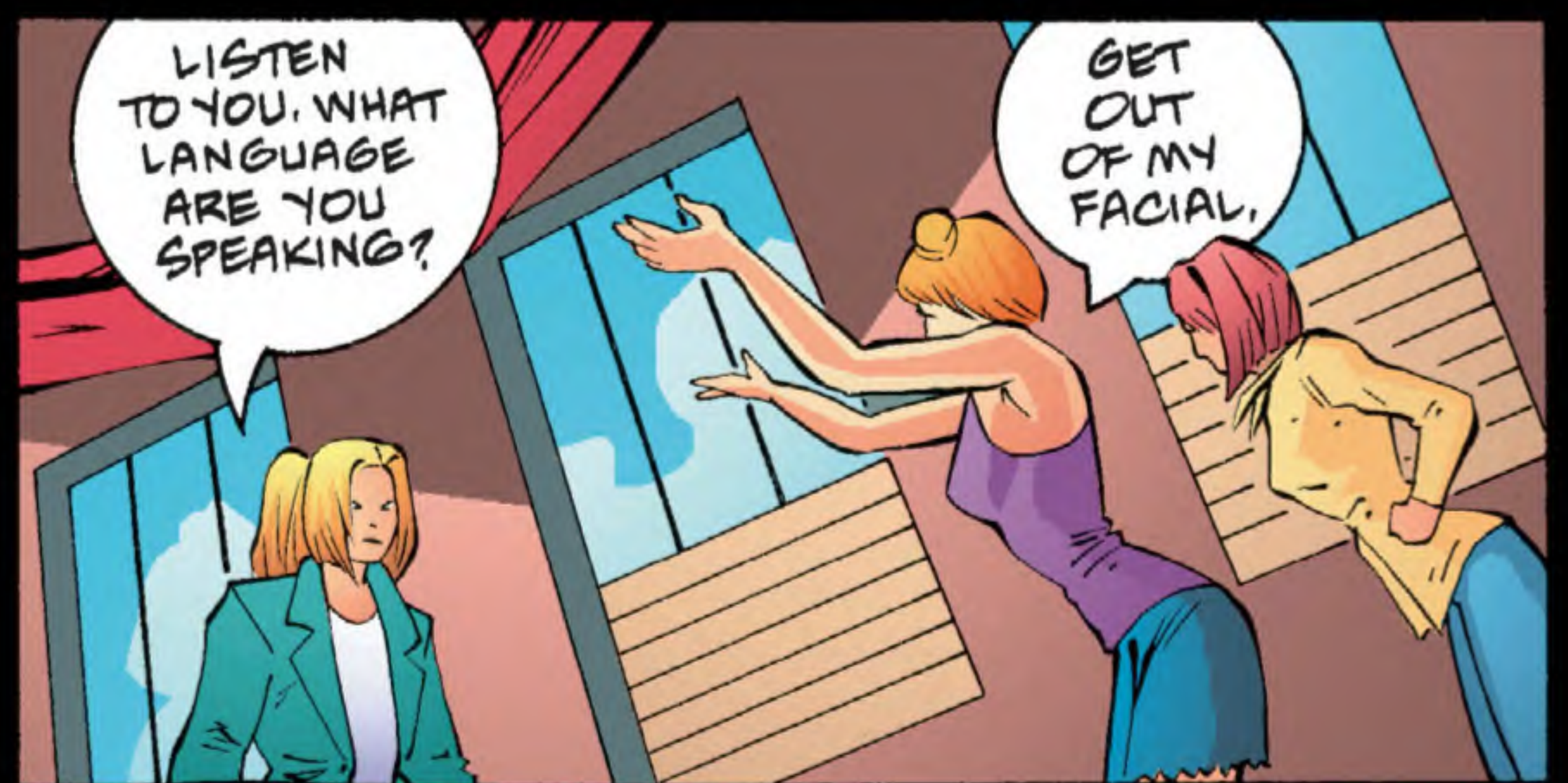
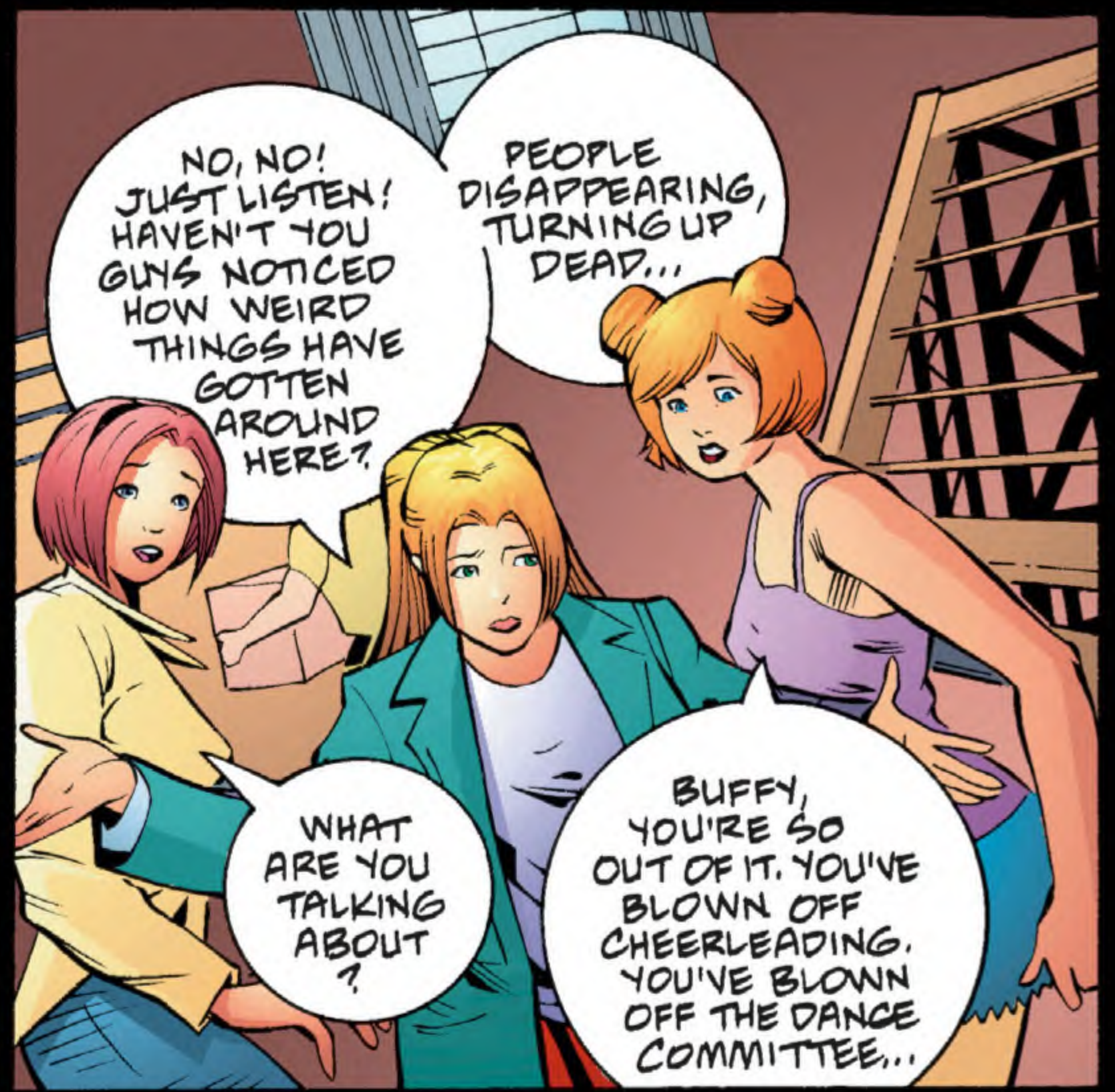
YOU WERE THE ONE WHO... I DON'T KNOW IF THE TRAINING WAS OVER... I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I PASSED!

HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID? WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITHOUT YOU?



AMEN.







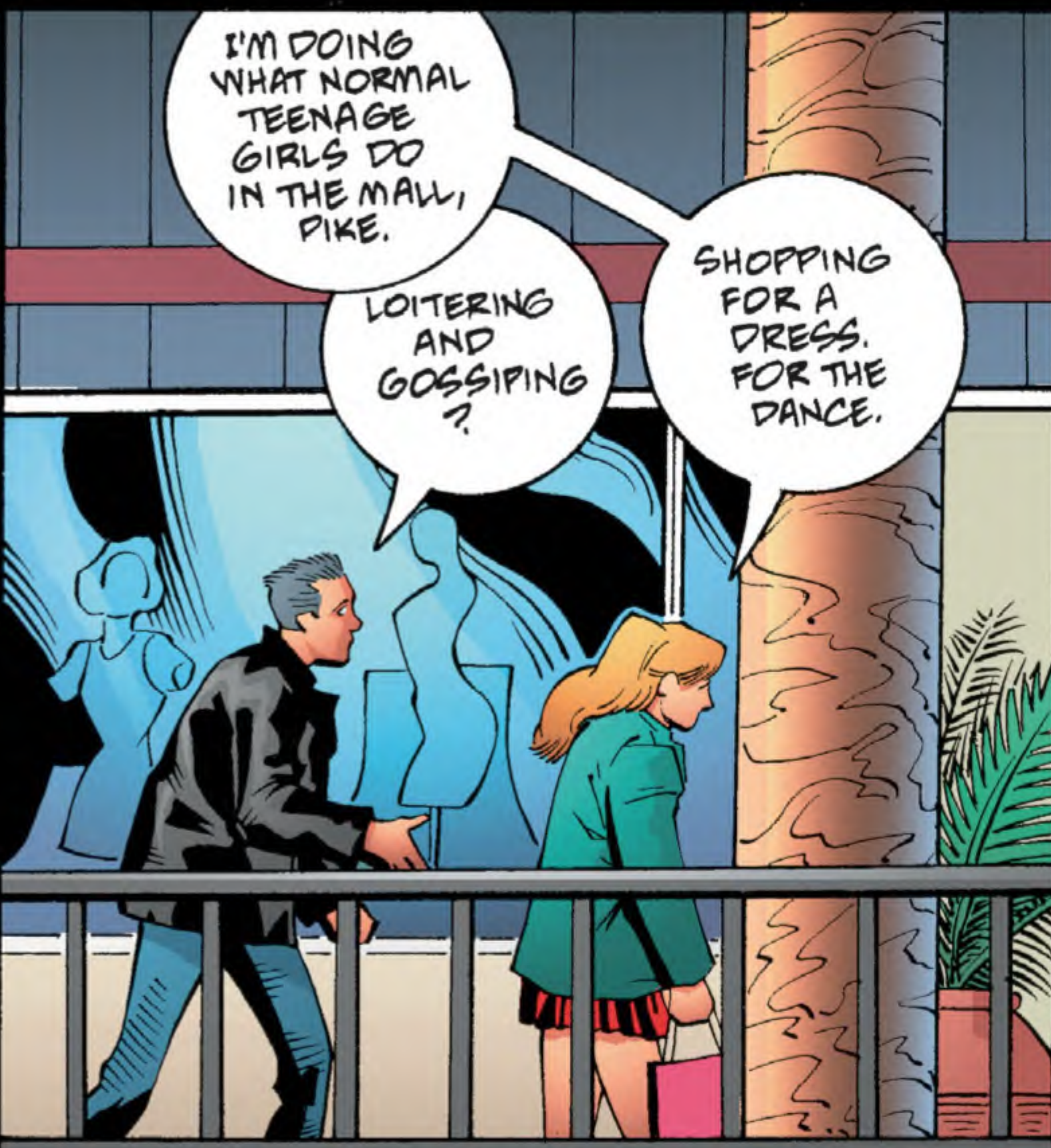
BUFFY,
HEY!



I CALLED
YOUR HOUSE
AND YOUR MOM
SAID YOU WERE
HERE... I'M GLAD
I CAUGHT
YOU.

I'VE
BEEN WORKING
ON SOME
STUFF FOR
YOU...

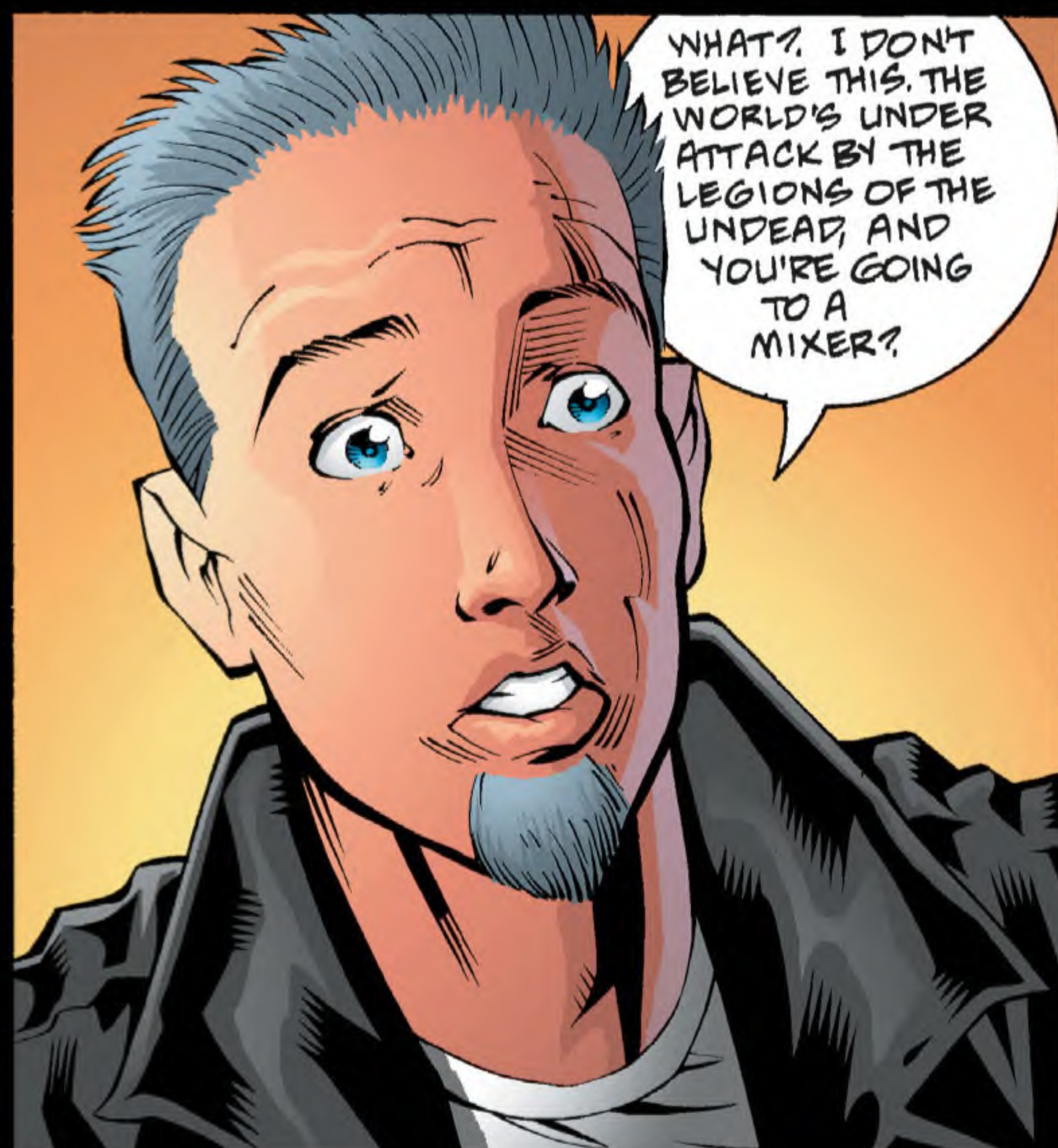
WHAT'RE
YOU
DOING
HERE,
ANYWAY?



I'M DOING
WHAT NORMAL
TEENAGE
GIRLS DO
IN THE MALL,
PIKE.

LOITERING
AND
GOSSIPING
?

SHOPPING
FOR A
DRESS.
FOR THE
DANCE.



WHAT? I DON'T
BELIEVE THIS. THE
WORLD'S UNDER
ATTACK BY THE
LEGIONS OF THE
UNDEAD, AND
YOU'RE GOING
TO A
MIXER?



IT'S NOT A
MIXER. IT'S A
DANCE, AND IT'S
IMPORTANT.
YOU WOULDN'T
UNDERSTAND.

YOU GOT
THAT RIGHT.
I THOUGHT
YOU WANTED
TO KILL
VAMPIRES.



I DON'T
WANT TO KILL
ANYBODY, AND
I DON'T WANT
TO TALK
ABOUT IT
ANYMORE.

LISTEN, I
KNOW IT SUCKS
WHAT HAPPENED
TO MERRICK.
BUT, BUFFY,
YOU'RE THE
GUN. YOU'RE
THE CHOSEN
GUY.



RIGHT, I'M THE CHOSEN ONE, AND I CHOOSE TO GO SHOPPING.



AH, I SHOULD'VE KNOWN. BENNY WAS RIGHT. YOU GUYS ARE ALL EXACTLY THE SAME--

--Y'KNOW THAT, BUFFY?



BUFFY? HER NAME IS BUFFY?



I RECOGNIZED HER LAST NIGHT. I KNOW HER FROM SCHOOL.

AND YOU KNOW WHERE SHE LIVES?



NO, MY LORD, BUT I KNOW WHAT SHE'S DOING ON SATURDAY NIGHT.



IT'S GOOD TO BE DEAD, BENNY. GOOD TO BE DEAD.



BUFFY!
LOOKING
TASTY!

THANKS,
ANDY.
HAVE YOU
SEEN
JEFFREY?

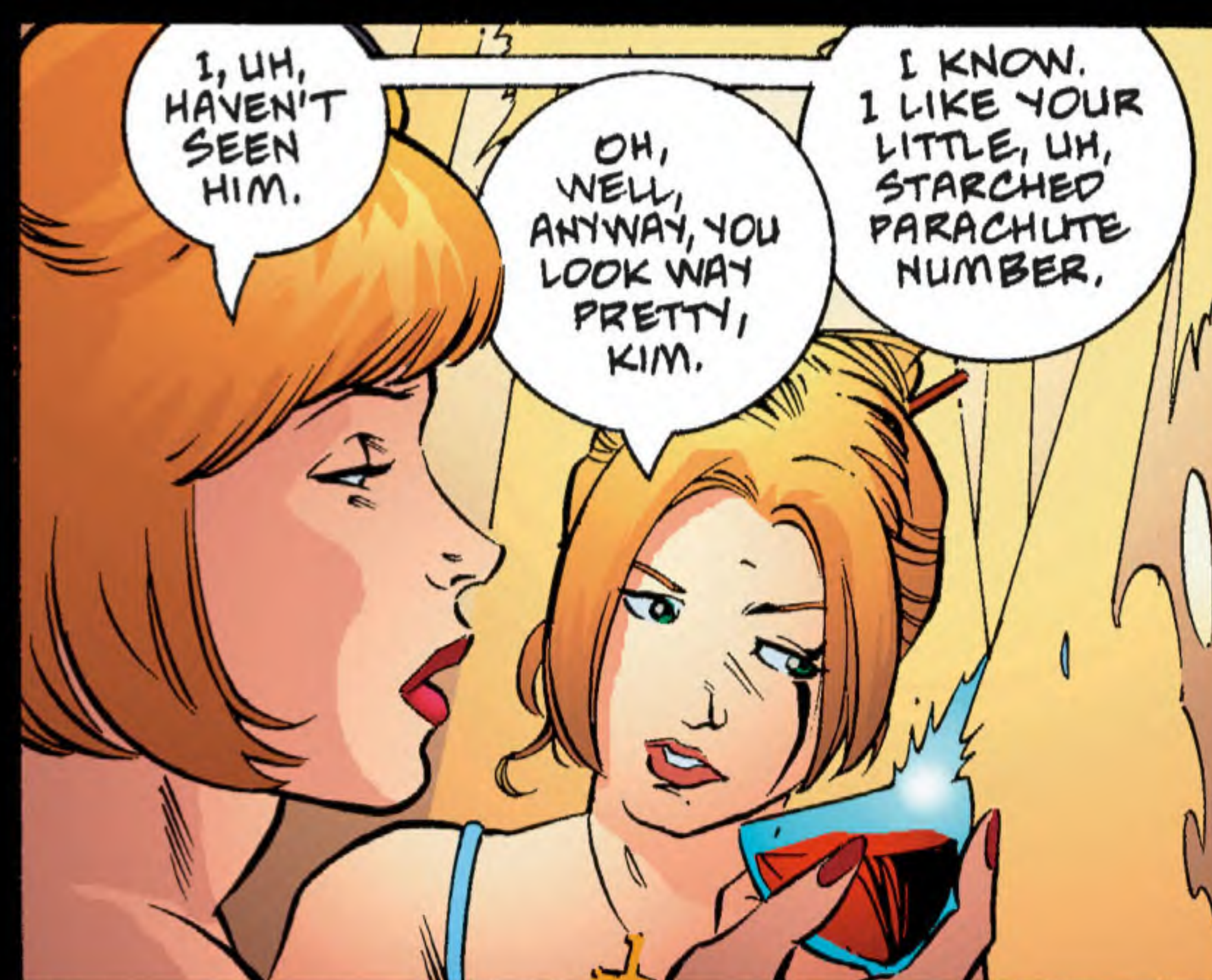


HEY,
KIM!

HEY.

SO, UH,
HAVE YOU
SEEN JEFFREY?
THE LIMO
NEVER
SHOWED.

I
THOUGHT
HE MIGHT
BE
HERE.



I, UH,
HAVEN'T
SEEN
HIM.

OH,
WELL,
ANYWAY, YOU
LOOK WAY
PRETTY,
KIM.

I KNOW.
I LIKE YOUR
LITTLE, UH,
STARCHED
PARACHUTE
NUMBER.



I GUESS
YOU GUYS ARE
STILL MAD AT
ME. I'M SORRY.
LOOK, I'VE BEEN
REALLY--

--JEFFREY!

JEFFREY!
THERE
YOU ARE,
I--

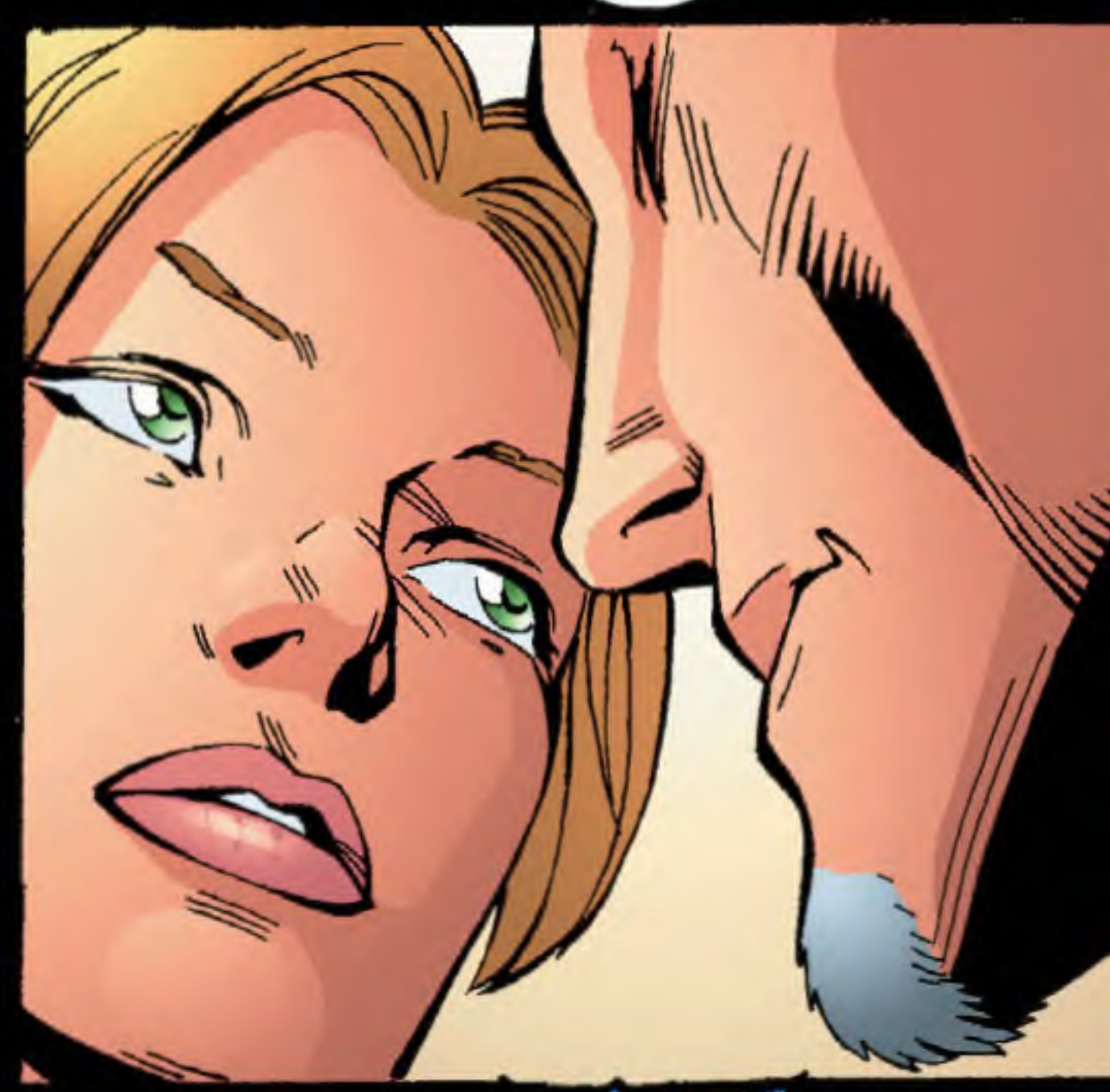
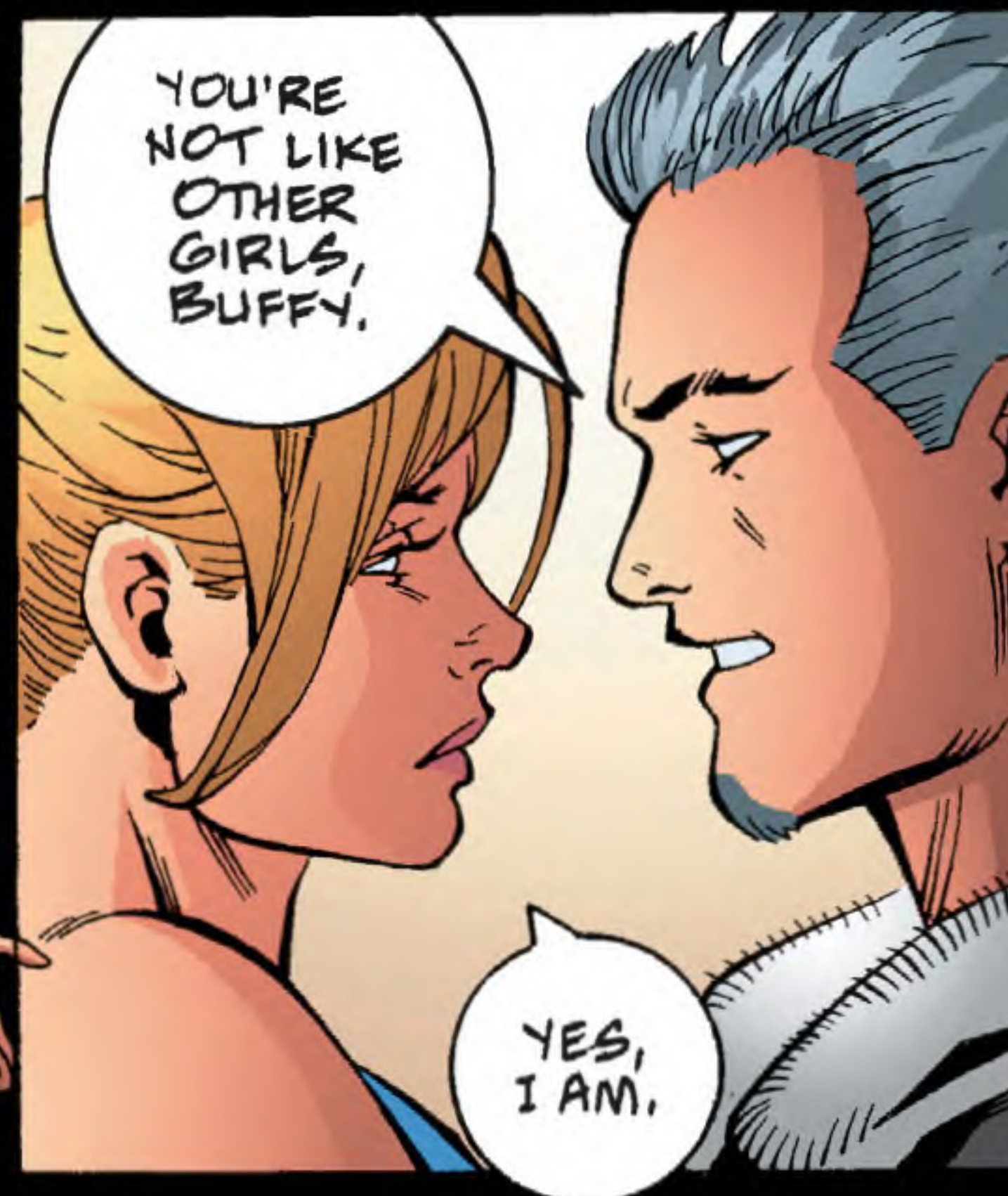
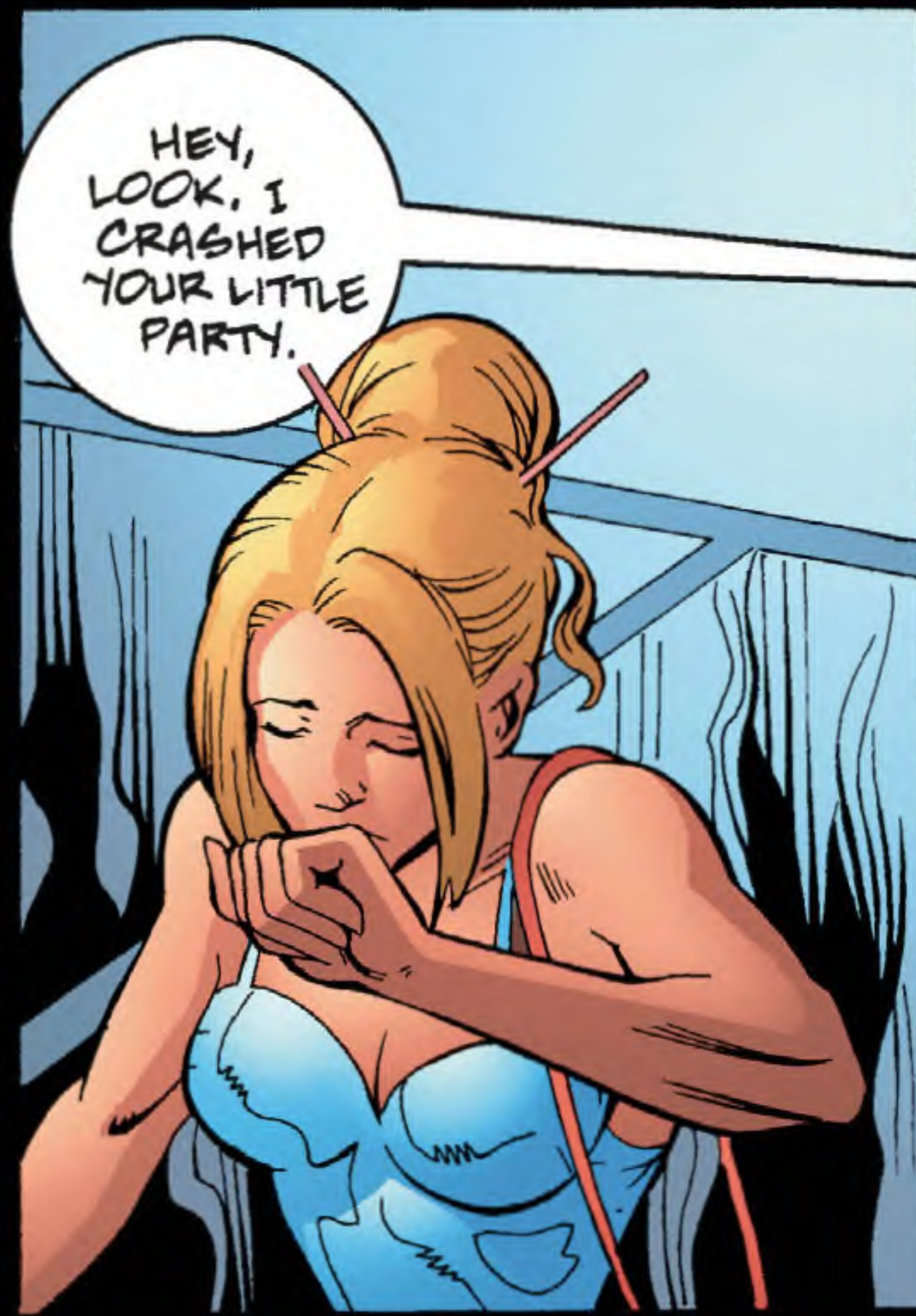
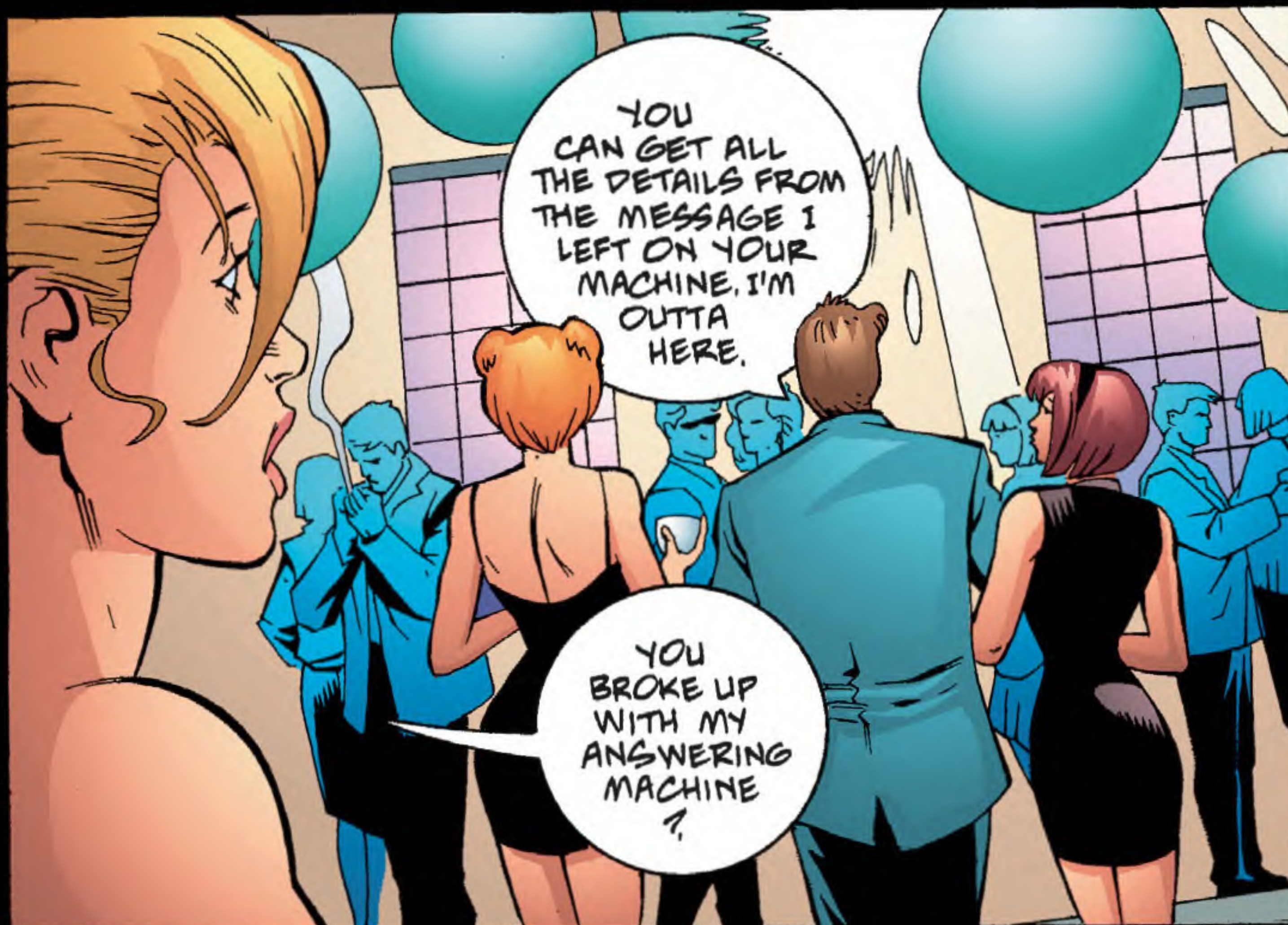


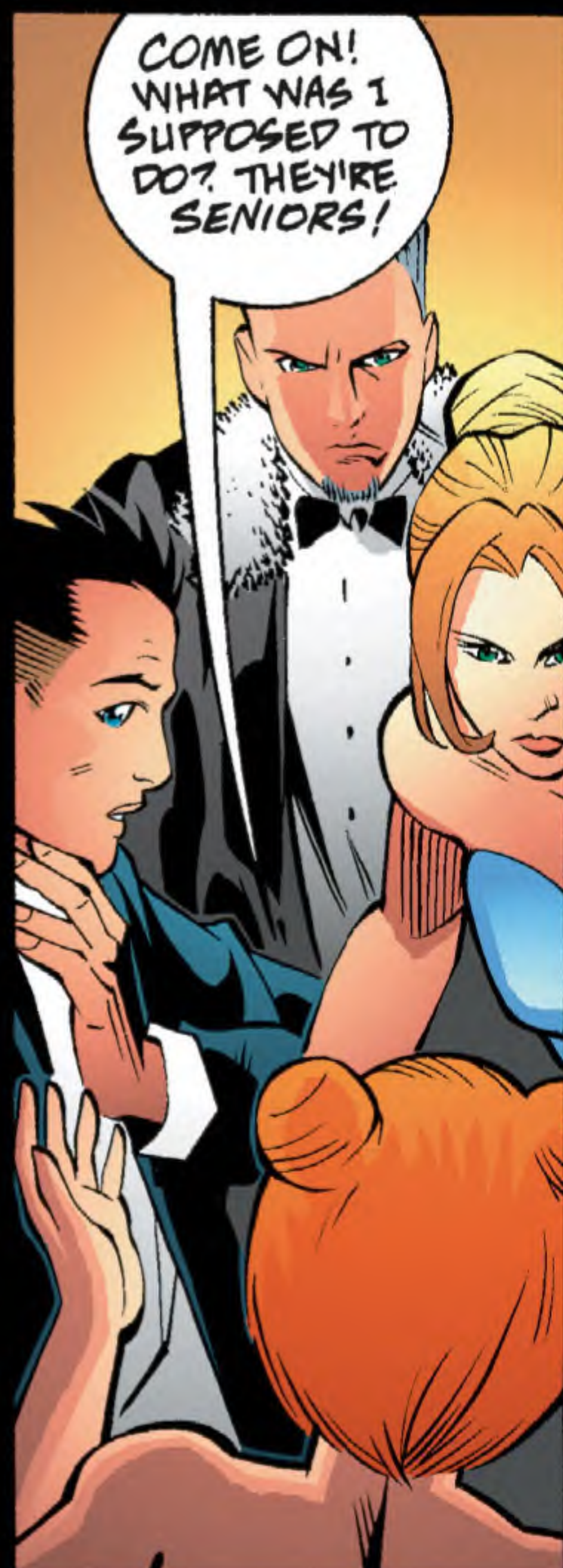
BUFFY!
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?

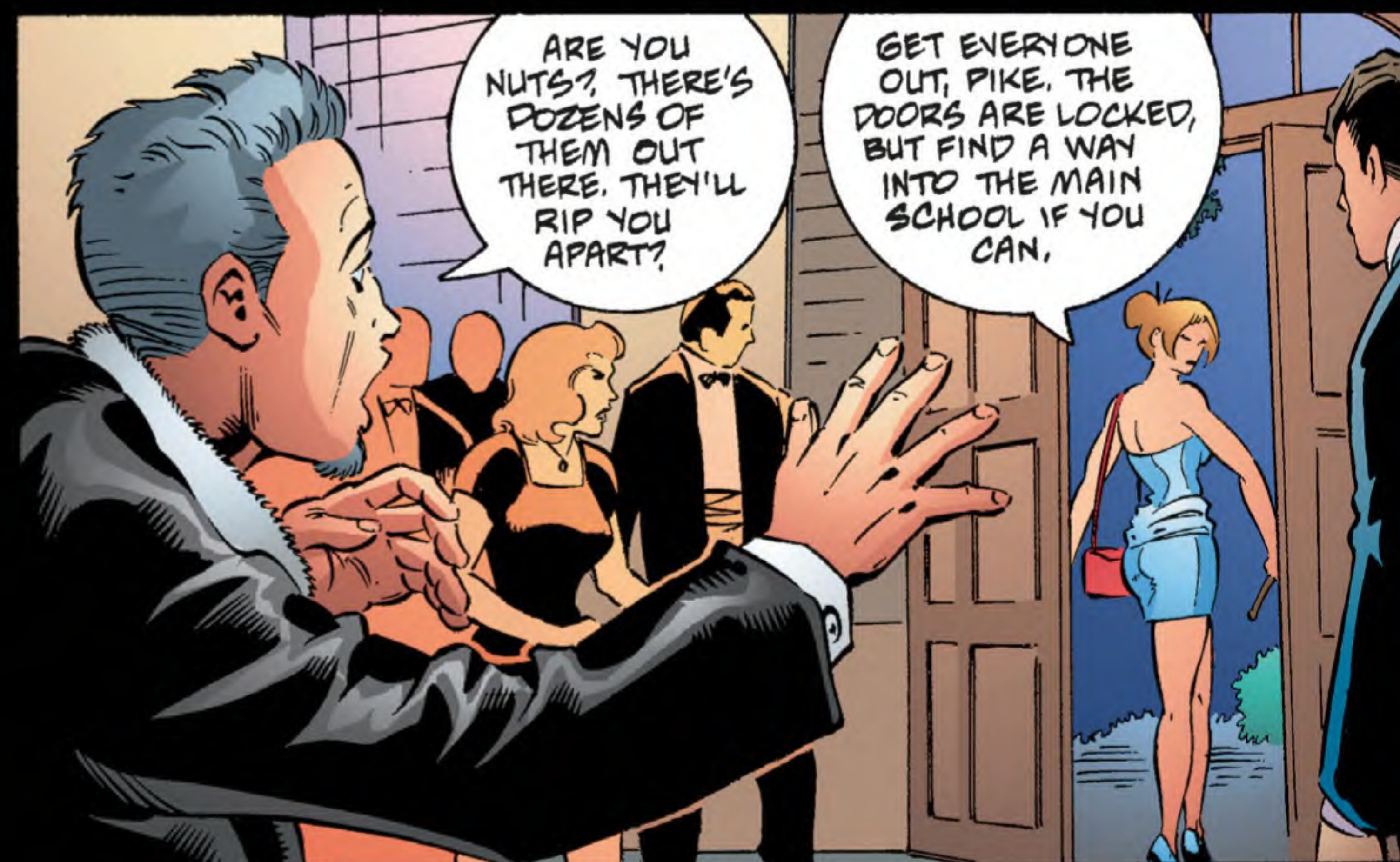
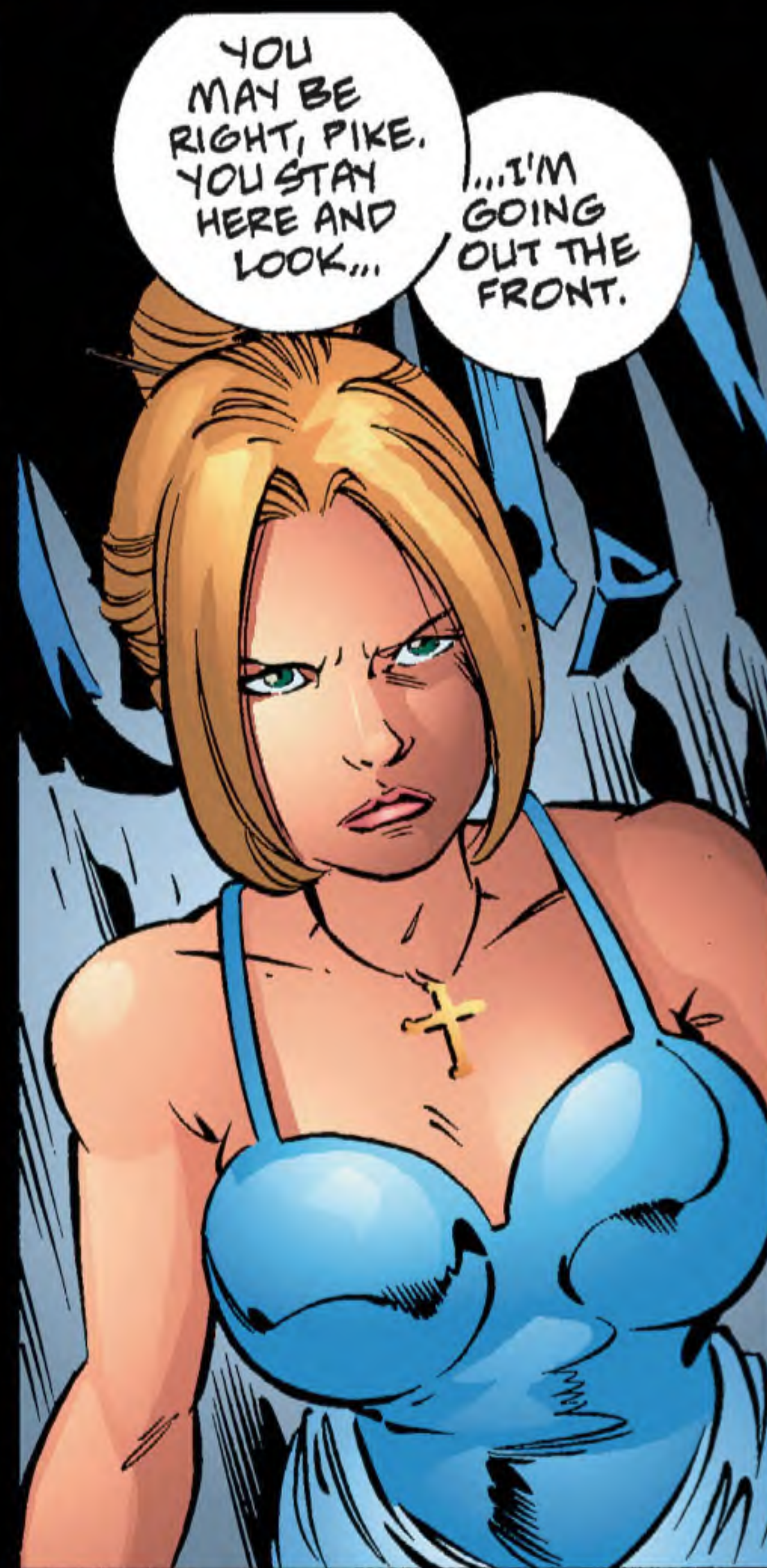
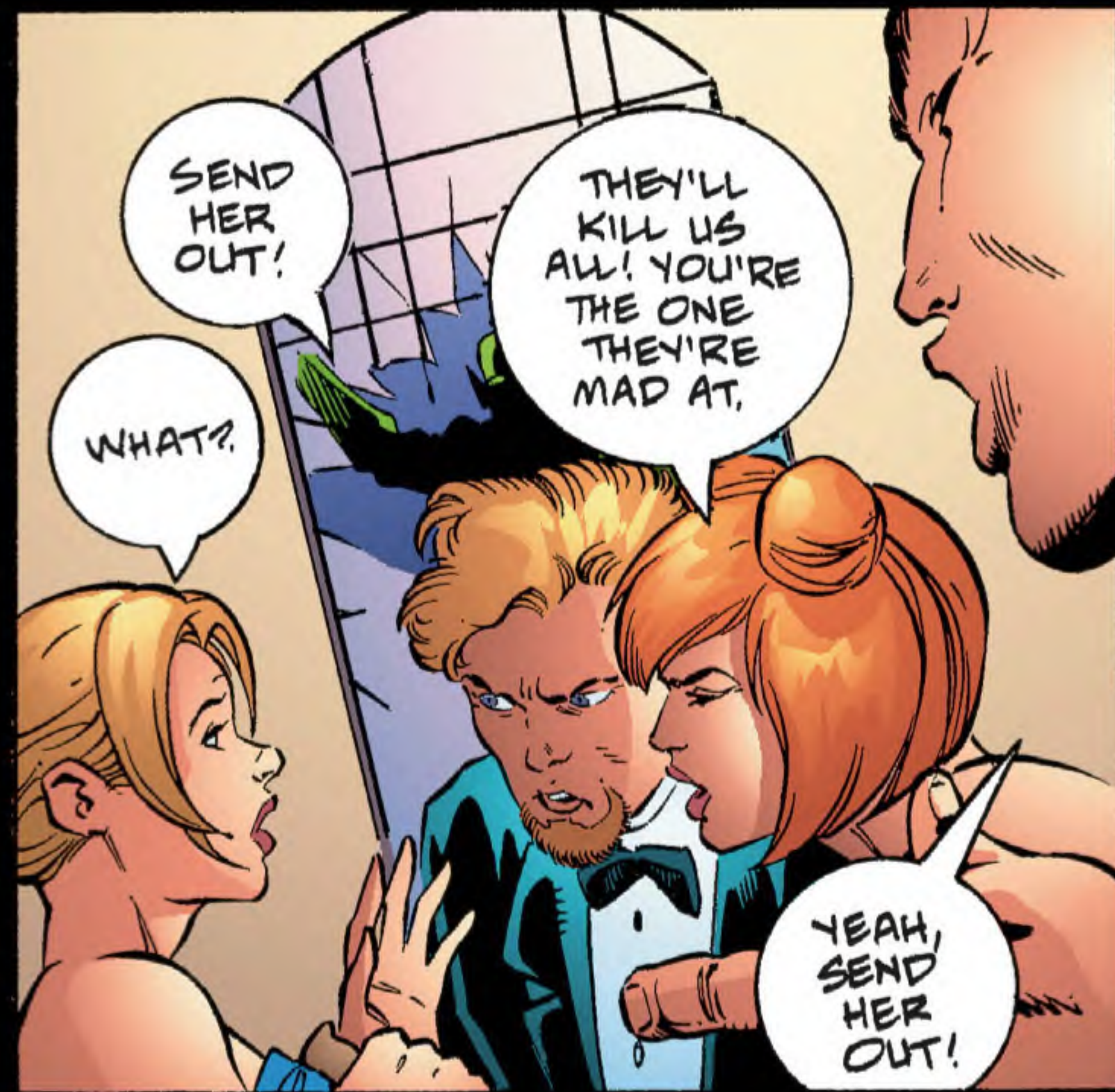
I
THOUGHT
WE
WERE
MEETING
HERE. I
DON'T UNDER-
STAND.

COME ON,
BUFFY, YOU
KNOW WHAT'S
GOING ON. I'M
HERE WITH
JENNIFER.

IT'S NOT
WORKING
OUT AT ALL.
I'VE GOT TO
MOVE ON. I
MEAN, I'VE
GOT NEEDS,
TOO.











GOT
ANYTHING
TO DRINK IN
HERE?

WE
CAN ALL...
ESCAPE...
NOW...



I'LL
BET YOU
FEEL
STUPID.



THE
HEART! STAB HIM
IN THE HEART!

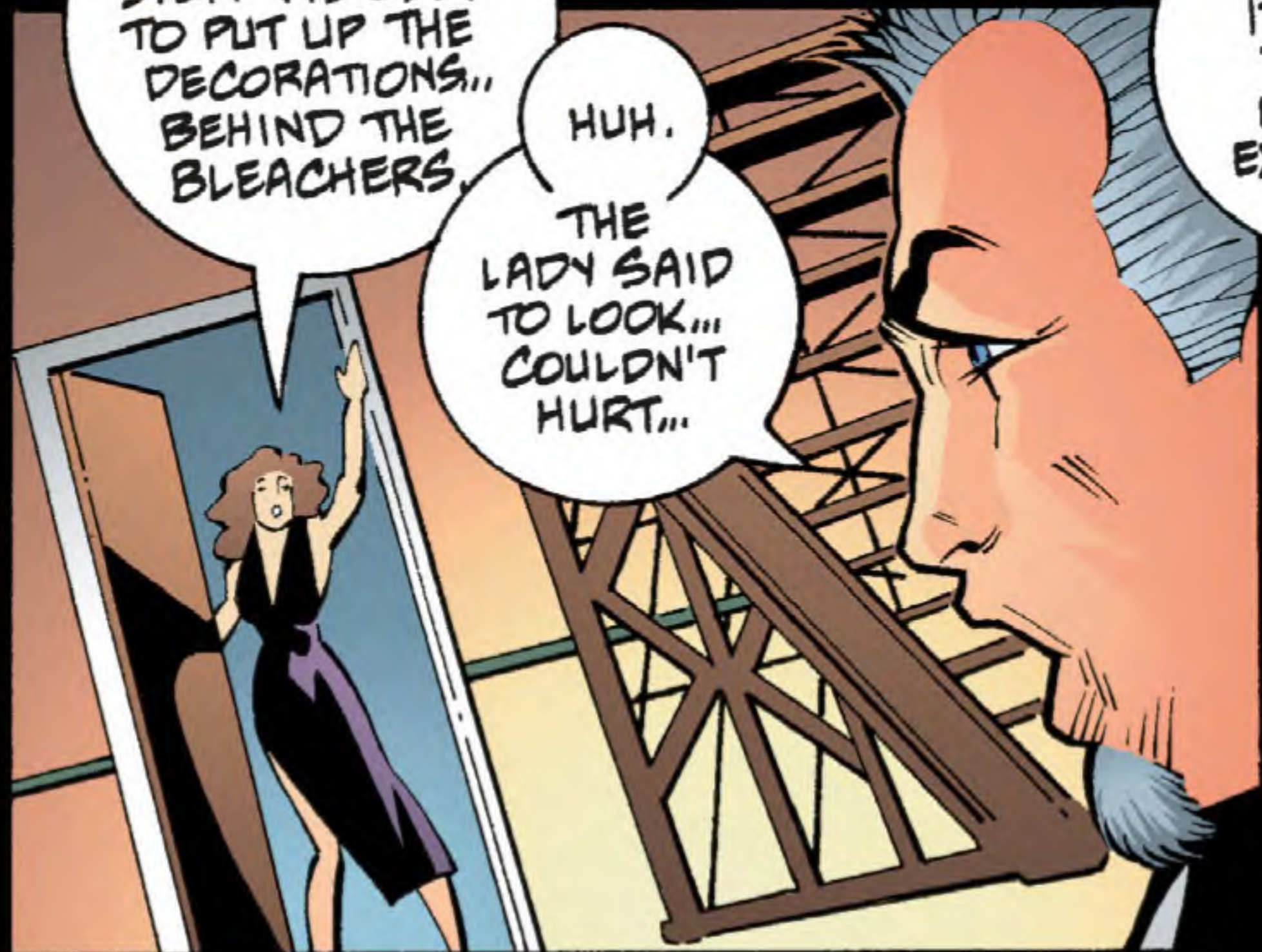
LET'S GET
AWAY FROM
THE WINDOWS.
FIND SOMETHING
TO COVER
THEM WITH.

THERE'S
NAILS AND
STUFF WE USED
TO PUT UP THE
DECORATIONS...
BEHIND THE
BLEACHERS.

HUH.
THE
LADY SAID
TO LOOK...
COULDN'T
HURT...

THAT'S
IT, SON,
YOU'RE
FACING
EXPULSION--

OW,
STOP.
YOU'RE
KILLING
ME.





OH,
YES, YES,
YES YES
YES...

HEY,
ANDY!



YEAH?

GET
EVERYONE
TOGETHER
!!!



I THINK
IT'S TIME
TO GO,



PIKE,
WHERE
ARE YOU,
MAN?

I WAS
GONNA CHANGE
YOU MAN. I
WAS GONNA
GIVE YOU
LIFE!



COME
ON, PEOPLE,
SINGLE FILE...
THIS ISN'T A
DRILL...

MOVE IT,
MOVE IT...
VAMPIRES
COMIN'!



ISN'T THIS
GREAT, PIKE?
WE FINALLY GOT
THOSE BITCHES
ON THE RUN!





HURTS,
TOO.

CAN
WE
GO
NOW?



I DON'T
THINK
YOU'RE
GOING
ANYWHERE.

HEYA,
LEFTY! LONG
TIME NO
SEE.

MAN,
I HOPE
BUFFY'S ALL
RIGHT OUT
THERE.



"TRUST ME, DUDE,
BUFFY CAN TAKE
CARE OF HERSELF."

THERE!
GET THE
POINT?



HERE
VAMPY VAMPY
VAMPY! I KNOW
THERE ARE MORE
OF.. AH. HIDING, EH?
WELL, YOU SHOULD
HIDE, YOU EVIL
SONS OF...



OOH,
MAKE ME
A WOMAN,
JEFFREY... OH
JEFFREY, I
LOVE YOU.



WHY IS
THERE NEVER
A VAMPIRE
AROUND WHEN
YOU NEED
ONE?

OOH,
JEFFREY,
MAKE ME A
WOMAN...
YOU'RE SO
ATHLETICAL
...



AH,
THERE
YOU
ARE!

YOU
ALWAYS
KNOW JUST
WHEN A GIRL
NEEDS SOME
ATTENTION.



C'MERE,
CURLY.



KERACHHHH

AAAAH!

AIEEE!



DON'T
MIND ME, KIDS.
GO ABOUT
YOUR
BUSINESS.
MAKE HER
A WOMAN,
JEFFREY.



I
KNEW
YOU'D
COME.

WHO
...?



YOU KNEW IT, TOO, DIDN'T YOU? YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING OF ME, WAITING TO FEED ME.



PIKE! I COULD USE A HAND, HERE!

COMING!

I DON'T THINK SO, MEAT! YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO ANSWER FOR!



NOT TO YOU, YOU UGLY ONE-ARMED...

ENOUGH ABOUT THE ARM!

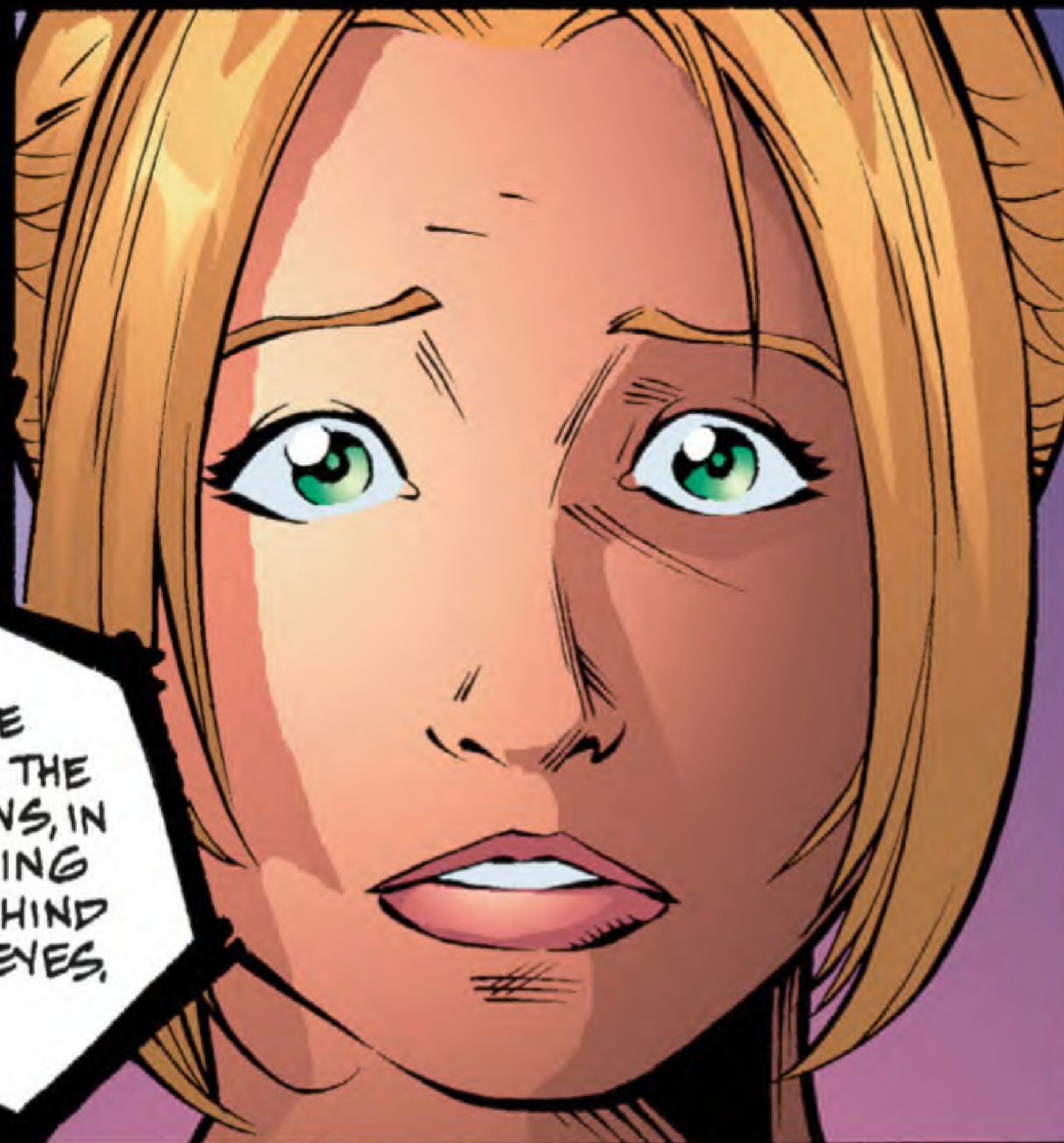
KRAKK!





DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I'VE KILLED DOZENS OF SLAYERS. YOUR LIFE IS NOT A BLINK OF MY EYE, NOT A SINGLE BREATH.

I HAVE LIVED IN THE SHADOWS, IN THE PULSING FILTH BEHIND MEN'S EYES.



I HAVE CONVERSED WITH THE WORMS THAT FED ON MY CORPSE AND I HAVE BATHED IN THE BLOOD OF EMPERORS.



EVER THROW UP IN THE FRONT ROW AT AN ALANIS CONCERT?

WHAT? THIS IS... NONE HAVE EVER RESISTED BEFORE!



YEAH, WELL... MAYBE I DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE IT, BUT, LIKE A FRIEND OF MINE TOLD ME TONIGHT...

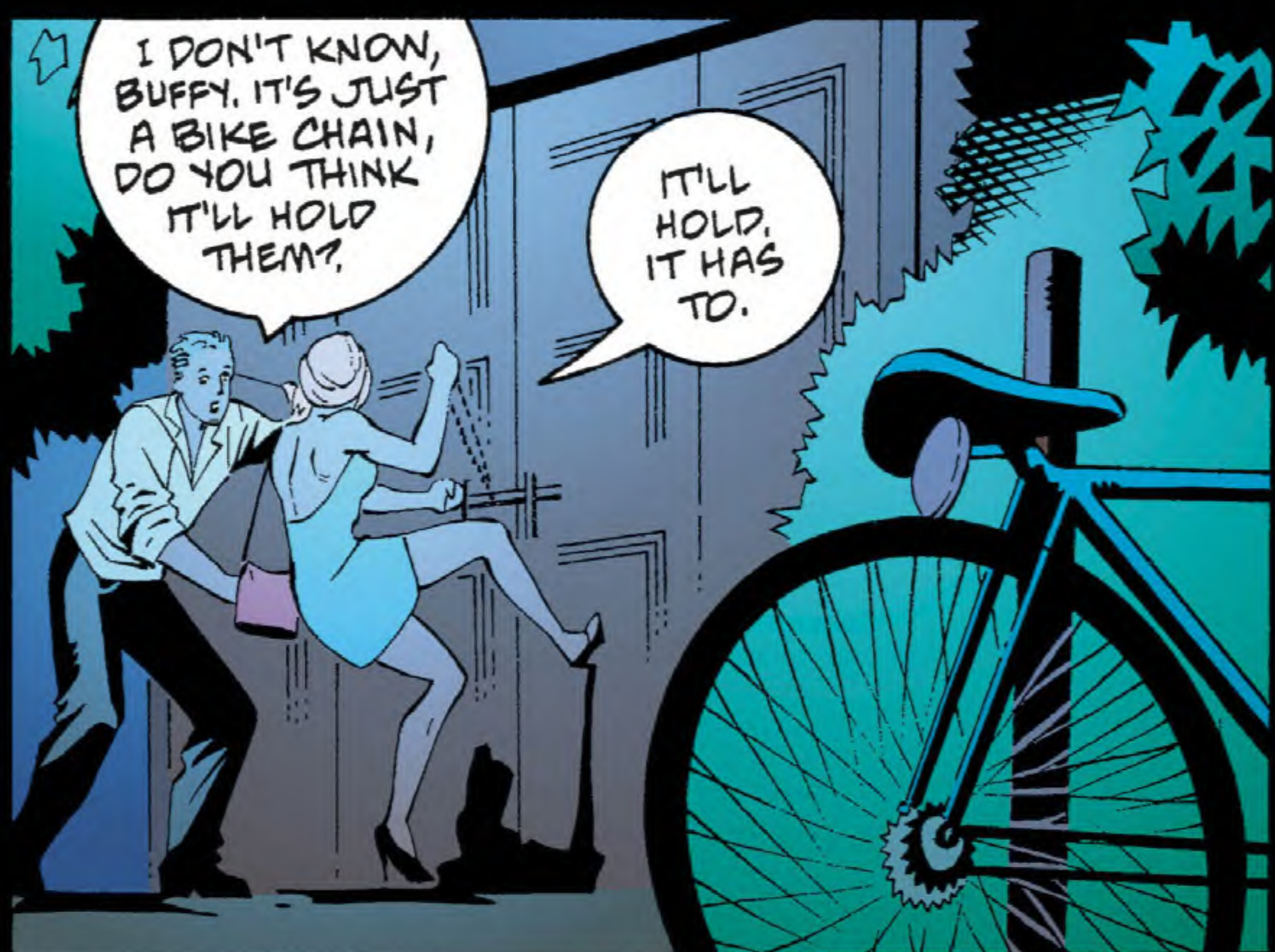
... I'M NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.



THIS? THIS IS YOUR ONLY WEAPON? YOUR PUNY FAITH?

NO.







"THE DEATH TOLL NOW REACHES TWELVE-AND-A-HALF IN THE TRAGEDY AT HEMERY HIGH SCHOOL. A SENIOR DANCE WAS BEING HELD HERE IN THE GYM FIVE DAYS AGO, WHEN STUDENTS WERE ATTACKED BY A ROVING GANG OF CRACK-CRAZED GUNMEN.

"SURVIVORS SAY AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED OF THE RUFFIANS LAID THE HIGH SCHOOL UNDER A KIND OF SIEGE, CLAIMING SEVERAL LIVES IN THE PROCESS.

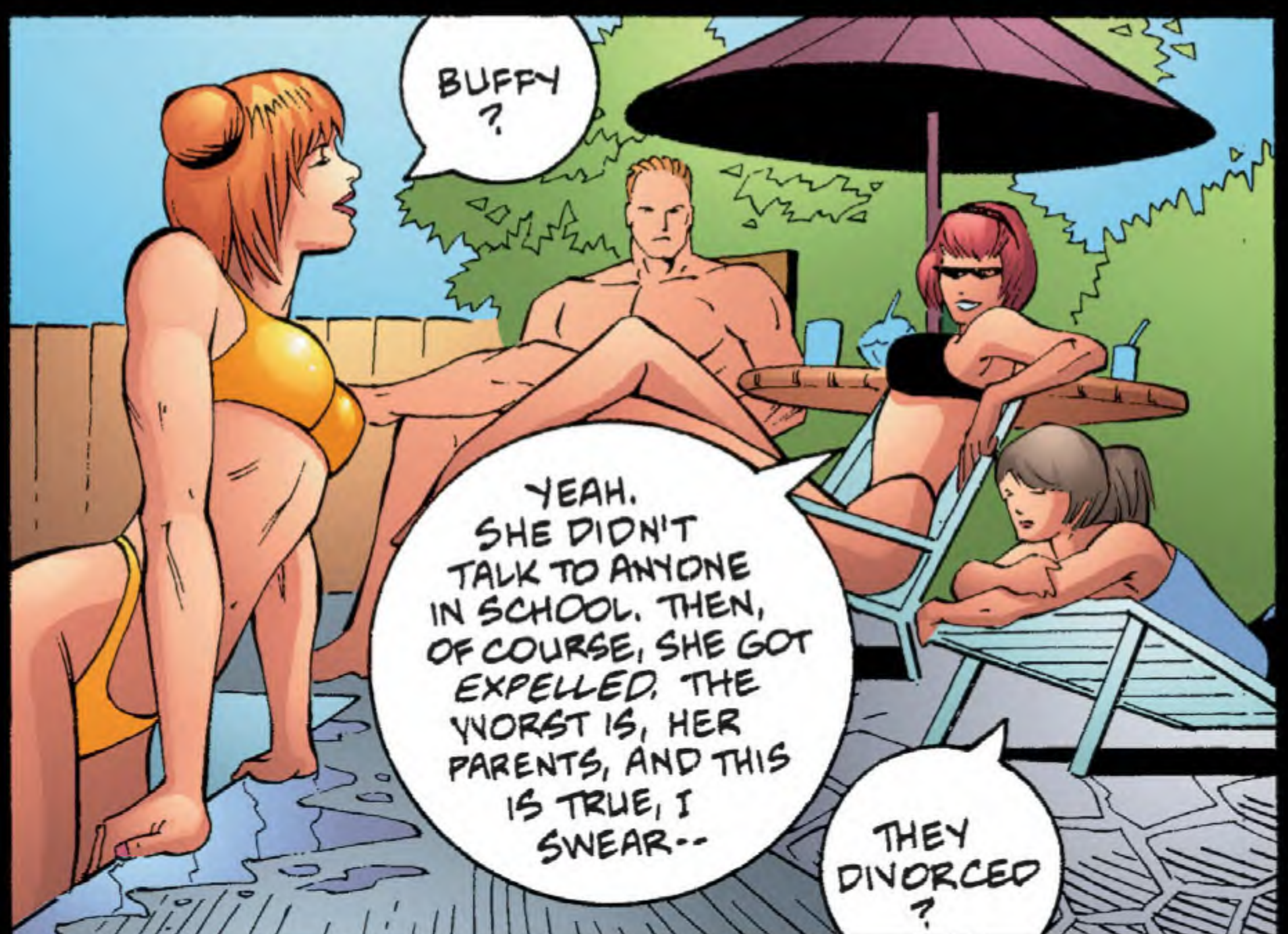


"SAID ONE SCHOOL ADMINISTRATOR, 'THINGS WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.'"



SHE WAS EVEN CRAZIER AFTER THAT.

I MEAN IT. YOU WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE RECOGNIZED HER.



BUFFY?

YEAH. SHE DIDN'T TALK TO ANYONE IN SCHOOL. THEN, OF COURSE, SHE GOT EXPELLED. THE WORST IS, HER PARENTS, AND THIS IS TRUE, I SWEAR--

THEY DIVORCED?



WELL, YEAH, BUT, NO, NO! LISTEN --HER PARENTS WERE GONNA SEND HER TO THE BAHAMAS FOR A WHILE, AND SHE REFUSED.

TRUE STORY.



SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T WANT TO GO.

IT IS TO VOMIT.

WELL, WHERE IS SHE NOW?



"LAST I HEARD? JUVIE, AND HER MOM TOLD SOMEBODY THEY WERE GONNA MOVE."

"UH-UH. I HEARD SHE MOVED, LIKE TO ETHIOPIA, OR SOME OTHER SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY..."

"OH, RIGHT... I THINK I HEARD THAT, TOO..."



I DIDN'T SAY IT WAS A BAD IDEA, I JUST SAID THE TIMING WAS OFF, WE COULD MAYBE WAIT 'TIL LATER.

DON'T BE SUCH A 'FRAIDY-CAT,

WHO'S AFRAID? BESIDES ME, I MEAN...



WE'VE COME ALL THIS WAY, WE MIGHT AS WELL CHECK IT OUT.

BOOM



WHAT'S THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN? WE DON'T FIND ANY VAMPIRES, SO INSTEAD WE HAVE FUN? WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT THAT WOULD BE.



BUFFY, I JUST MEANT, YOU KNOW, 'TIL WE'RE OLD ENOUGH TO GAMBLE...

SO, WHY WAIT?

COUNT'S CASINO



SO, NOW YOU KNOW MY SORDID PAST, IT IS SO ANCIENT HISTORY.

IT WAS ONLY A YEAR AGO!

VEGAS, HUH?

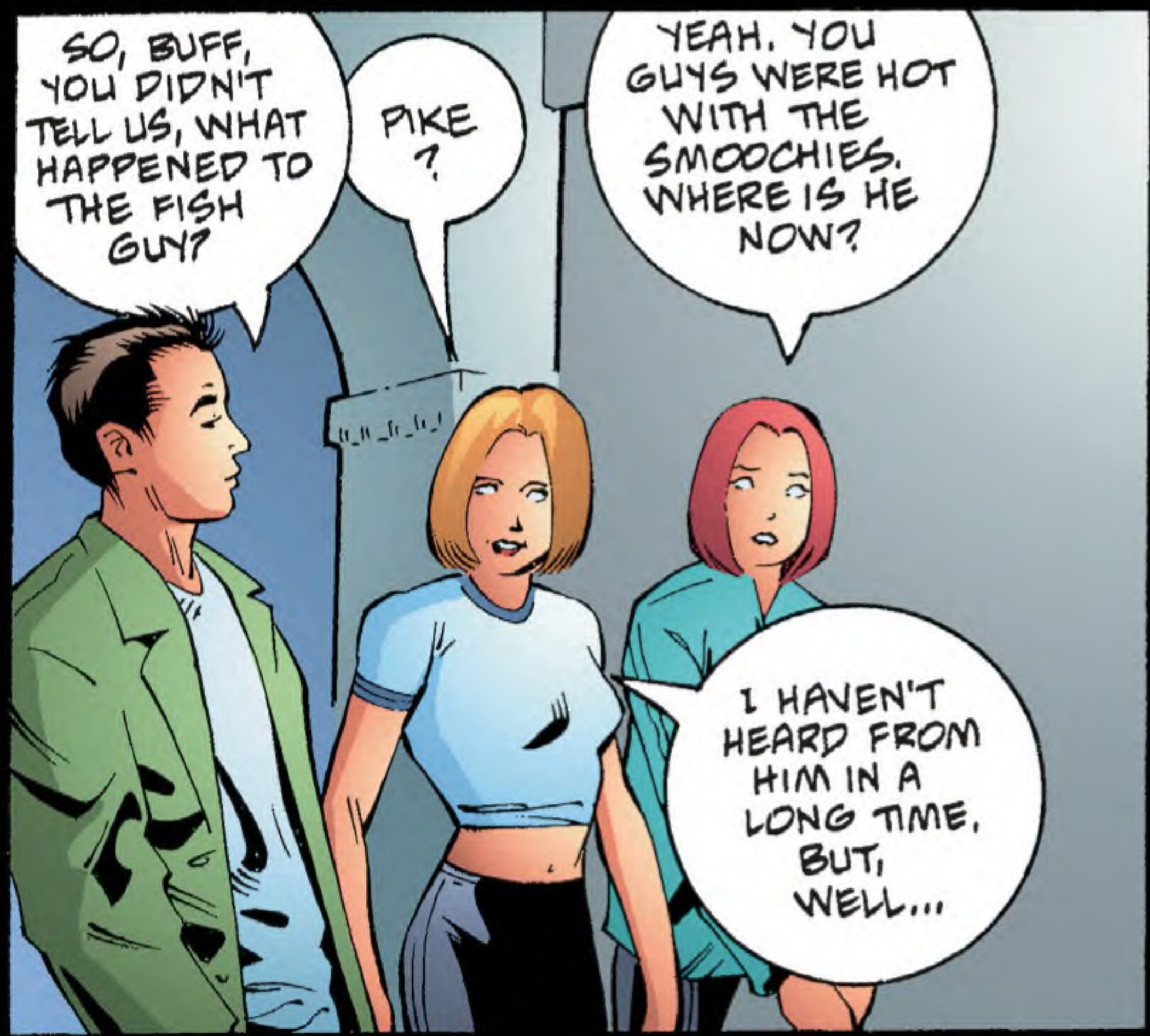
DID YOU KNOW PROSTITUTION IS LEGAL IN NEVADA? CAN YOU IMAGINE?

BRRRRINGG!



SO, DID YOU FIND ANY VAMPIRES THERE?

I THINK THAT'S A STORY FOR ANOTHER LUNCH HOUR.

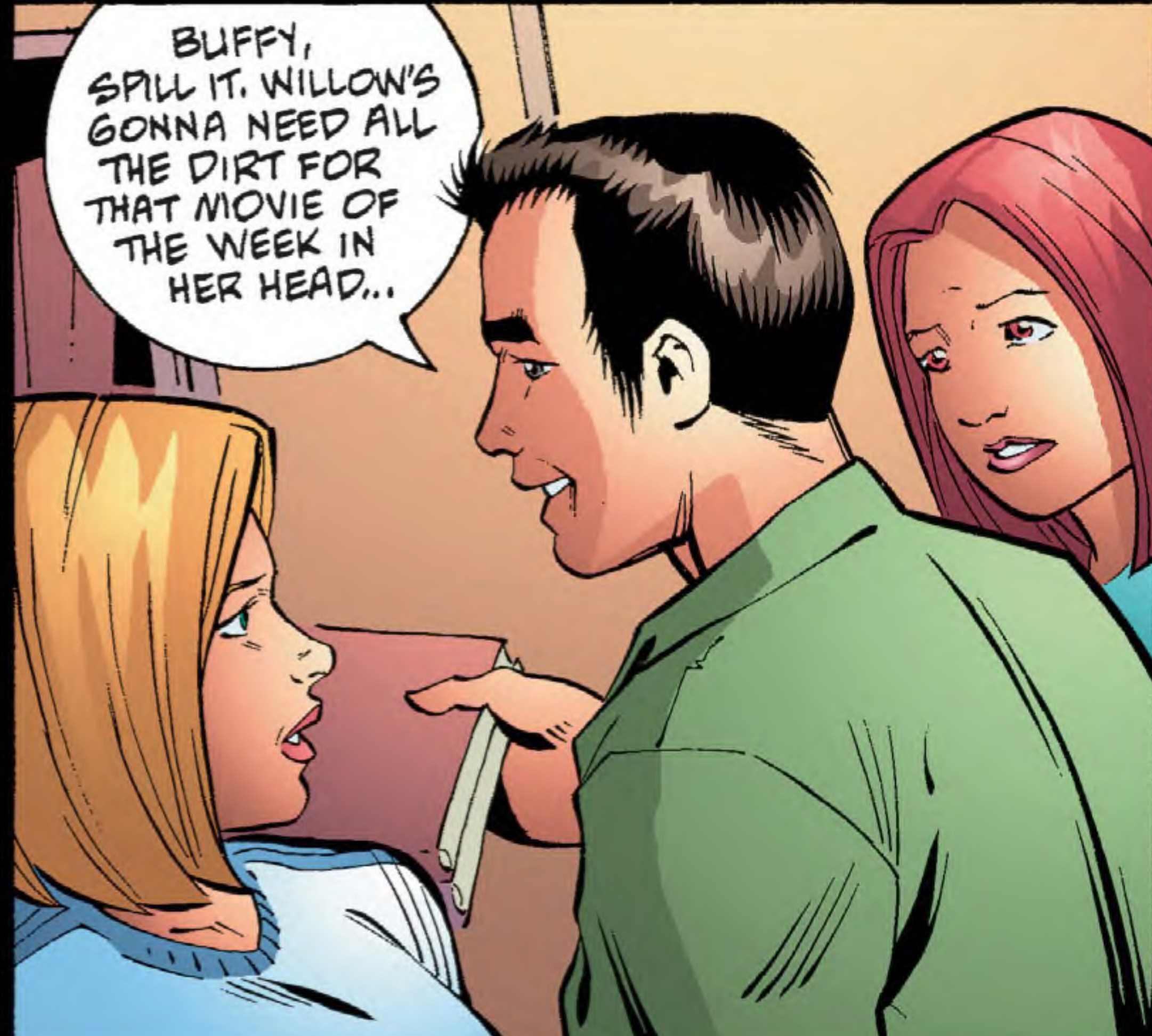


SO, BUFF, YOU DIDN'T TELL US, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FISH GUY?

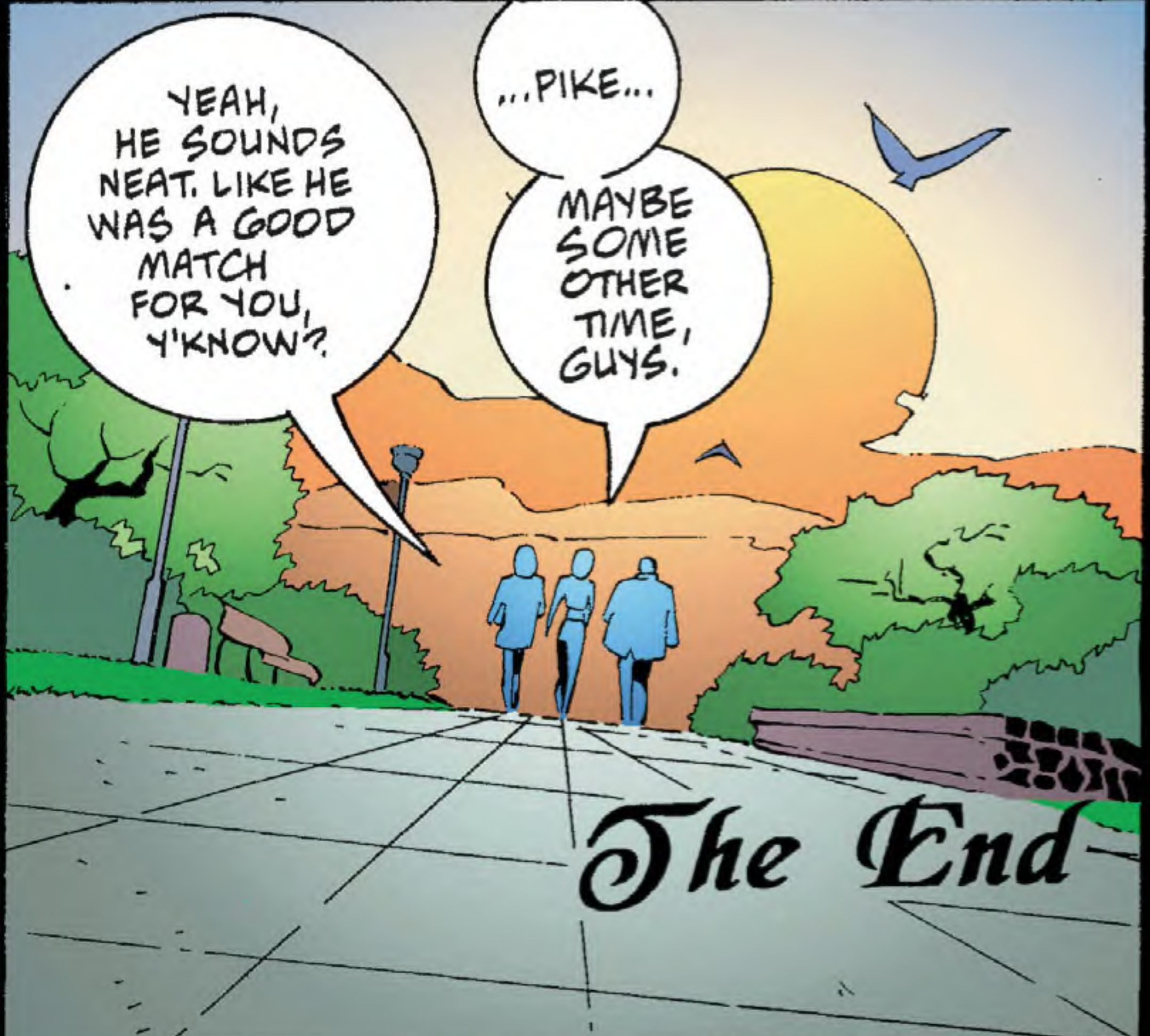
PIKE ?

YEAH, YOU GUYS WERE HOT WITH THE SMOOCHIES. WHERE IS HE NOW?

I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN A LONG TIME, BUT, WELL...



BUFFY, SPILL IT. WILLOW'S GONNA NEED ALL THE DIRT FOR THAT MOVIE OF THE WEEK IN HER HEAD...



YEAH, HE SOUNDS NEAT. LIKE HE WAS A GOOD MATCH FOR YOU, Y'KNOW?

...PIKE...

MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME, GUYS.

The End

Viva Las Buffy!





SEVERAL YEARS
AGO IN LOS ANGELES...

BEEP

GET
OUT OF THE
ROAD!

BEEP







SHE SURE IS
SOMETHING.

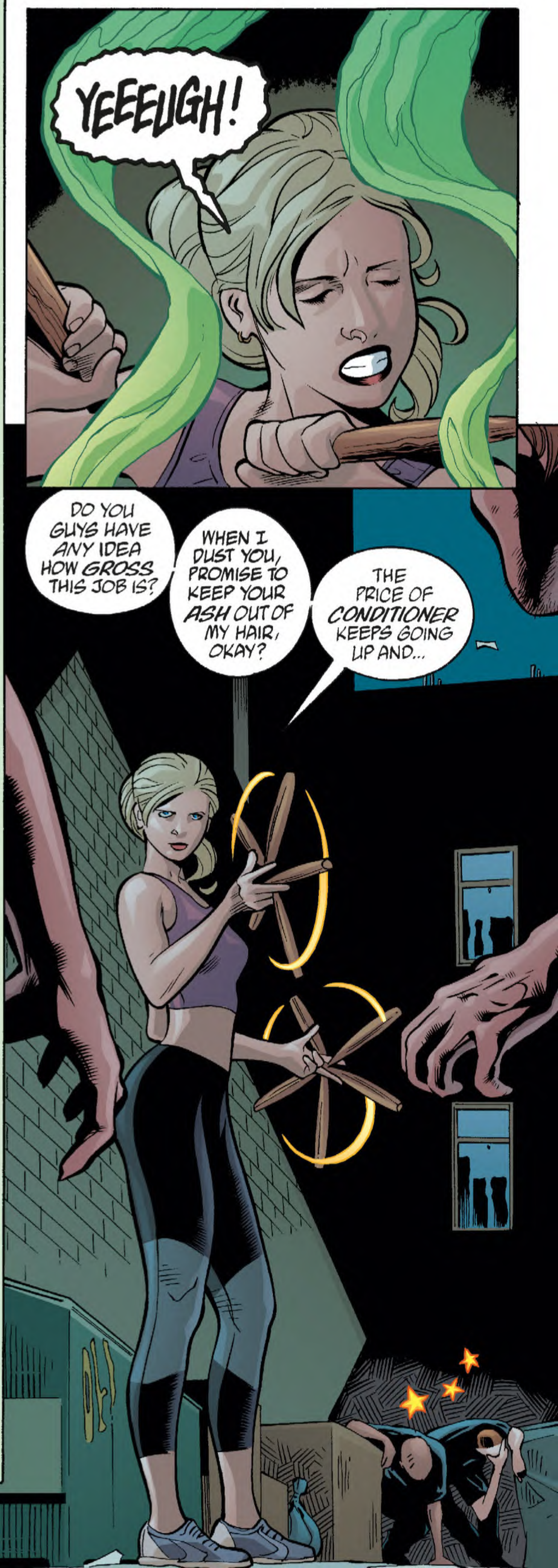
BUFFY SUMMERS.
FRESHMAN CHEERLEADER.
VAMPIRE SLAYER.

THE CHOSEN ONE...
HOW DID IT GO? FATED
TO PROTECT HUMANITY
FROM THE CREATURES
OF THE NIGHT...

...AND
ACCESSORIZE
LIKE NOBODY'S
BUSINESS.

THE ONLY THING
CRAZIER THAN
FIGURING OUT HOW
A VALLEY GIRL
BECAME A "SLAYER"--

--IS FIGURING
OUT HOW I
FELL FOR HER!





HEY,
THAT WAS
RUDE! AND
NOW I HAVE
TO RUN!



S'OKAY--I
GOT 'EM.

PIKE--
DON'T--!



CAN'T HELP
MYSELF.

NOT THAT I'M
BATMAN
OR RAMBO
OR NOTHING--



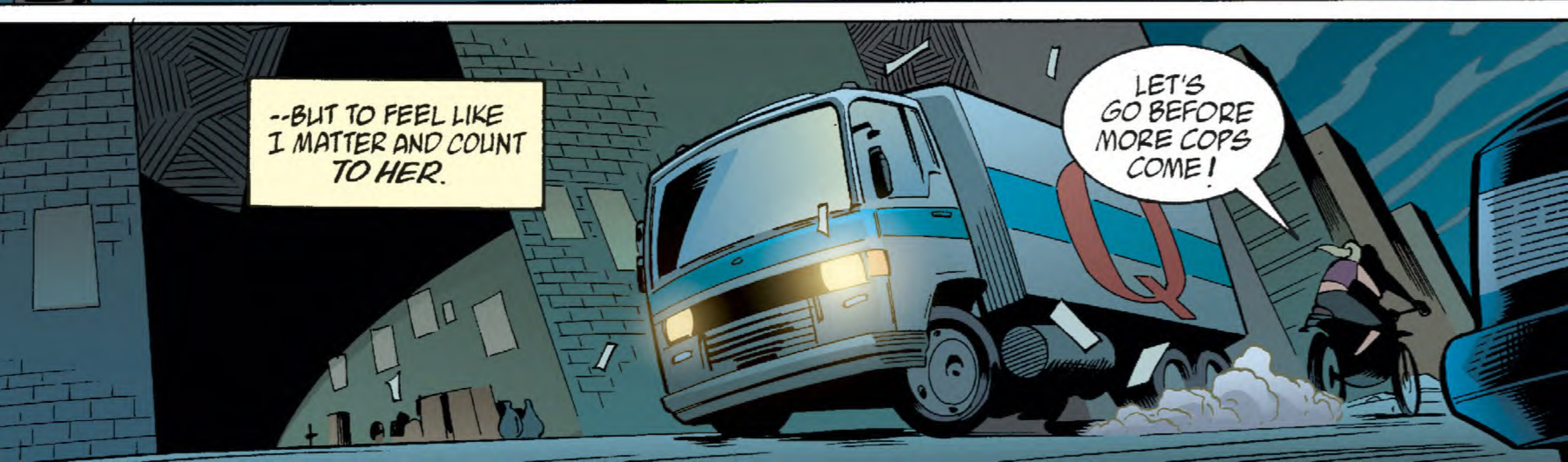
--JUST THAT THIS LAST
WEEK OF BEING HER
SIDEKICK'S MADE ME
FEEL SO... USELESS--

--I JUST KEEP TRYING
HARDER TO--I DON'T KNOW--



--TO FEEL LIKE I MAKE
A DIFFERENCE--LIKE I
COUNT...

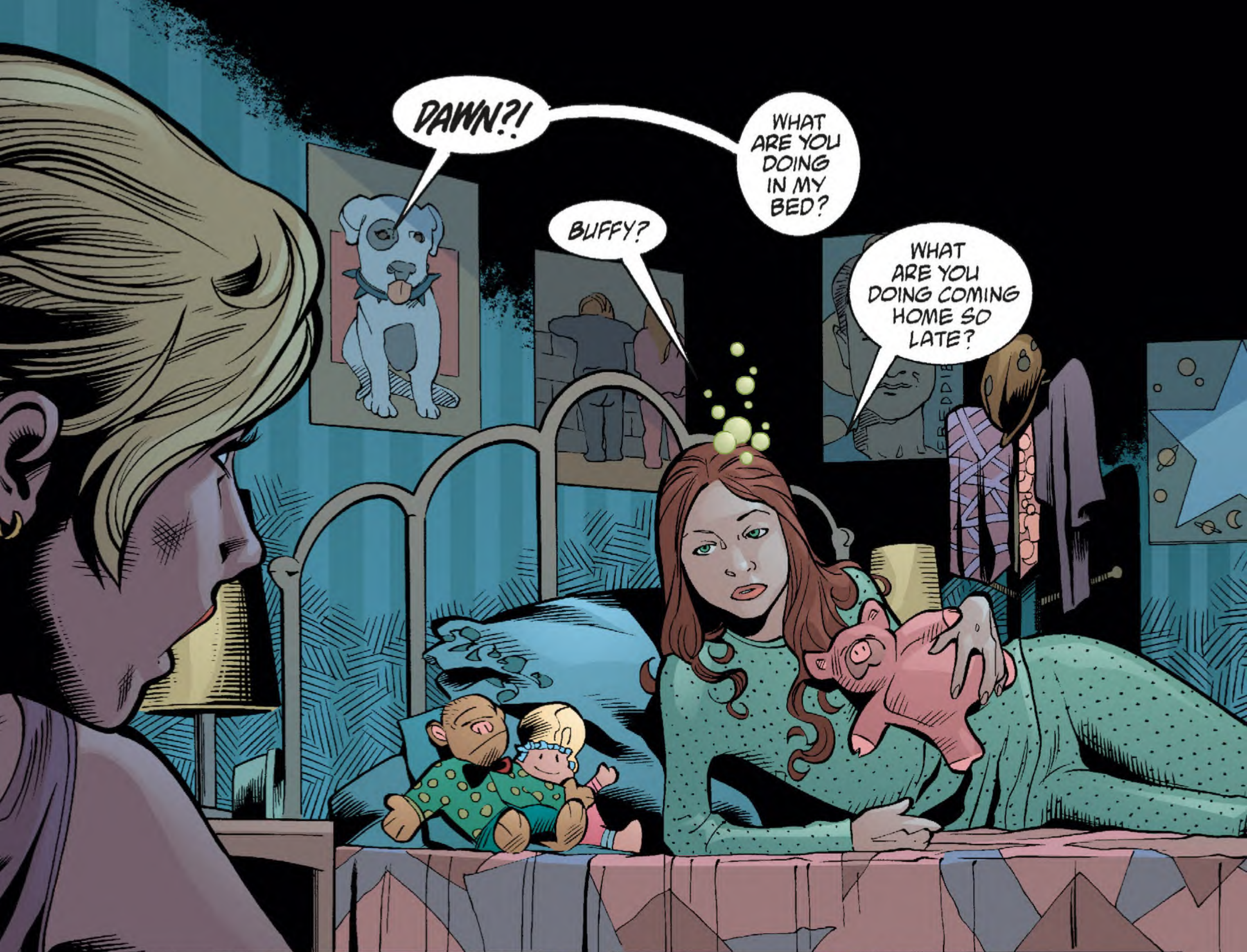
...BUT NOT FOR THE
SAKE OF MR. EGO--OR
EVEN VAMP-DUSTING--



--BUT TO FEEL LIKE
I MATTER AND COUNT
TO HER.

LET'S
GO BEFORE
MORE COPS
COME!





DAWN?!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY BED?

BUFFY?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING COMING HOME SO LATE?

LIKE MOST OF OUR CONVERSATIONS, THAT FALLS UNDER: NONE-OF-YOUR-BUSINESS.

OW!

YOU SMELL LIKE GAS AND BURNED WOOD.

I LIVE LARGE.

AND STOP TAKING MR. GORDO!

SHOULDN'T BE IN MY ROOM.

YOU SHOULDN'T BE OUT THIS LATE AT ALL.

I WOKE UP 'CAUSE MOM AND DAD WERE ARGUING --ABOUT YOU!

REASON-OF-THE-WEEK. IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING.

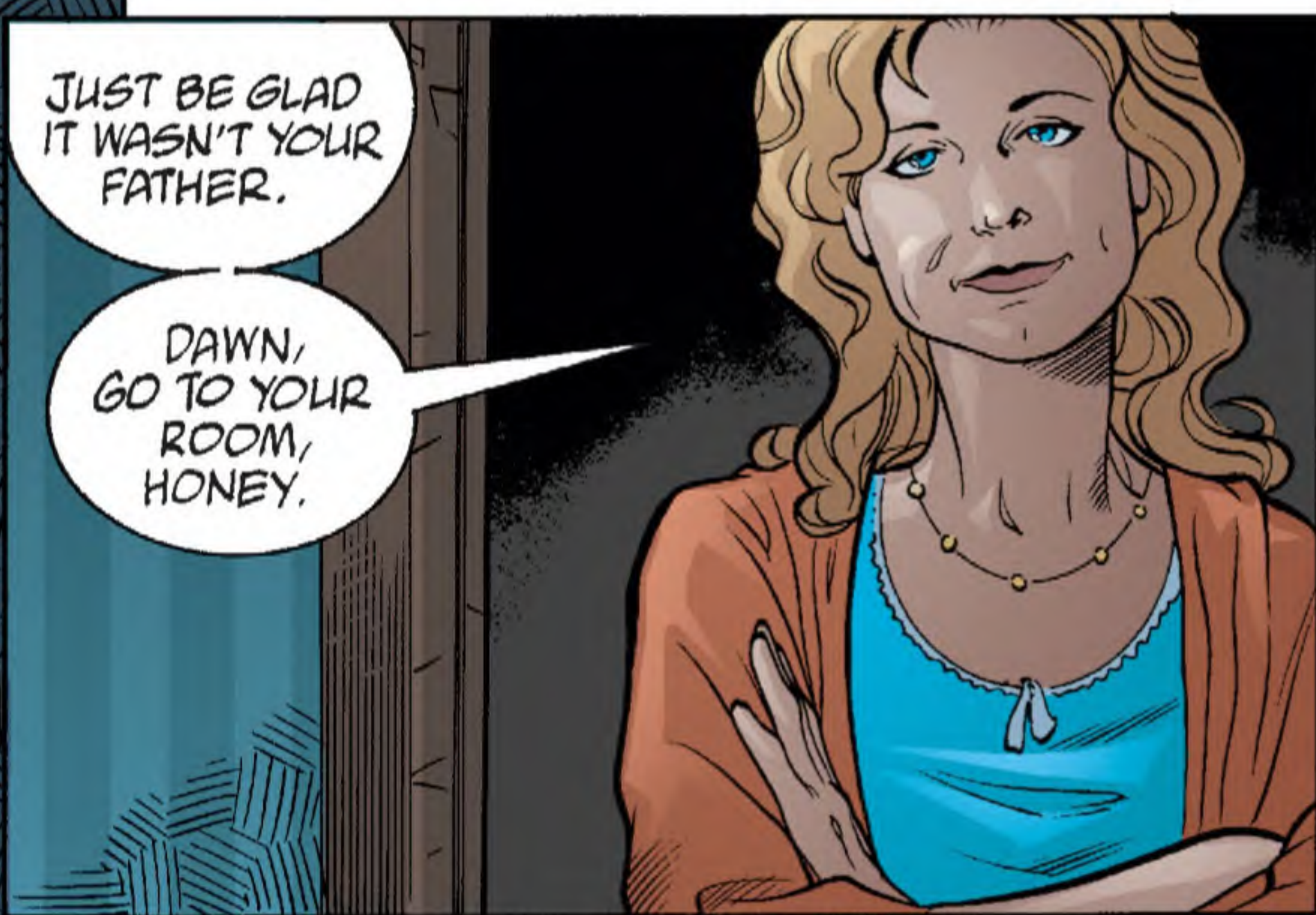


THEY'RE NOT
HAPPY ANYMORE
UNLESS THEY'RE
FIGHT...

...ING...

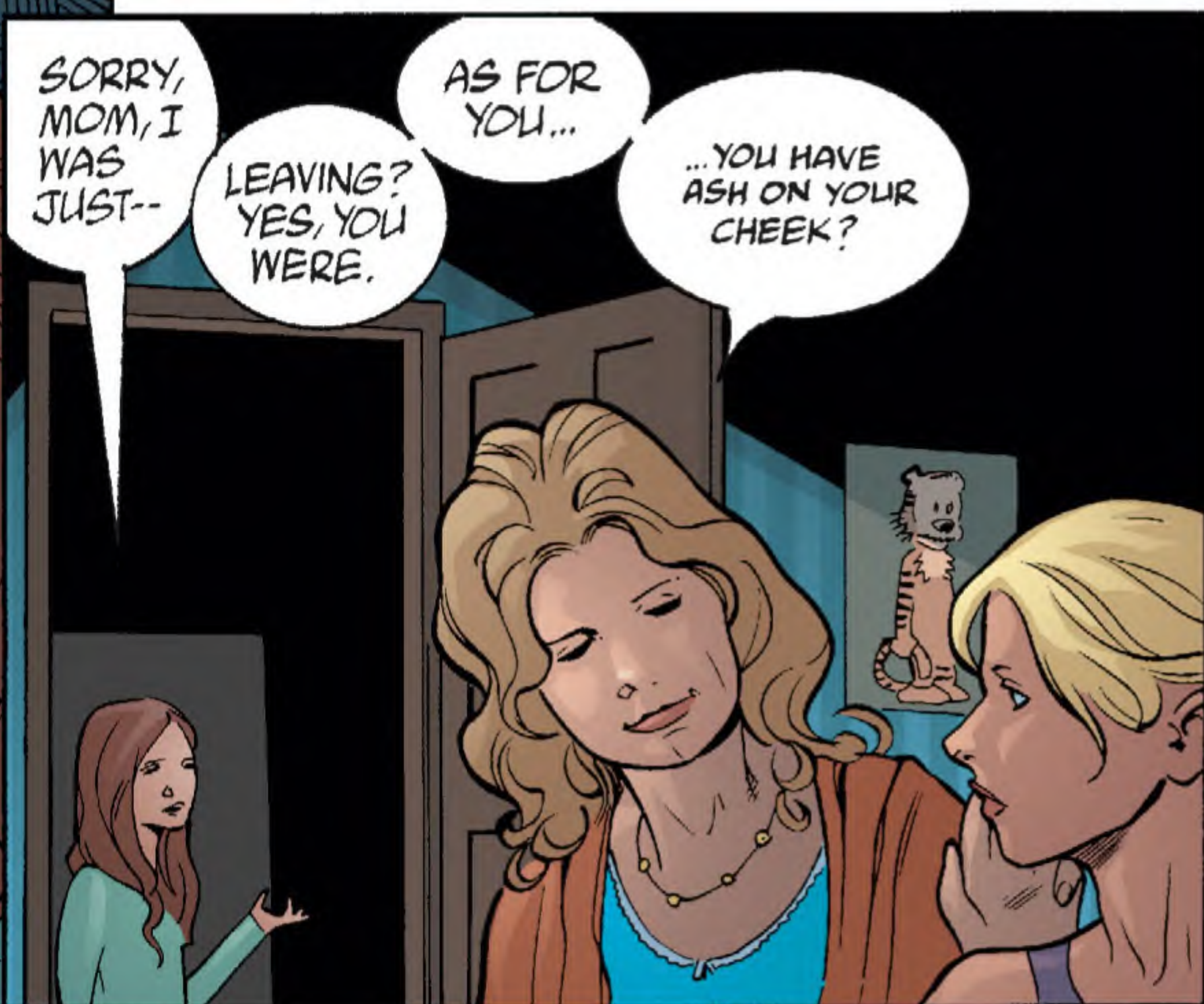
...ONE OF THEM
IS STANDING BEHIND
ME, RIGHT?

LH-
HUH.



JUST BE GLAD
IT WASN'T YOUR
FATHER.

DAWN,
GO TO YOUR
ROOM,
HONEY.

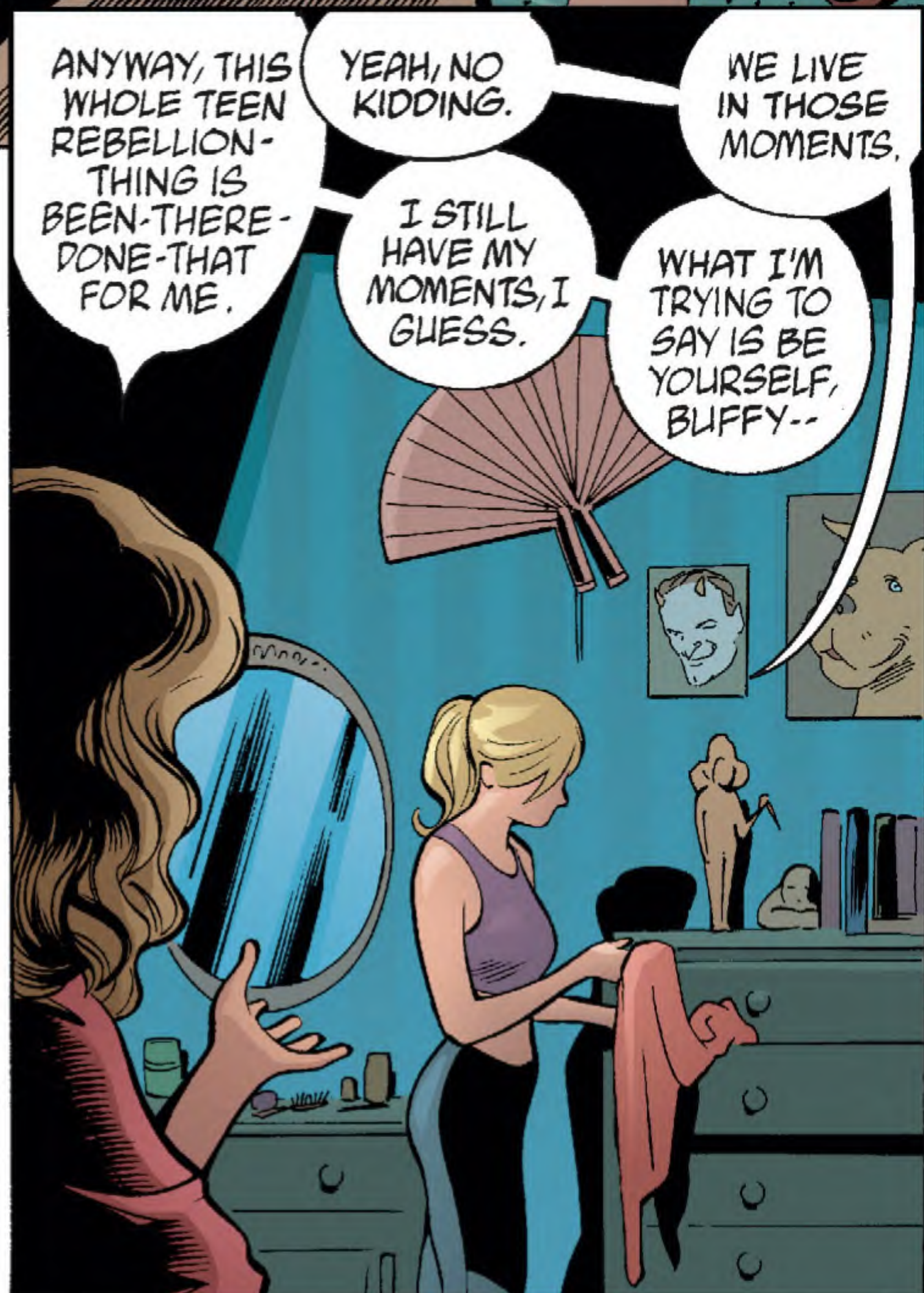


SORRY,
MOM, I
WAS
JUST--

LEAVING?
YES, YOU
WERE.

AS FOR
YOU...

...YOU HAVE
ASH ON YOUR
CHEEK?



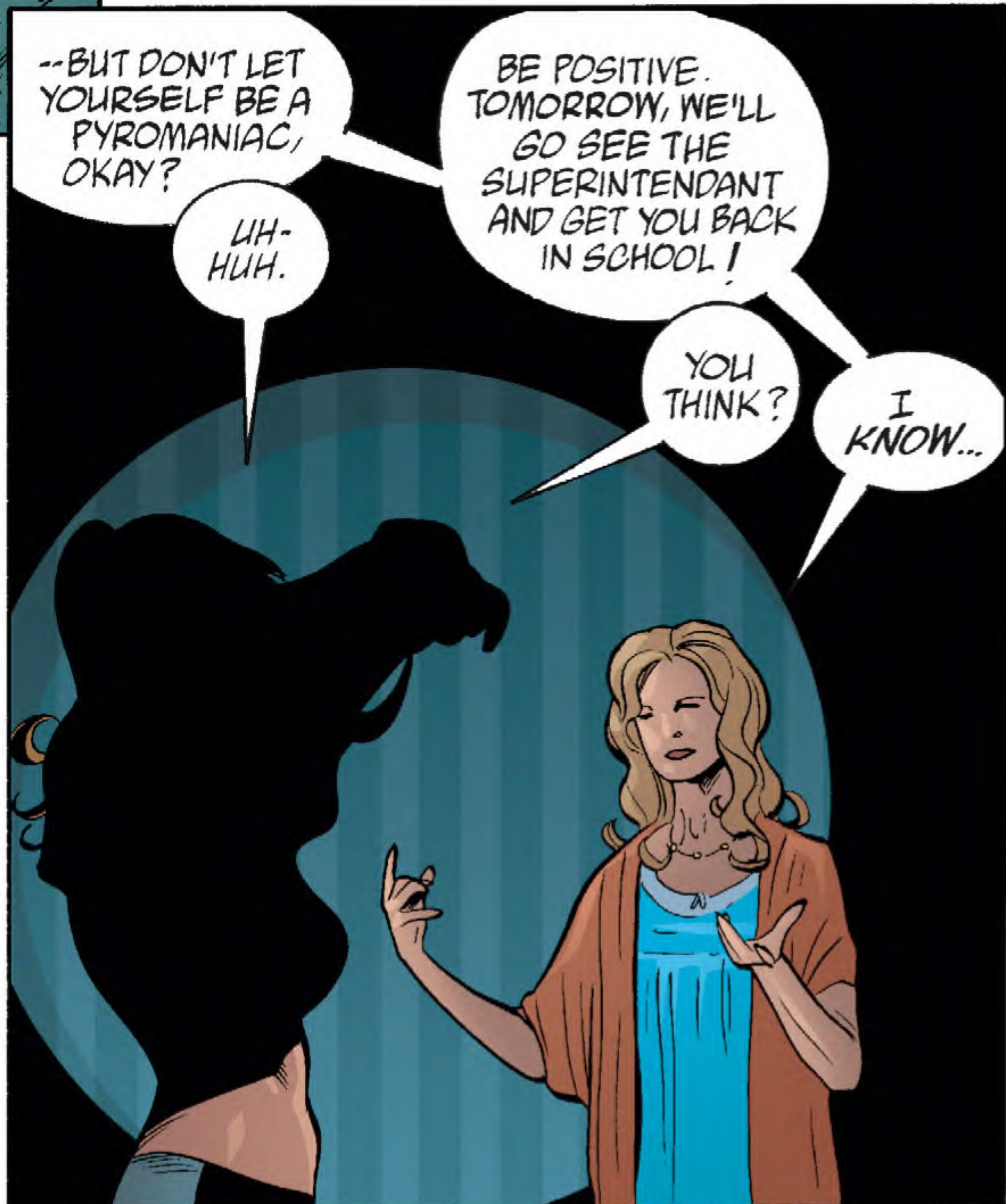
ANYWAY, THIS
WHOLE TEEN
REBELLION-
THING IS
BEEN THERE-
DONE-THAT
FOR ME.

YEAH, NO
KIDDING.

WE LIVE
IN THOSE
MOMENTS.

I STILL
HAVE MY
MOMENTS, I
GUESS.

WHAT I'M
TRYING TO
SAY IS BE
YOURSELF,
BUFFY--



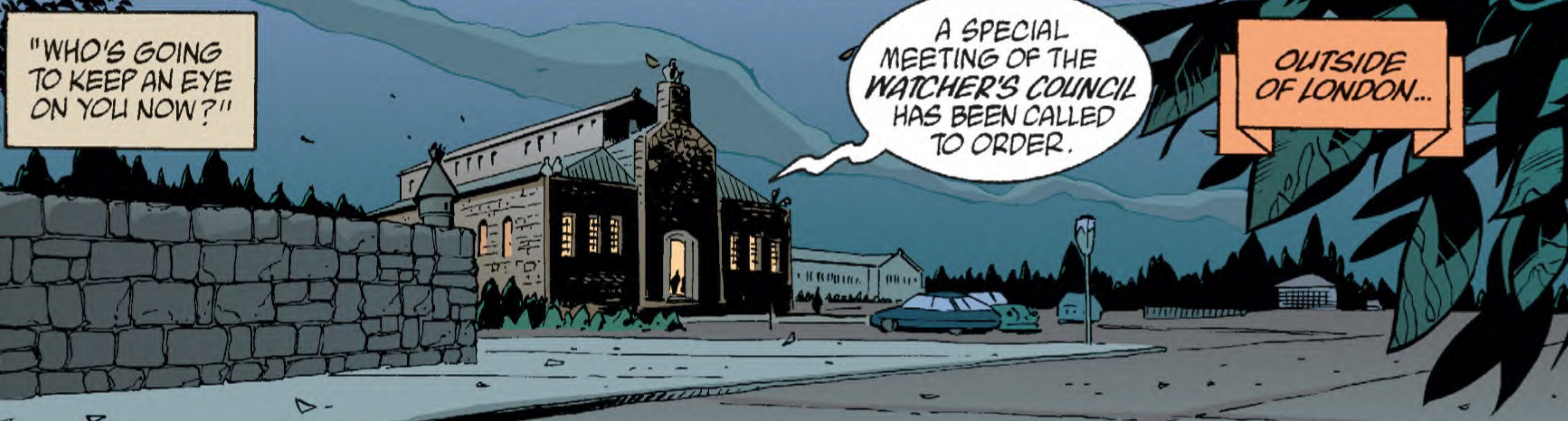
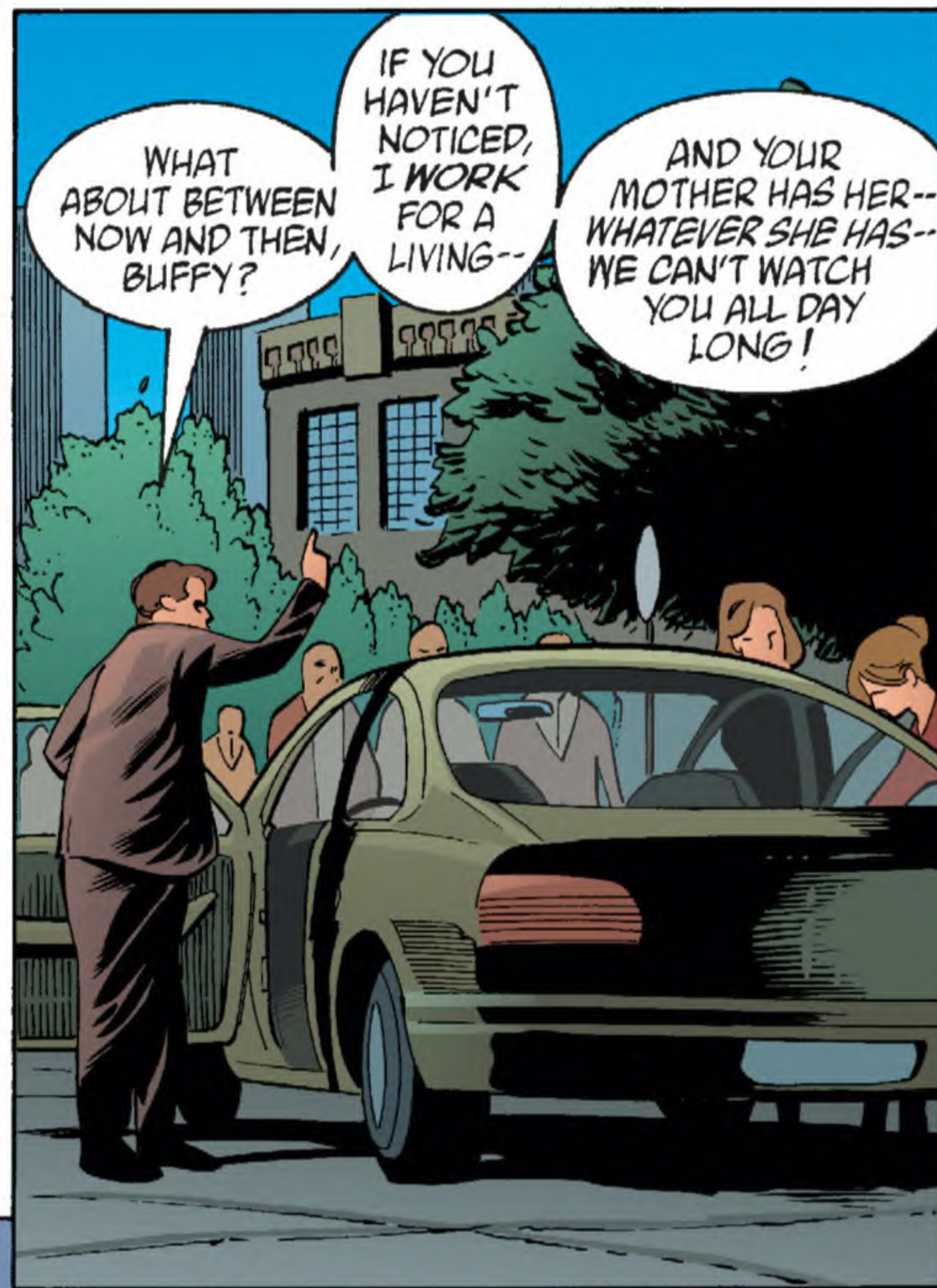
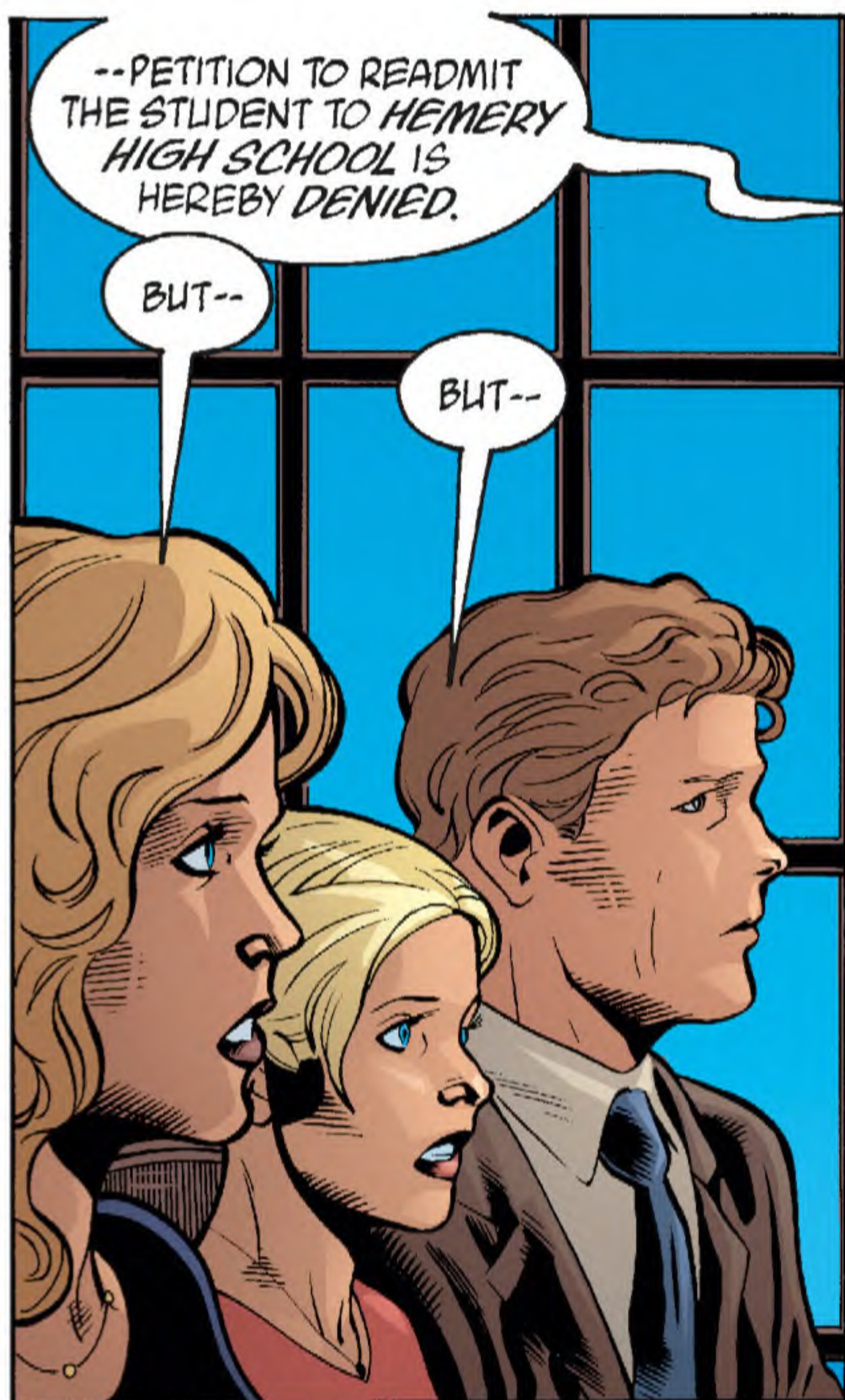
--BUT DON'T LET
YOURSELF BE A
PYROMANIAC,
OKAY?

LH-
HUH.

BE POSITIVE.
TOMORROW, WE'LL
GO SEE THE
SUPERINTENDANT
AND GET YOU BACK
IN SCHOOL!

YOU
THINK?

I
KNOW...





MERRICK HAS NOT REPORTED IN. WE HAVE TO ASSUME HE IS DEAD.

THERE IS AN UNSUPERVISED SLAYER IN LOS ANGELES. THAT CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE.

AGREED, QUENTIN. WHO IS NEXT TO SERVE AS WATCHER?

TWO ARE PREPARED, THOUGH I HAVE DOUBTS ON BOTH.

WILLEM BRYARDALE--



"...AND RUPERT GILES..."

BARNABY.

RUPERT.

RIPPER?

YAH. HEARD YOU WENT TO TRAIN WITH THOSE WATCHERS.

YES, YES I DID. TO GAIN A MEASURE OF... BALANCE.



I CAN SEE IT'S WORKING.

HMM. INDEED.

IN THE OLD DAYS, YOU WOULD'VE PUMMELED FIRST AND THEN ASKED QUESTIONS.

SO WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, RIP --I MEAN, RUPE?



I NEED A LITTLE SOMETHING FROM YOUR BACK-ROOM...

...TO HELP CAST A LITTLE SPELL ON A... CLASSMATE OF MINE...

LOS ANGELES.
NIGHT.

SHOULDN'T
WE WAIT FOR
DAD?

HE'S PROBABLY
BUSY WITH WORK.
WHY DON'T WE
JUST LOOK
THROUGH THE
BROCHURES.

I SAY
WE PICK ONE
THAT'S OUT OF
STATE.

DULY NOTED.
BACK TO
YOUR HOME-
WORK.

WILL A
PRIVATE
SCHOOL
REALLY
TAKE ME
NOW?

WE DON'T
WANT YOU TO
GET LEFT BEHIND,
BUFFY.

WHAT ABOUT
THE MONEY?

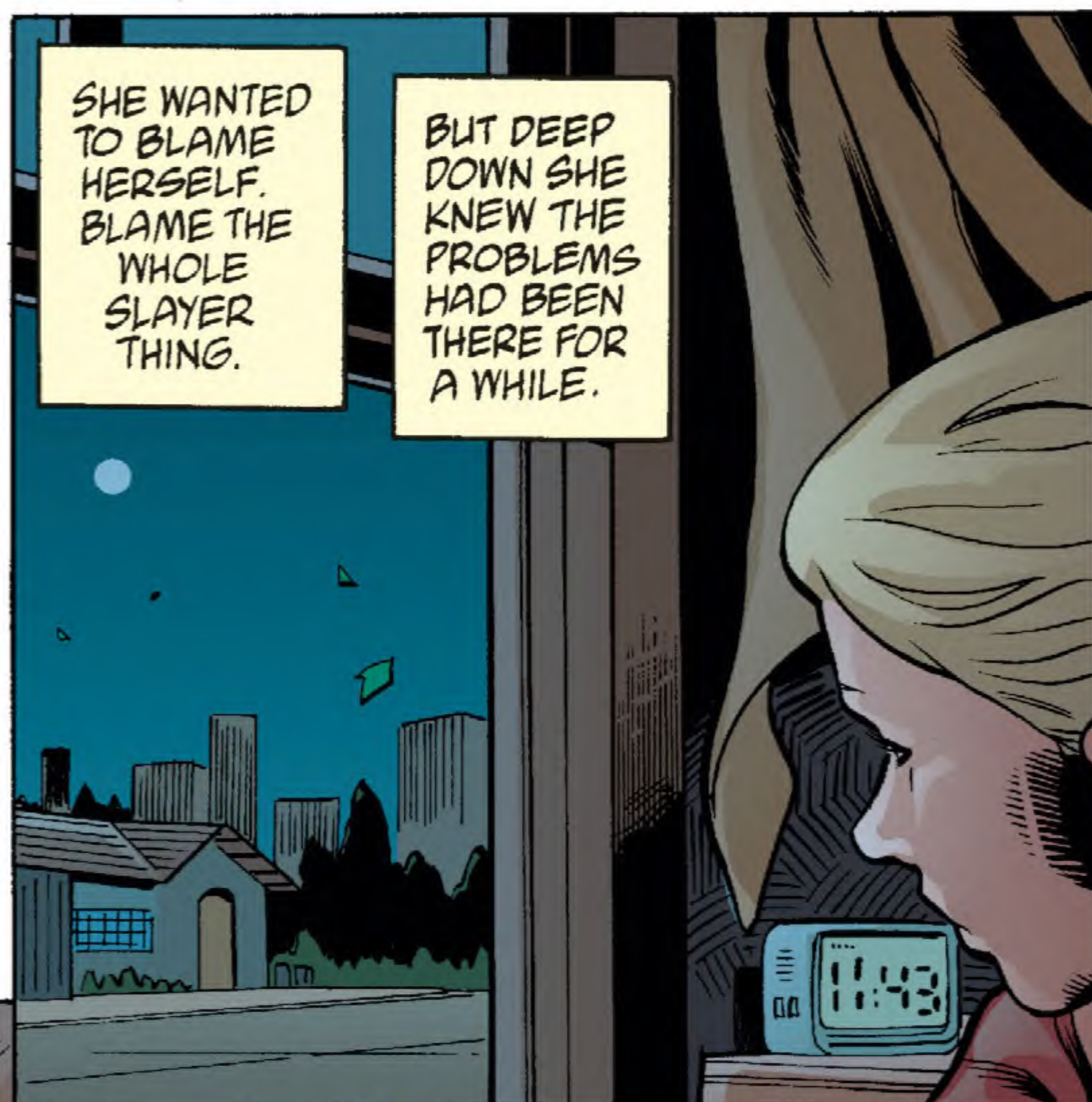
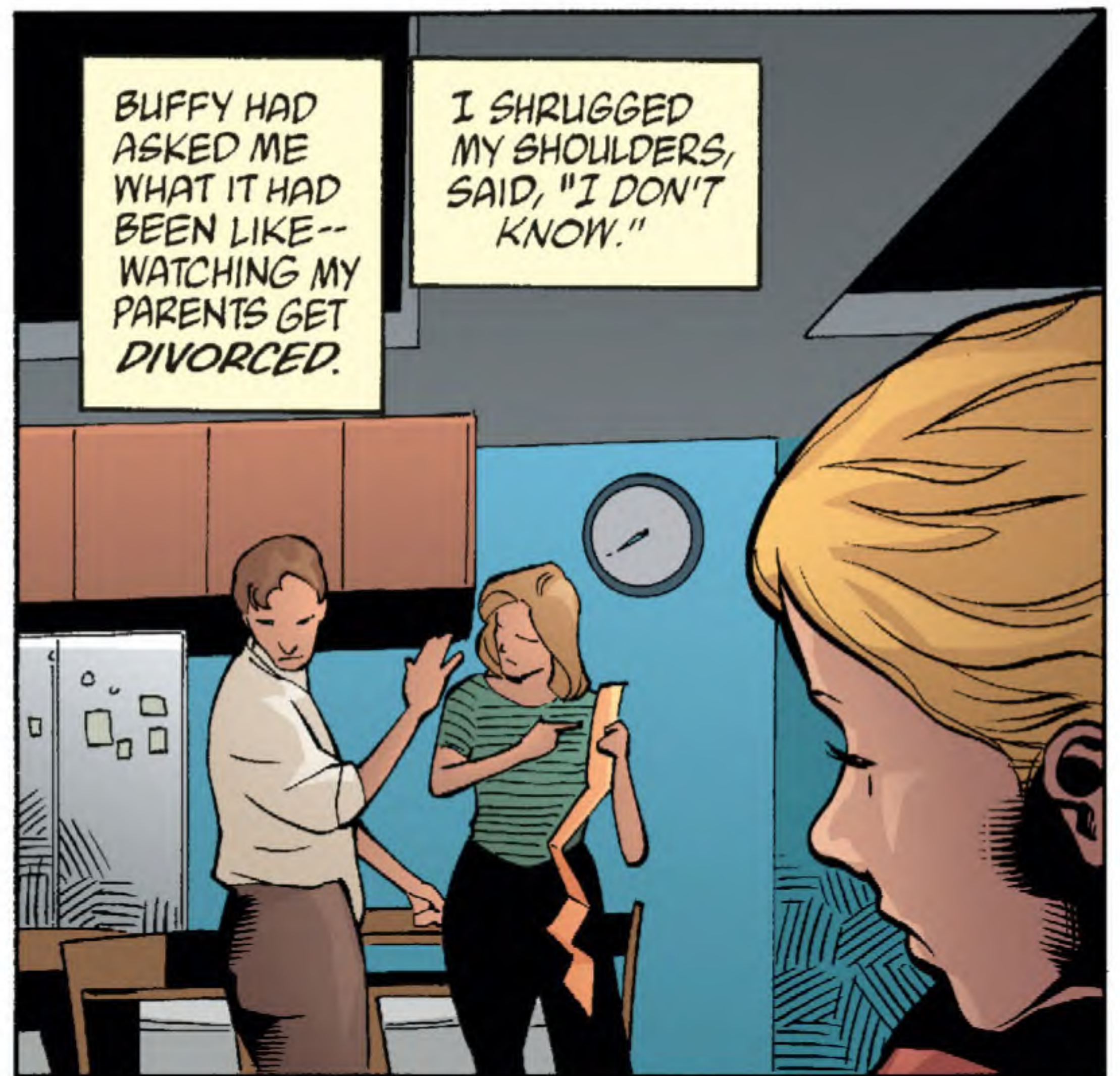
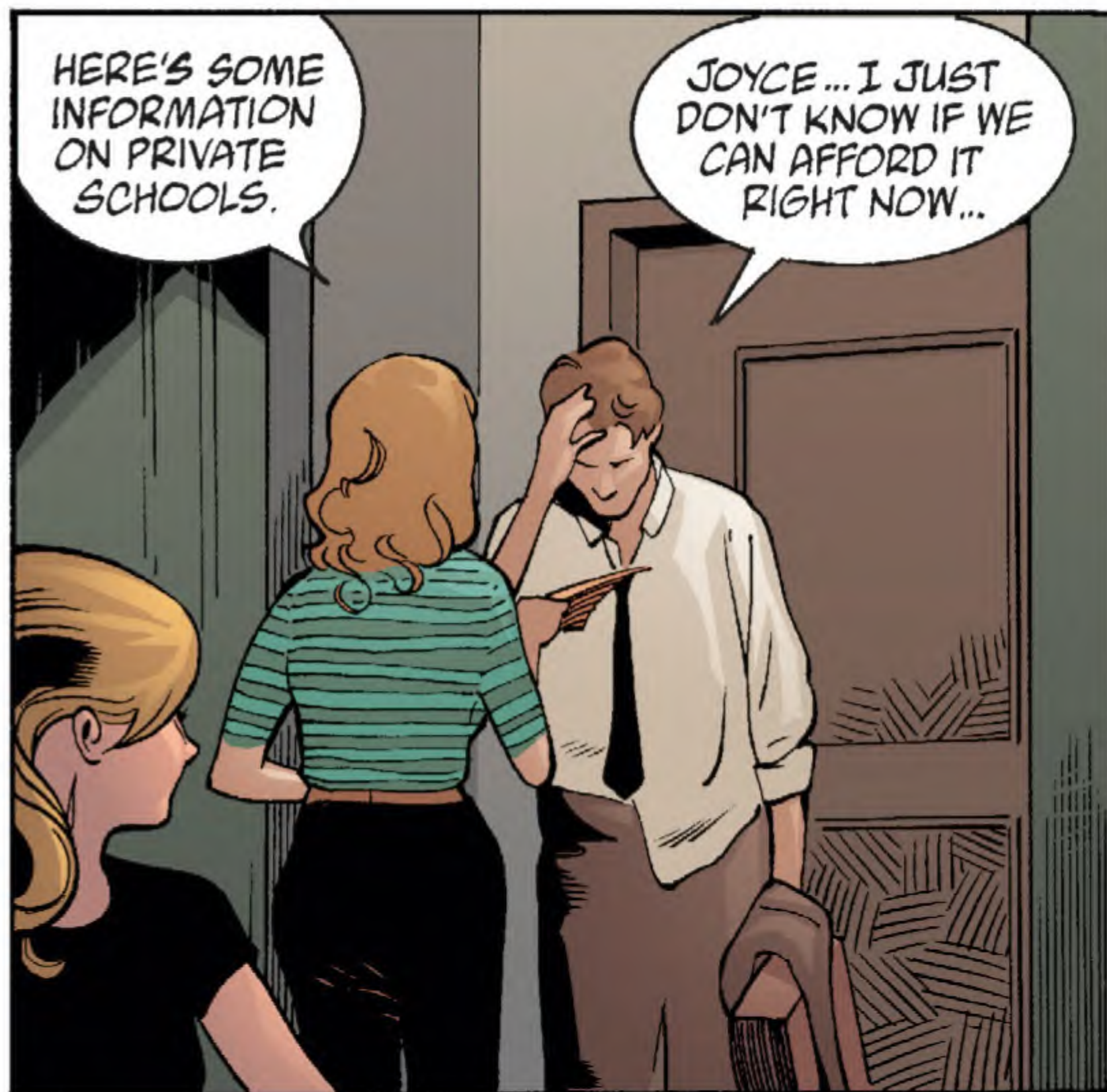
IT GROWS
ON TREES,
DOESN'T IT?

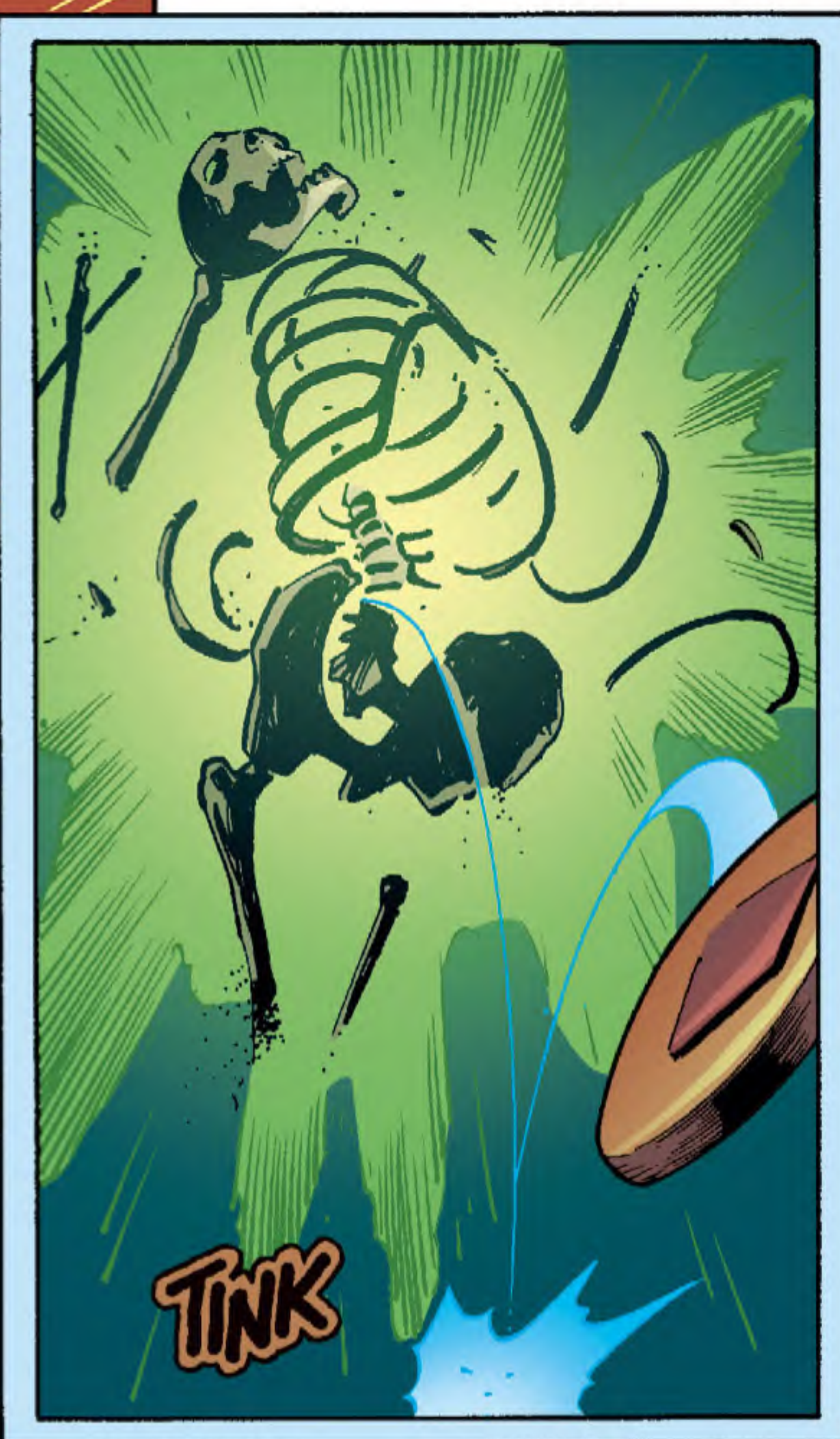
I CAN BARELY KEEP
UP, WHAT WITH THE
CLOTHES, THE SHOES, THE
CHEERLEADING ACADEMY,
THE SHOES.

YOU
SAID SHOES
TWICE.

SHE'S
GOT TWICE AS
MANY AS SHE
NEEDS!

GOOD
POINT.







WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?



GREAT.



SOME COUPLES GO TO THE MOVIES. THE MALL.



HM--?



I KNOW SHE'S
THINKING THE SAME
THINGS AS ME.



WELL/
I THINK
SHE IS.

HOPE
SHE IS.

DON'T
HAVE A
CLUE.





--UHM...
NEVER
MIND.

LOTS OF
NEWBIES
COMING
IN FROM
VEGAS.



AND WHAT
WORD WOULD
THAT BE?

OUR KIND'S ALWAYS
WELCOME AT THE
GOLDEN TOUCH
CASINO!



I LIKE
AN OPEN
INVITATION...



I GOT A CLUE.

OH, YOU'RE THERE ALREADY.

THINK THEY CAN BUY US AN ECLAIR AT PATTY'S?

US?

OKAY, ME.



KIND OF AN ODD COINCIDENCE, DON'T YOU THINK?

VEGAS TAKES YOUR SOUL, WHY NOT YOUR BLOOD, TOO?



BUT ARE THEY GOING TO VEGAS OR COMING FROM?

IF VEGAS IS SOME SORT OF VAMPIRE-FACTORY, SHOULDN'T I...

WHAT? GO AFTER THEM IN NEVADA?

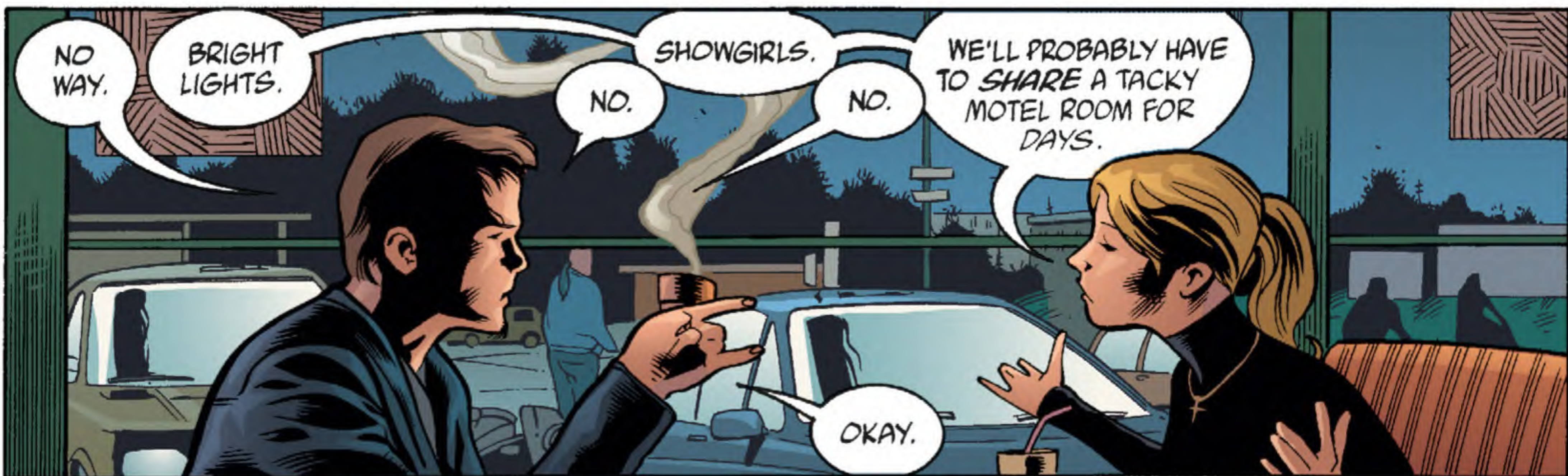


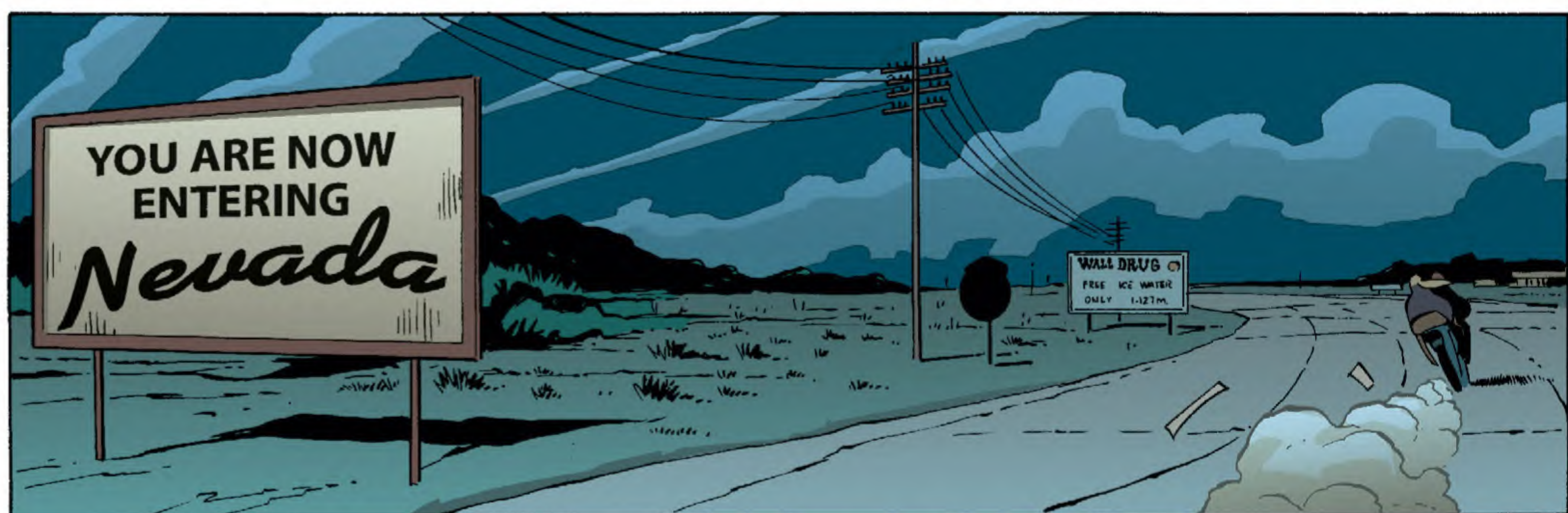
I MEAN, ARE YOU EXPECTED TO HUNT THEM DOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD?

I DON'T KNOW.

MAYBE.

IF MERRICK HAD LIVED...IF I HAD SOMEONE WHO COULD TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD BE DOING...







ONE DAY
LATER,
IN LAS
VEGAS...

WHAT
WAS
THAT?

KUMPH



SOME-
ONE
MUSTA
NOT
PAID
UP...

YOU LAST HERE
LONG ENOUGH,
YOU'LL GET
USED TO IT.

THRUMP



WHUMP



MANAGER

FWOOMF



KRAKT

I GOT 'IM,
BOSS!



WOOF.

TELL ME
YOU WANT
A JOB,
KID--
PLEASE.



I'D SAY
I ALREADY
HAVE THE
JOB.

GOOD
POINT. WHAT'JOU
SAY YOUR NAME
WAS--?

ANGELLUS.



YOU'RE NOT READY YET?



LET'S NOT BE LATE ON OUR FIRST DAY!

FIRST NIGHT. DAY STARTS AT NIGHT IN THIS CITY, BIZARRO.

WITH MAIDS TO MAKE OUR BEDS.

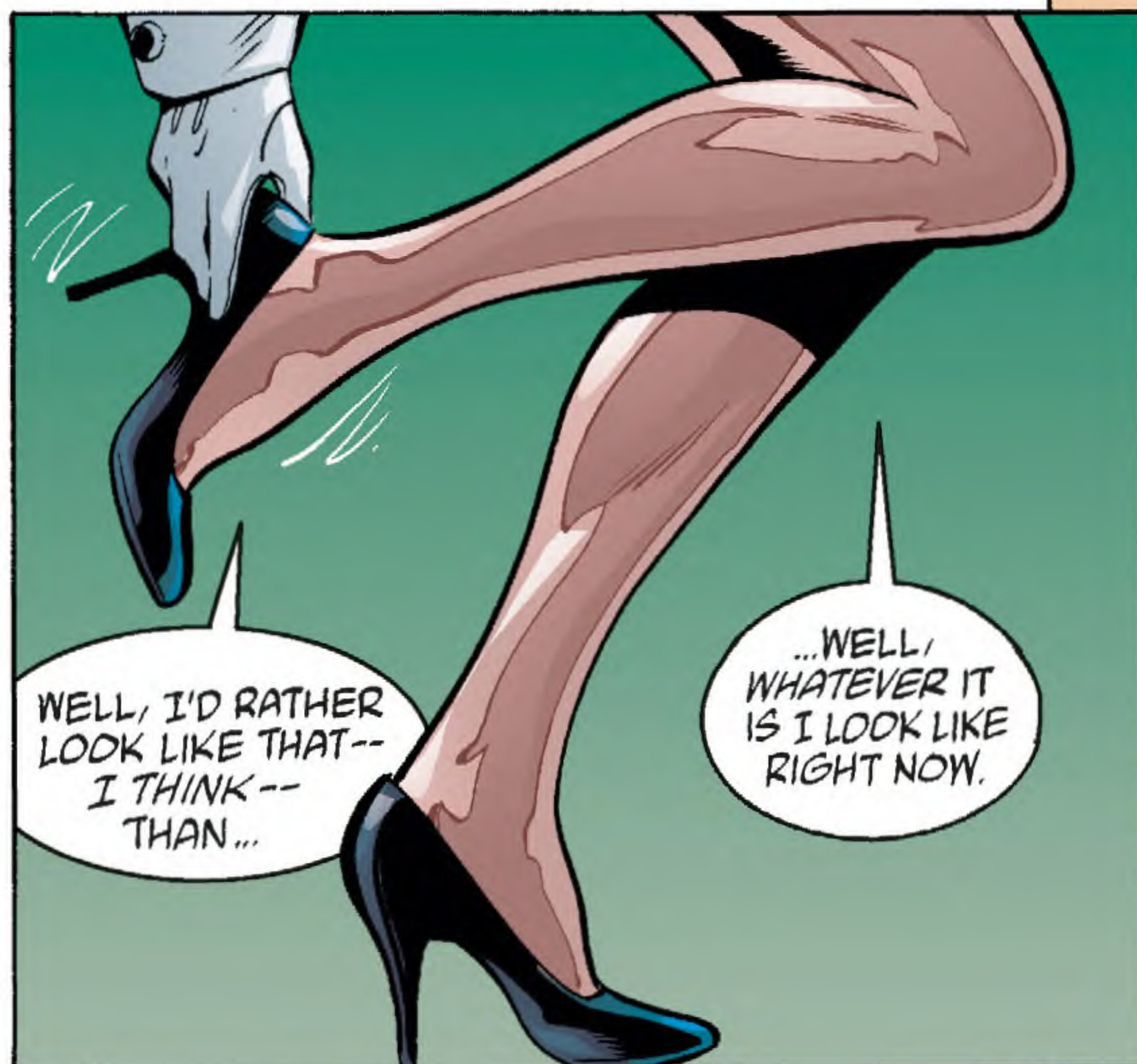
THIS IS SO WEIRD FOR ME. IS THIS WEIRD FOR YOU, BUFFY?



...ASKED PIKE, IN HIS SPIFFY VELOUR TUX.



WHICH MAKES ME LOOK LIKE KURT COBAIN IMPERSONATING WAYNE NEWTON.



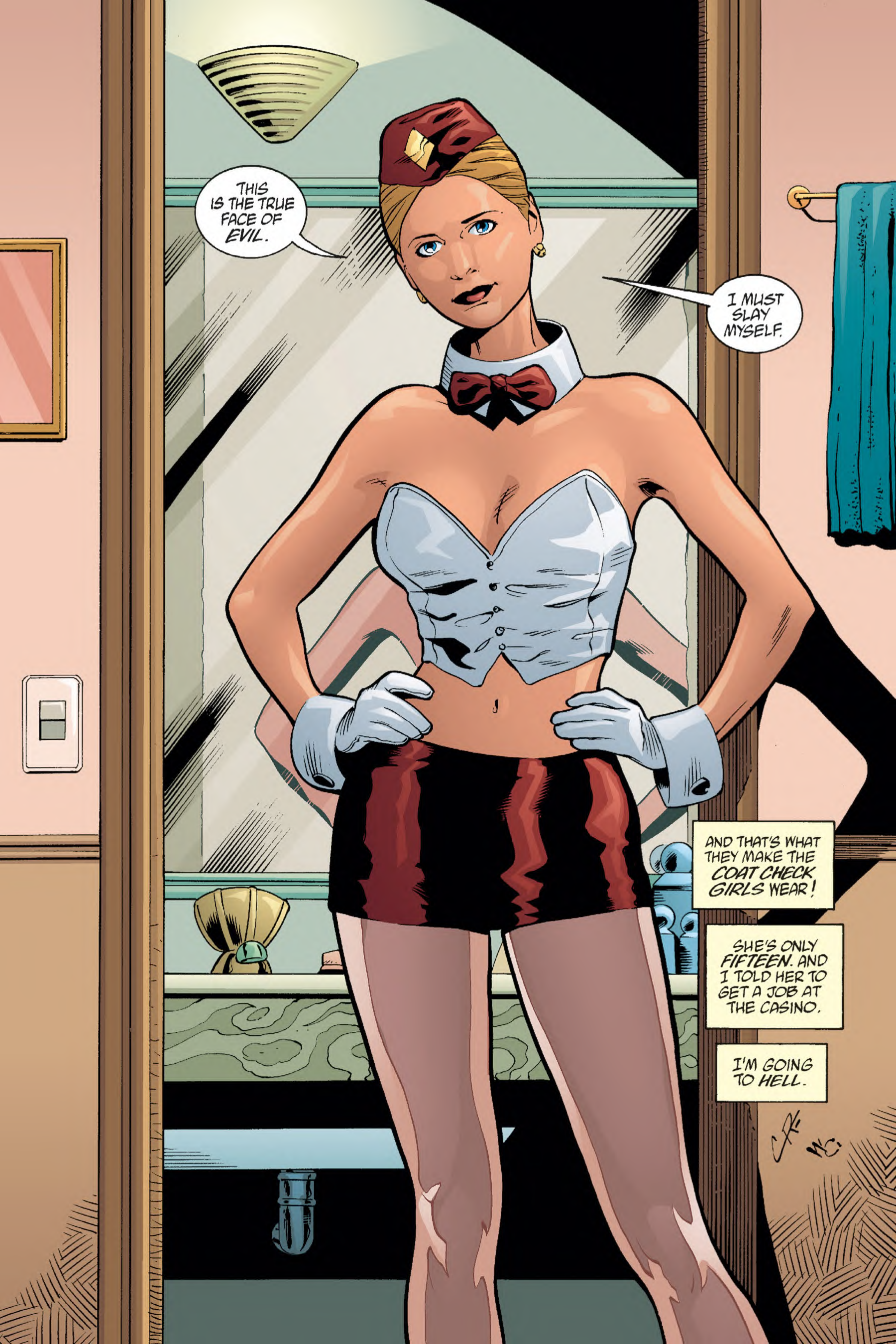
WELL, I'D RATHER LOOK LIKE THAT-- I THINK-- THAN...

...WELL, WHATEVER IT IS I LOOK LIKE RIGHT NOW.



MUBBA

WHICH, IN ENGLISH, TRANSLATES TO--MUBBA.



THIS
IS THE TRUE
FACE OF
EVIL.

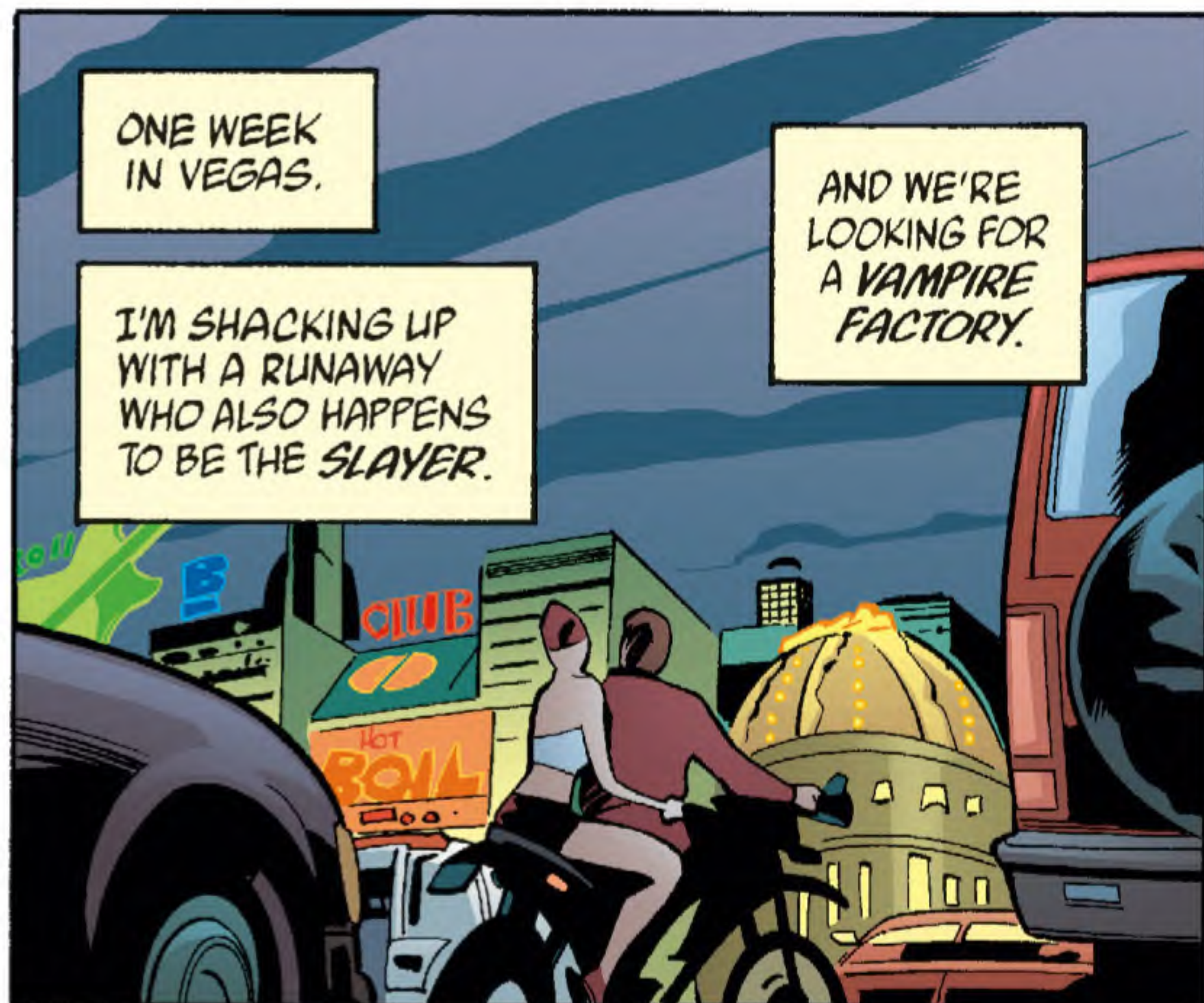
I MUST
SLAY
MYSELF.

AND THAT'S WHAT
THEY MAKE THE
COAT CHECK
GIRLS WEAR!

SHE'S ONLY
FIFTEEN. AND
I TOLD HER TO
GET A JOB AT
THE CASINO.

I'M GOING
TO HELL.

CF
MS



ONE WEEK
IN VEGAS.

I'M SHACKING UP
WITH A RUNAWAY
WHO ALSO HAPPENS
TO BE THE *SLAYER*.

AND WE'RE
LOOKING FOR
A *VAMPIRE*
FACTORY.



AND FOR THE *NINETIETH*
TIME IN THE LAST TEN
SECONDS, I'M THINKING,
WHAT IN THE NAME OF
JERRY FALWELL AM
I DOING HERE!



I GOT A JOB AS A
VALET AT THE
GOLDEN TOUCH.
GOOD WAY TO SEE
THE COMINGS
AND GOINGS.

BUFFY WILL COVER
STUFF *INSIDE*
THE CASINO.

SO--uhm...
GOOD LUCK.

YOU TOO.
IF YOU SEE
ANYTHING--
YOU KNOW,
FANGY--



--I'LL SCREAM
VERY LOUD.

OKAY.

OKAY.

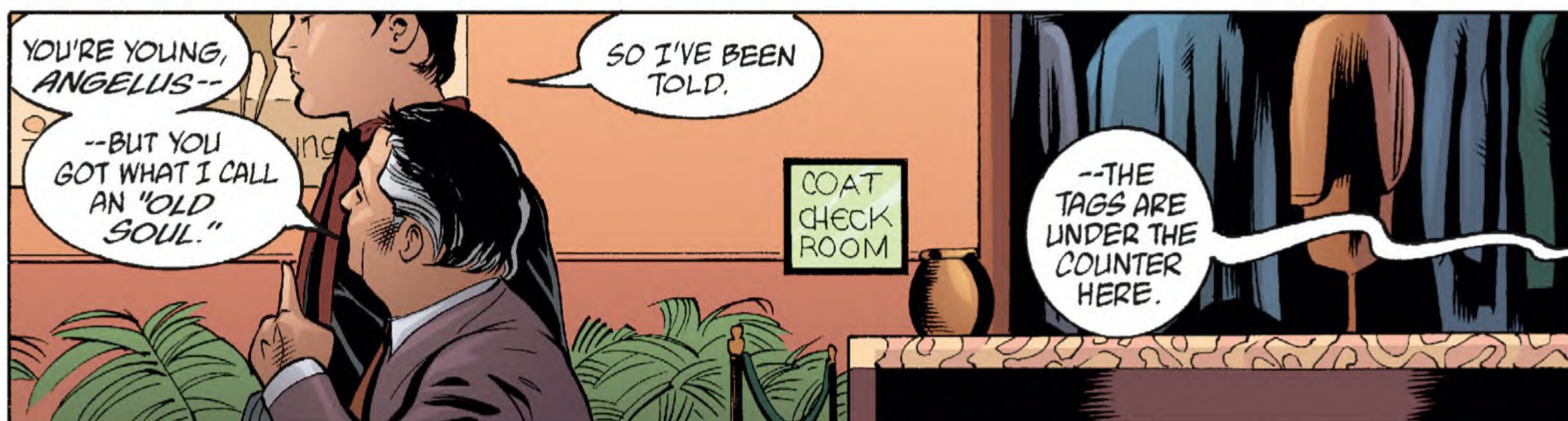


SHE'S RUNNING AWAY, BUT
WHAT ABOUT *ME*? I WANT
TO THINK MAYBE RUNNING
TO SOMETHING... BUT WHAT?

I DON'T
PAY YOU
TO STAND
AROUND,
KID.



HAPPILY EVER AFTER?
I GOT AS MUCH A SHOT
AS *THAT GUY* DOES...

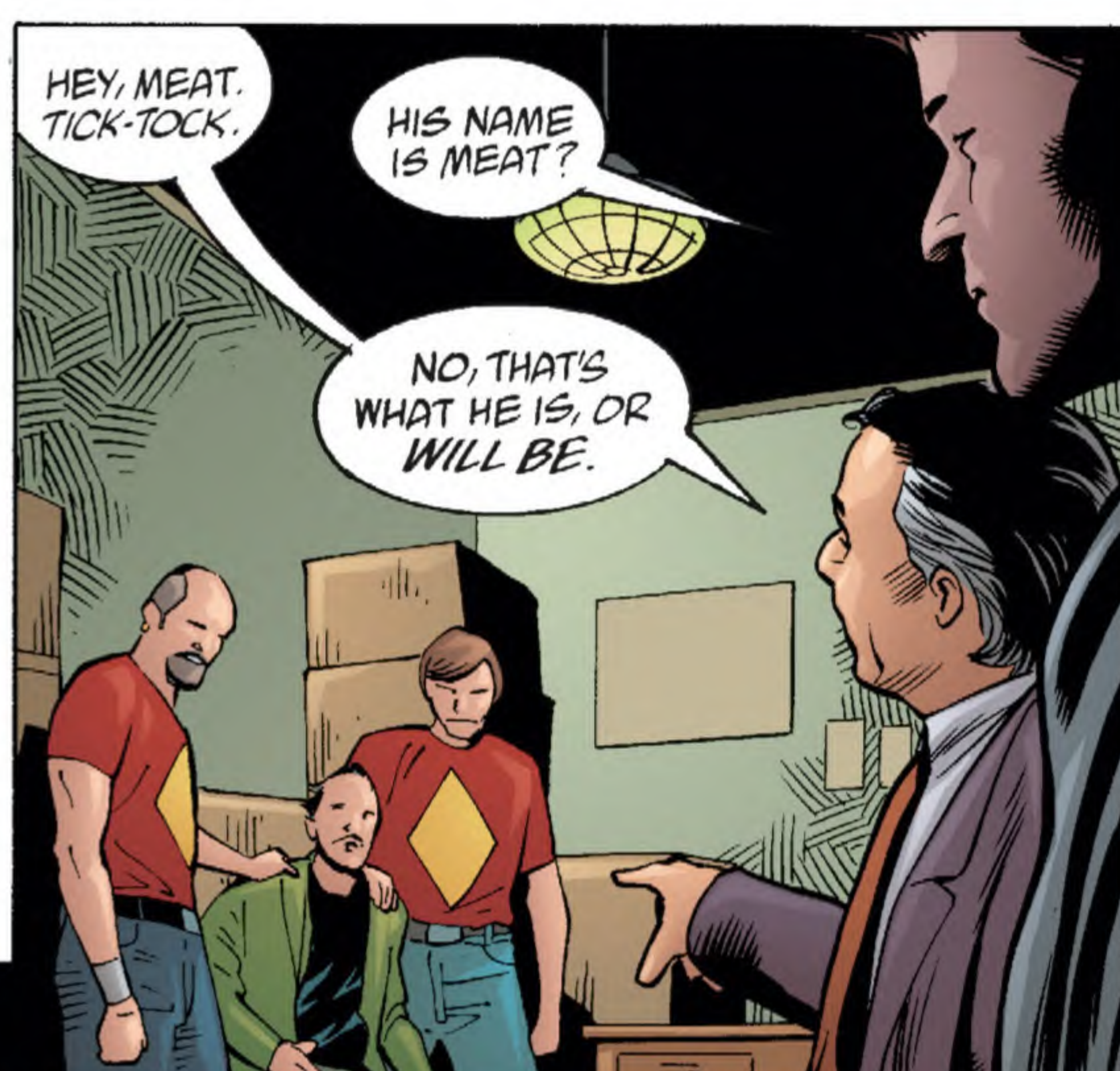




TIME TO
CASH
IN HIS
MARKER.

IF HE
DOESN'T
HAVE THE
MONEY, WHAT
DOES HE
PAY
WITH?

DON' WORRY. YOU'RE
MY BODYGUARD,
NOT MY BONE-
BREAKER.



HEY, MEAT.
TICK-TOCK.

HIS NAME
IS MEAT?

NO, THAT'S
WHAT HE IS, OR
WILL BE.



YOU KNEW THE *RULES*
WHEN YOU SIGNED THE
MARKER.

PLEASE--
I NEED MORE TIME.
I GOT A STREAK
IN ME--

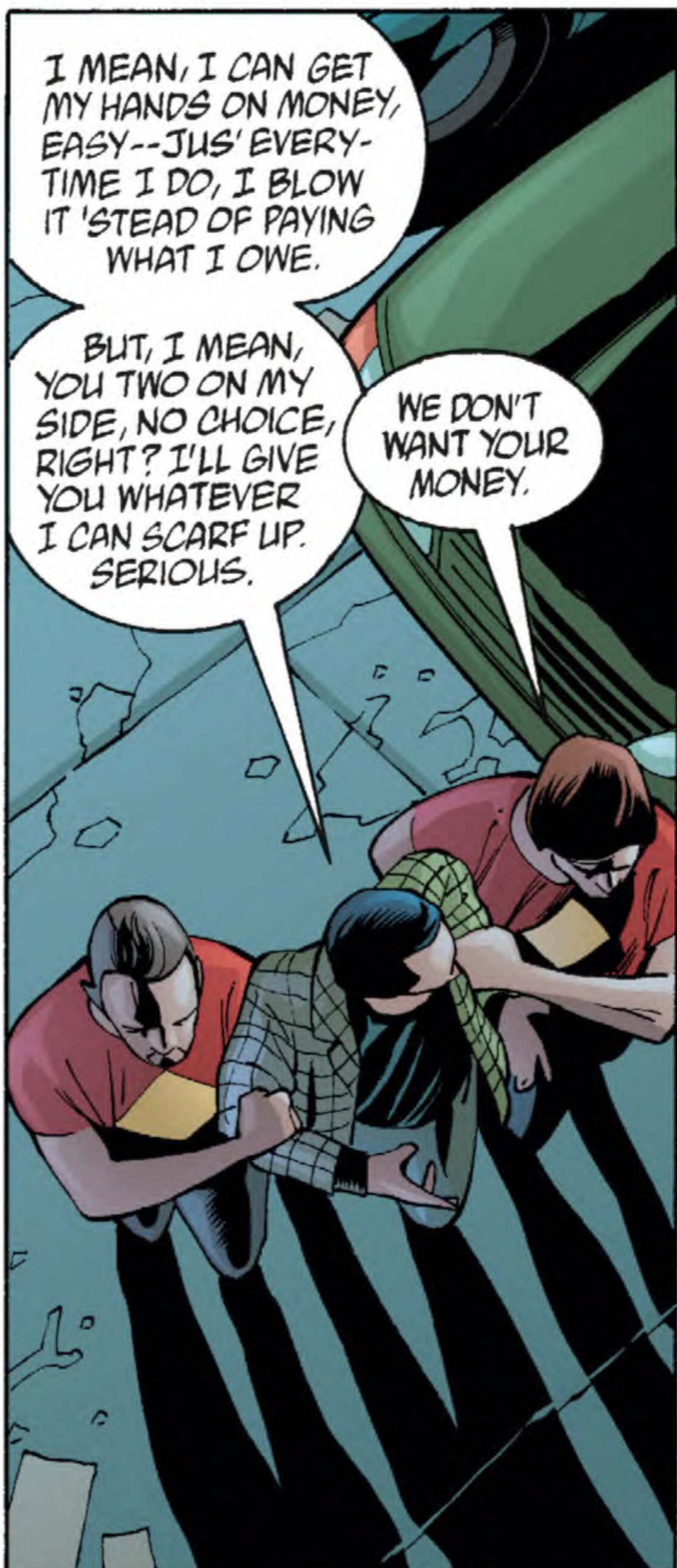


ONLY THING
YOU GOT IN YOU
THAT WE CARE
ABOUT IS
BLOOD.



NO--PLEASE--
DON'T--

DAMN
THIS IS
A GOOD
PLUM.





I COULDN'T HAVE SAVED HIM. COULD I?

HOW FAR AM I SUPPOSED TO GO WITH THIS?



I MEAN, SHOULD THIS BE A JOB FOR A NORMAL PERSON?

AND CALLING MYSELF NORMAL JUST SHOWS YOU HOW ABNORMAL ALL THIS IS!



I GOTTA GET BLUFFY...



OOOMPH.



MY LAST WORDS: OOOOMPH. GREAT. CLOD. HEY NOW...



SNAPT

TERROR-INSPIRED BRAIN CELLS. PIKE IS EN FUEGO.





AND THERE TOO.

HUH?

TWO VAMP BOUNCERS BITING SOMEONE WHO OWED THEM MONEY.



HEY--HEY-- WHERE'RE YOU GOING?

WE COULD GET INFORMATION OUT OF THEM, OR I COULD JUST, Y'KNOW, STAKE THEM.



WHOA-- WAIT--THEN WHAT?

THIS WHOLE CASINO COULD BE FILLED WITH VAMPS FOR ALL WE KNOW!

AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE CAME, REMEMBER?

YEAH, I KNOW, BUT I--

WHAT?



THE TRUTH?

I REALLY DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND ANYTHING.

PREFERABLY.

I THOUGHT--I WAS HOPING-- IT WAS ALL SOME SICK L.A.-ONLY KIND OF THING.

THAT IF WE CAME AND NONE OF IT WAS TRUE, THEN THAT MIGHT MEAN...

WHAT? THAT WE COULD BE NORMAL RUNAWAYS?



SORT OF.

WELL, IT'S NOT AND I'M NOT. SO... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

DAMNED GOOD QUESTION, TOO...

THE WATCHER'S COUNCIL, ENGLAND

QUENTIN,
A DECISION
MUST BE MADE
SOON.

AS ONE WILL. AS IS OFTEN THE
CASE WHEN TWO CANDIDATES
ARE SO EVENLY
REGARDED...

"...THE CANDIDATES THEMSELVES
WILL SHOW US WHO DESERVES THE
OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE AS THE
SLAYER'S NEW WATCHER..."

FFF--PARDON
ME--

SORRY ABOUT
THAT, RUPERT.

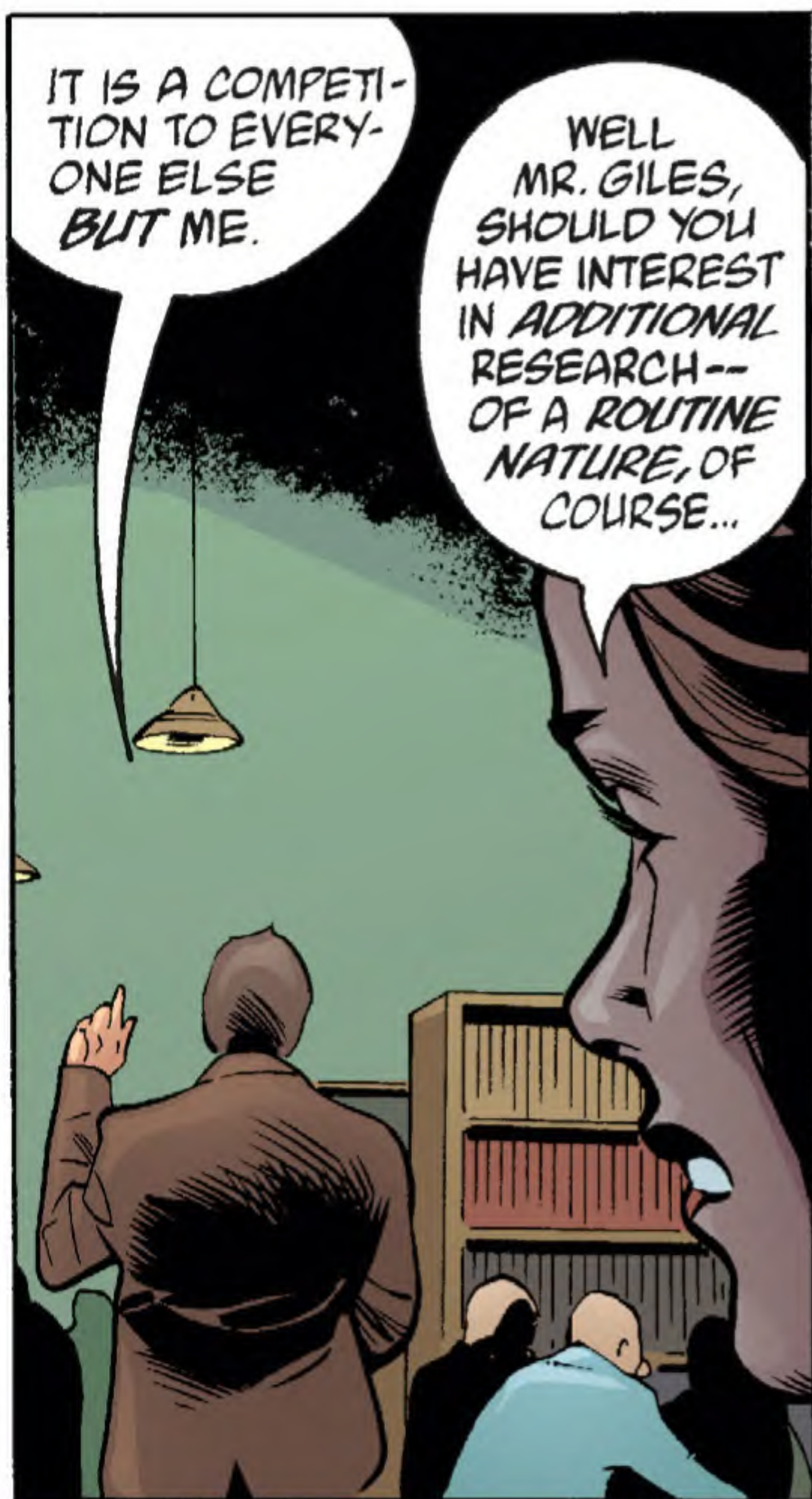
WILLEM.
OH. QUITE ALL
RIGHT.

UNDERSTANDABLE,
WHAT WITH ME NOT
LOOKING AND YOU--WELL,
SHOVING ME.



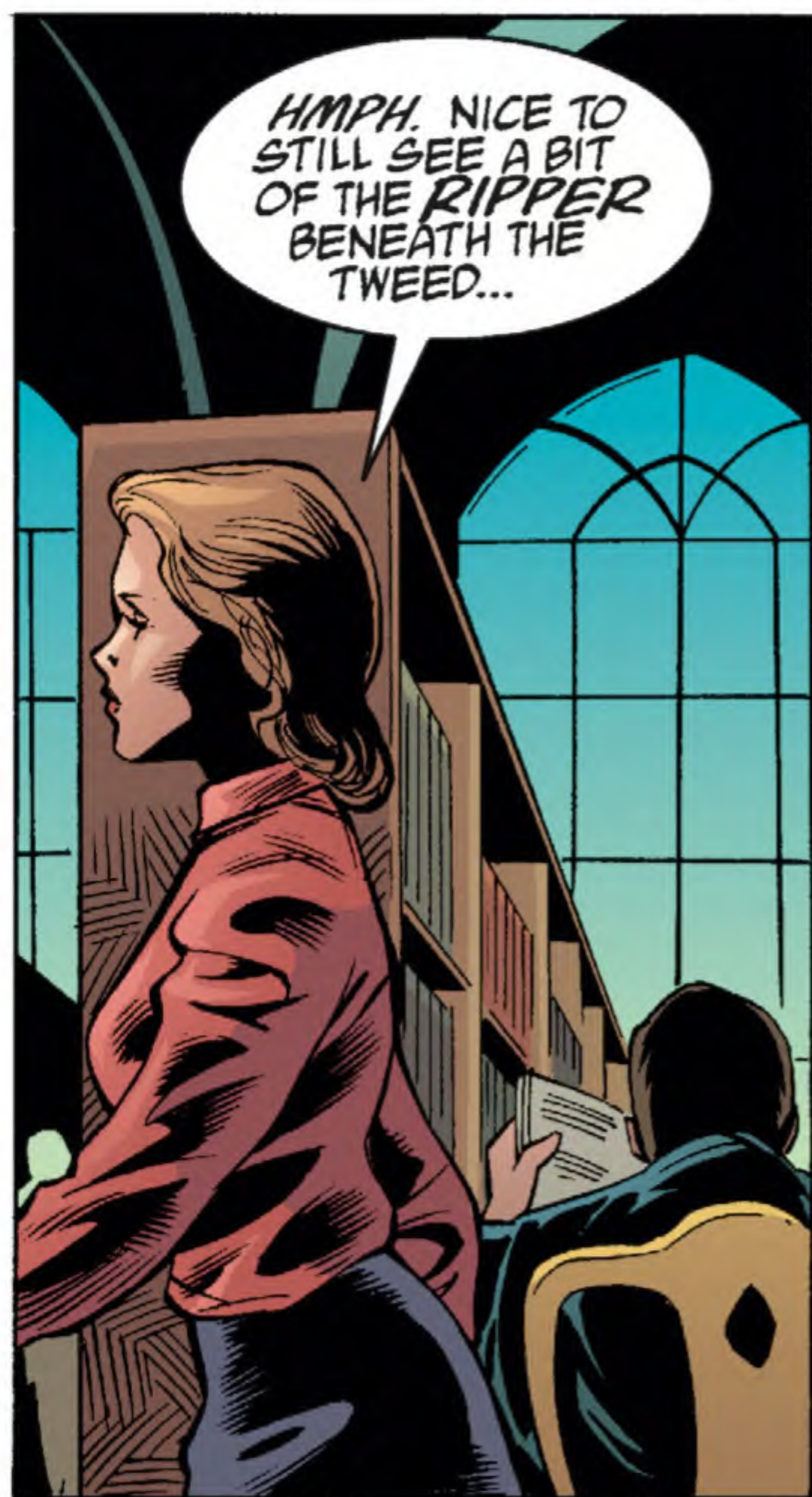


OF COURSE
IT IS. WHAT WITH YOU
AND MR. BRYARDALE
IN SUCH HEATED
COMPETITION
AND ALL.

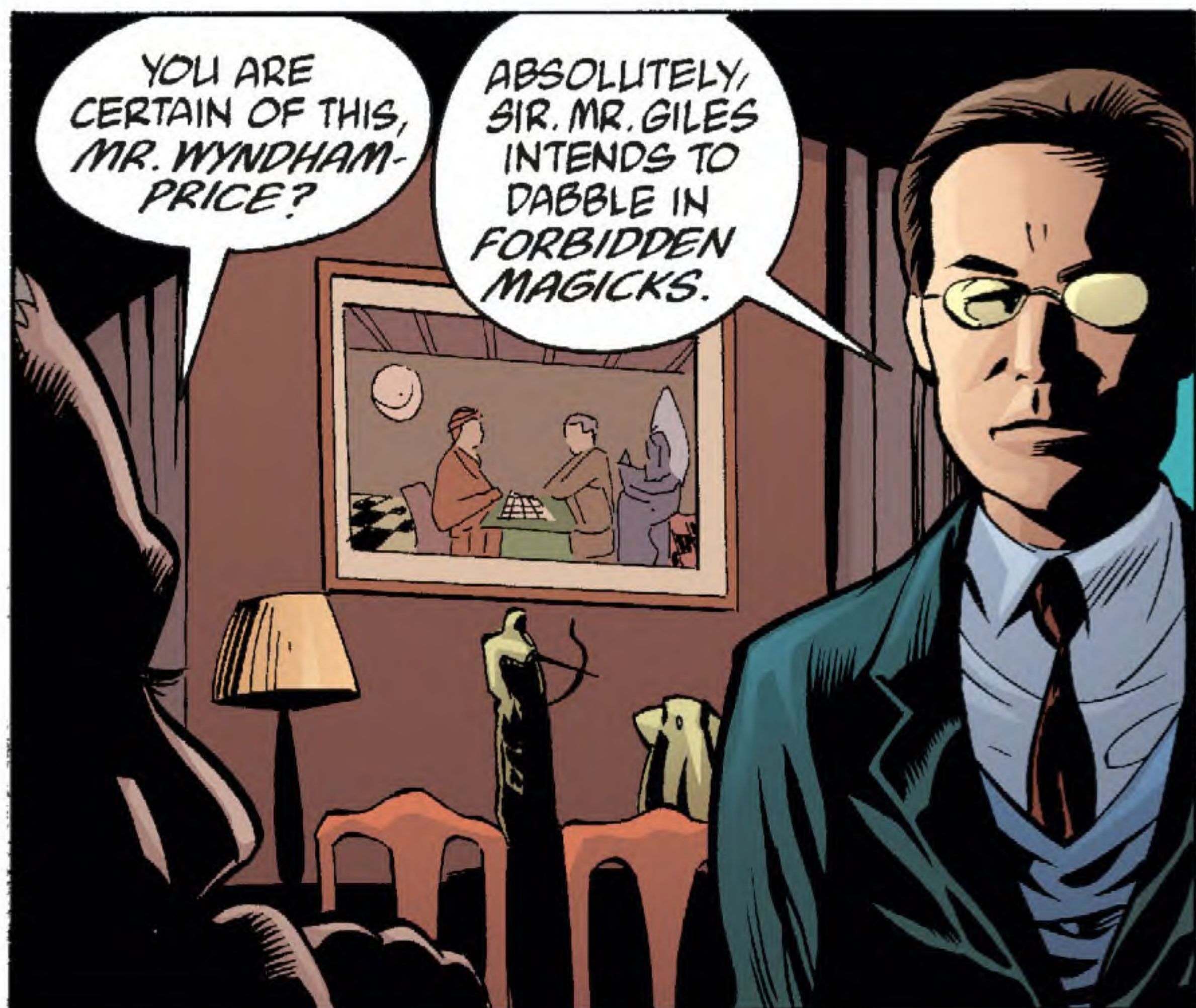


IT IS A COMPETITION
TO EVERYONE ELSE
BUT ME.

WELL
MR. GILES,
SHOULD YOU
HAVE INTEREST
IN ADDITIONAL
RESEARCH--
OF A ROUTINE
NATURE, OF
COURSE...



HMPH. NICE TO
STILL SEE A BIT
OF THE *RIPPER*
BENEATH THE
TWEED...

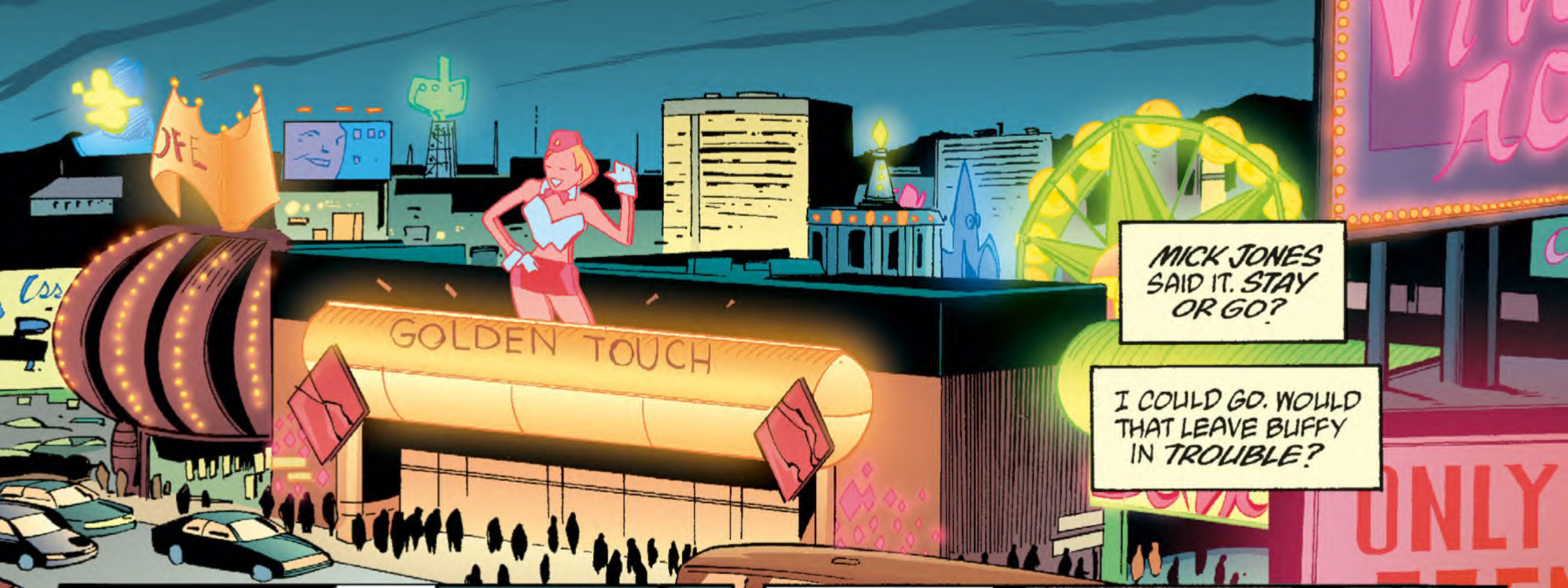


YOU ARE
CERTAIN OF THIS,
MR. WYNDHAM-
PRICE?

ABSOLUTELY,
SIR. MR. GILES
INTENDS TO
DABBLE IN
FORBIDDEN
MAGICKS.



WELL/
WE'LL
SEE
ABOUT
THAT...



MICK JONES
SAID IT. STAY
OR GO?

I COULD GO. WOULD
THAT LEAVE BUFFY
IN TROUBLE?



AND IF
I STAY? DOUBLE-
TROUBLE.

SO COME
ON AND
LET ME
KNOW.

HUH?

WHAT?

YOU READ
MINDS?

NOT
THAT I
KNOW OF.
WHY?

NOTHING.
COINCIDENCE.



I KNOW YOU'RE
SCARED, PIKE.
I WOULD
BE, TOO--

--IF I
STOPPED TO
THINK ABOUT
IT FOR FIVE
SECONDS--

--WHICH
I CAN'T DO,
BECAUSE IF
I DID...



...THEN
YOU'D BE
TOO
SCARED TO
FIGHT.

AND
THAT MIGHT
LEAD TO VERY
DEAD.

AND THAT'S
WHAT I'M
AFRAID
OF.

YOU
DYING?

NO, YOU
DYING.



OH.

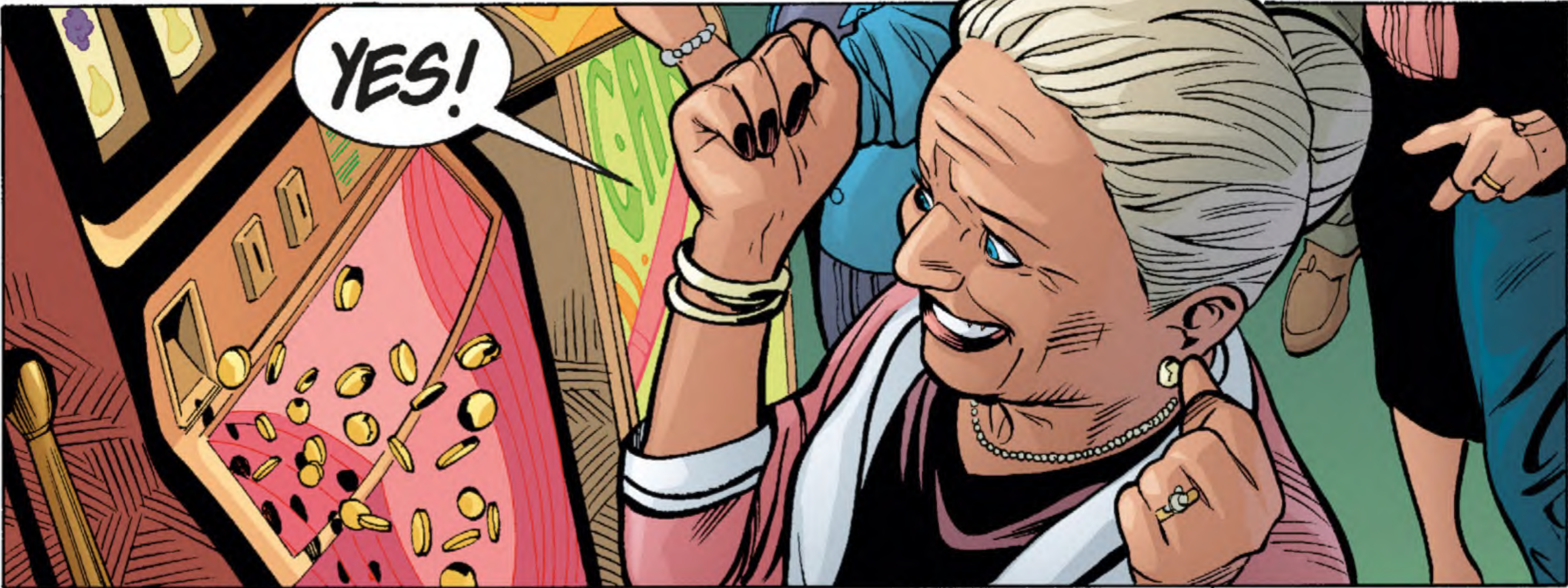
WELL, THAT'S
SOMETHING ELSE
I DON'T THINK
ABOUT, 'CAUSE,
YOU KNOW...

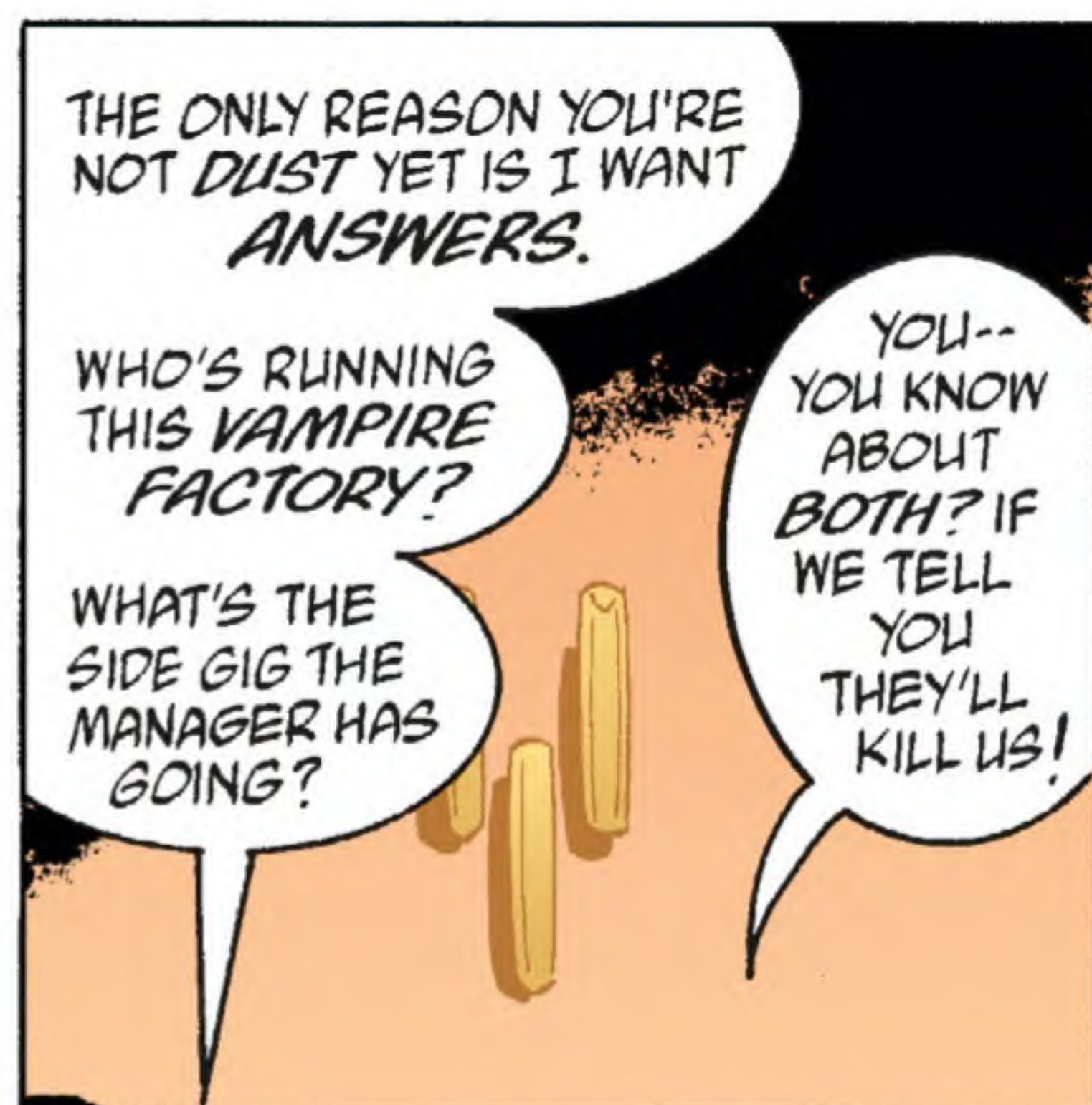
UHM...
MAYBE YOU
SHOULD
START...













"...I HOPE HE LIKES
GOING BACK IN TIME!"



AND I USED TO
THINK I WAS THE
GAMBLING TYPE.









AND I
THOUGHT MY
MELANIN NEEDED
SOME SERIOUS
ADJUSTING...

OKAY.

THE CLOSET
IN THE MANAGER'S
OFFICE WAS A
TEMPORAL
PORTAL.

NATURALLY.

AND I'M
BACK IN THE
PAST.

AROUND
1930 IF
MEMORY
SERVES.



WAIT--I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT--

--JUST TELL ME WHERE I AM-- DON'T FORCE ME TO--



OKAY SO MUCH FOR SELF-CONTROL...

...SO WOULD SOMEONE LIKE TO TELL ME WHY I'M THE ONLY THING HERE IN COLOR?



NO-- DON'T--!





A COMPUTER.
IN 1930.

WHY
COULDN'T IT
HAVE BEEN
AN ANCIENT
SCROLL?

OR A
DRAWING. I'M
GOOD WITH
DRAWINGS.

FREEZE
RIGHT THERE,
BUSTER!



THE BULLETS WOULD HURT,
BUT THEY CAN'T KILL HIM.

HE COULD FIGHT HIS WAY
OUT, BUT THEN WHAT?



IT'S DAYLIGHT.
AND HE HAS TO
FIGURE OUT
WHAT HAPPENED
TO HIM.



HE CAN'T
ABANDON
BUFFY IN THE
MIDDLE OF A
VAMPIRE-
FACTORY.

HE REALLY
HAS NO
CHOICE. ANGEL
HOPES HE'S
NOT LETTING
HER DOWN.



HE WONDERS WHAT SHE WOULD
THINK OF HIM NOW? SHE DOESN'T
SEEM THE "I SURRENDER" TYPE.

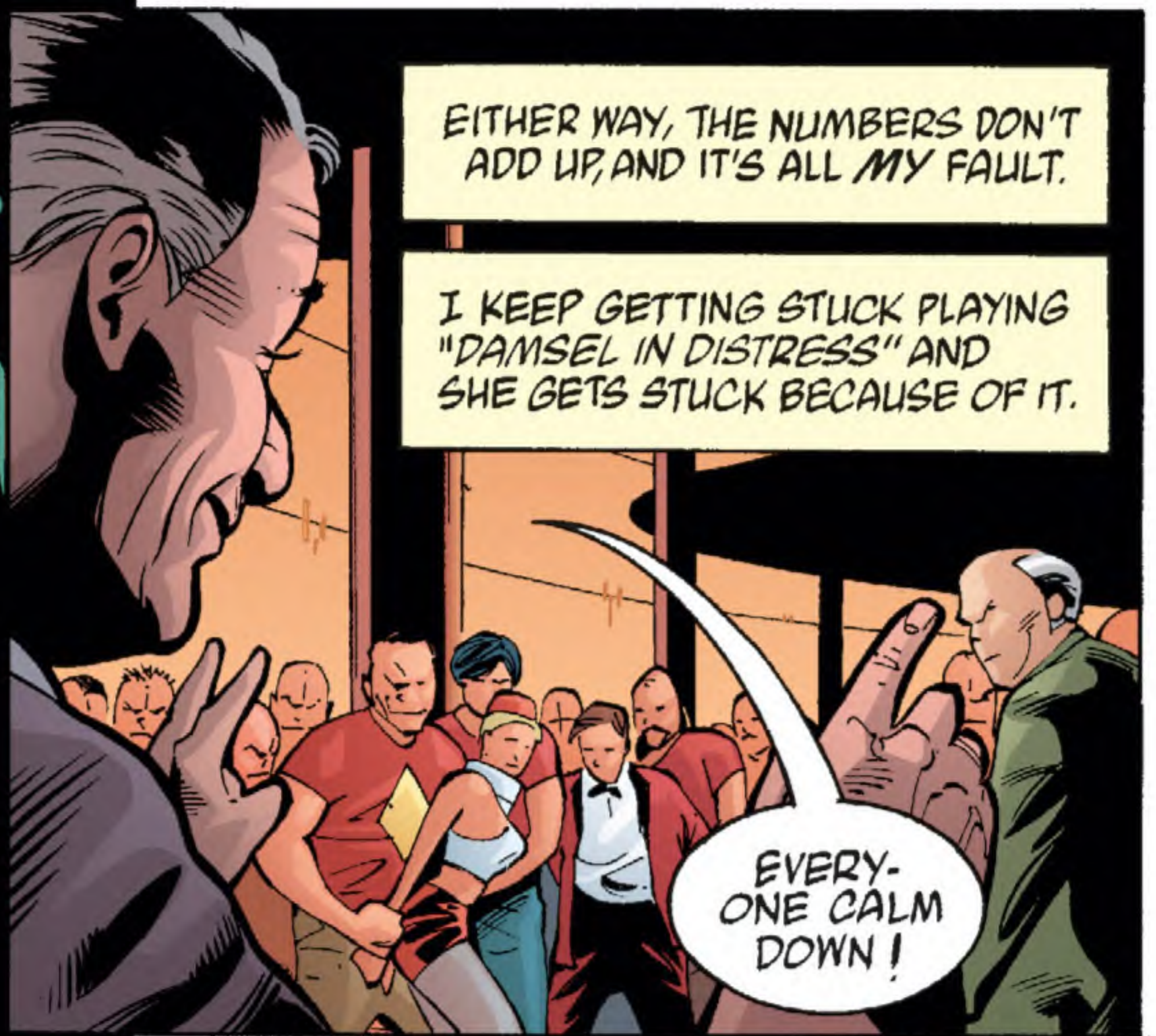


TWO WORDS I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HEAR COME OUT OF HER MOUTH.

WELL, BESIDES "I LOVE YOU, PIKE."



OKAY, THAT MAKES SIX WORDS.



EITHER WAY, THE NUMBERS DON'T ADD UP, AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT.

I KEEP GETTING STUCK PLAYING "DAMSEL IN DISTRESS" AND SHE GETS STUCK BECAUSE OF IT.

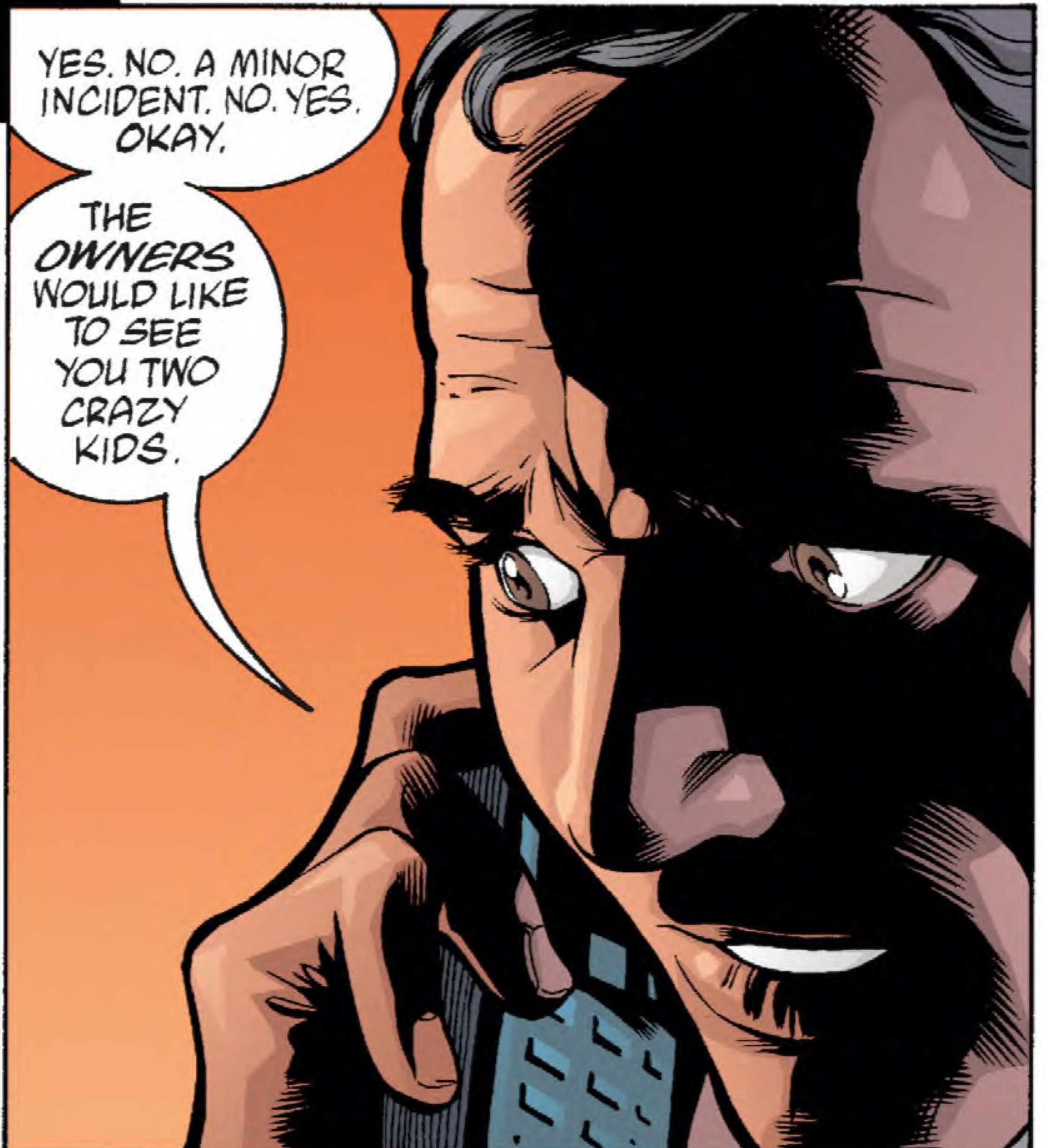
EVERY-ONE CALM DOWN!



TWENTY DOLLAR CHIPS ON THE HOUSE FOR EVERYONE!

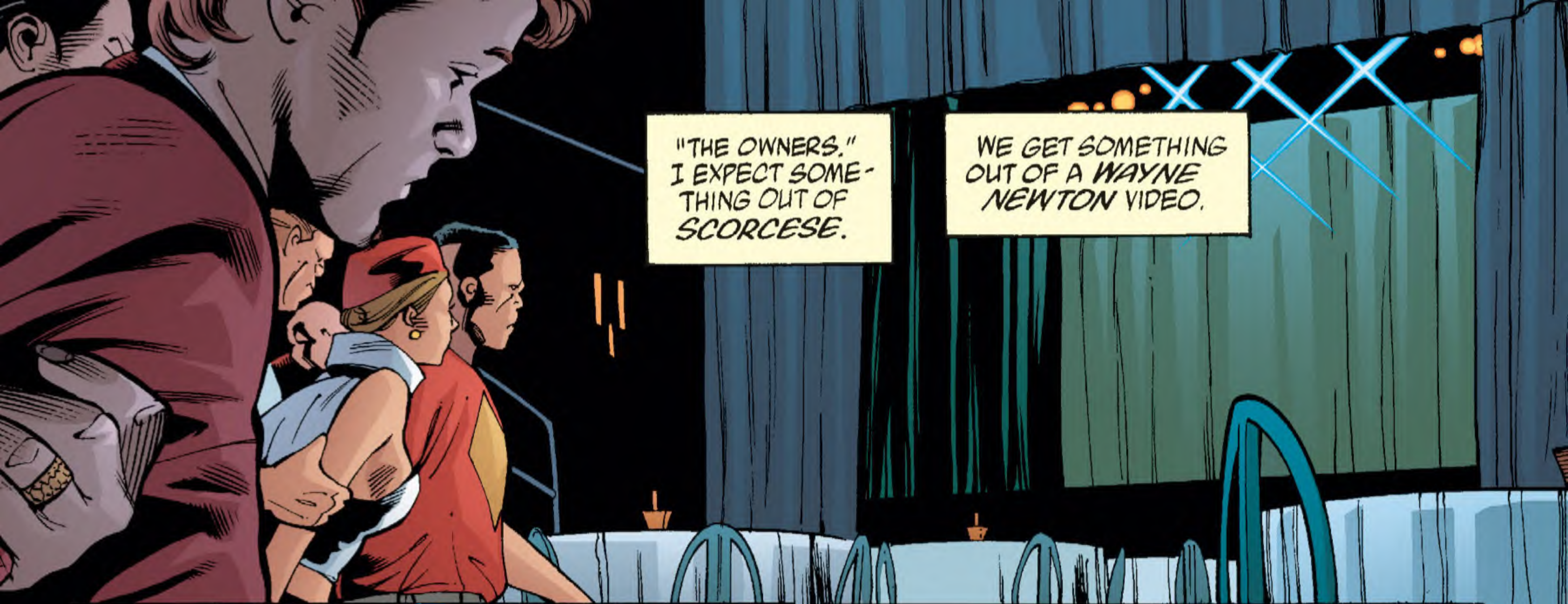
BREEP

HELLO.



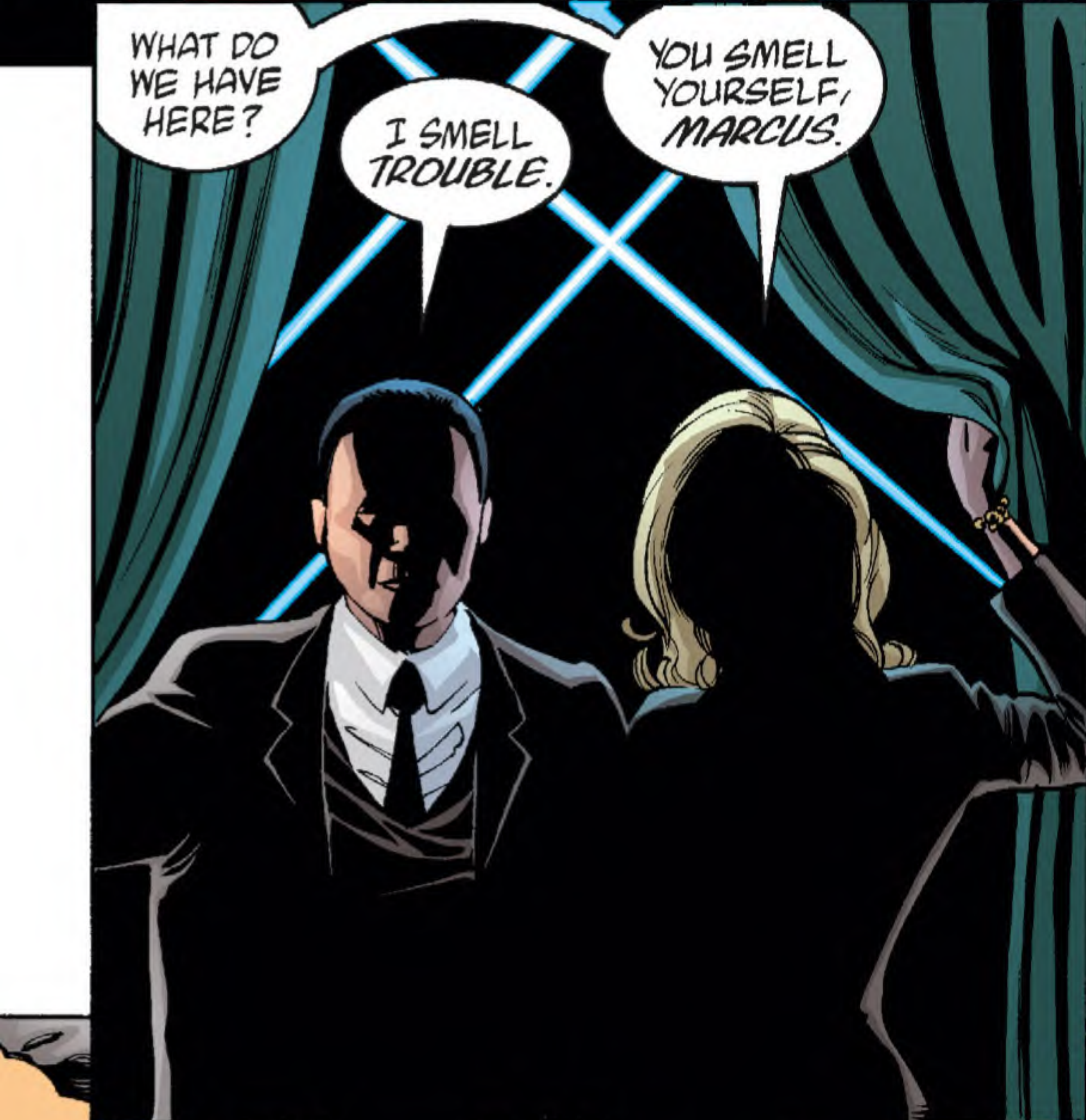
YES. NO. A MINOR INCIDENT. NO. YES. OKAY.

THE OWNERS WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU TWO CRAZY KIDS.



"THE OWNERS." I EXPECT SOME-
THING OUT OF
SCORCESE.

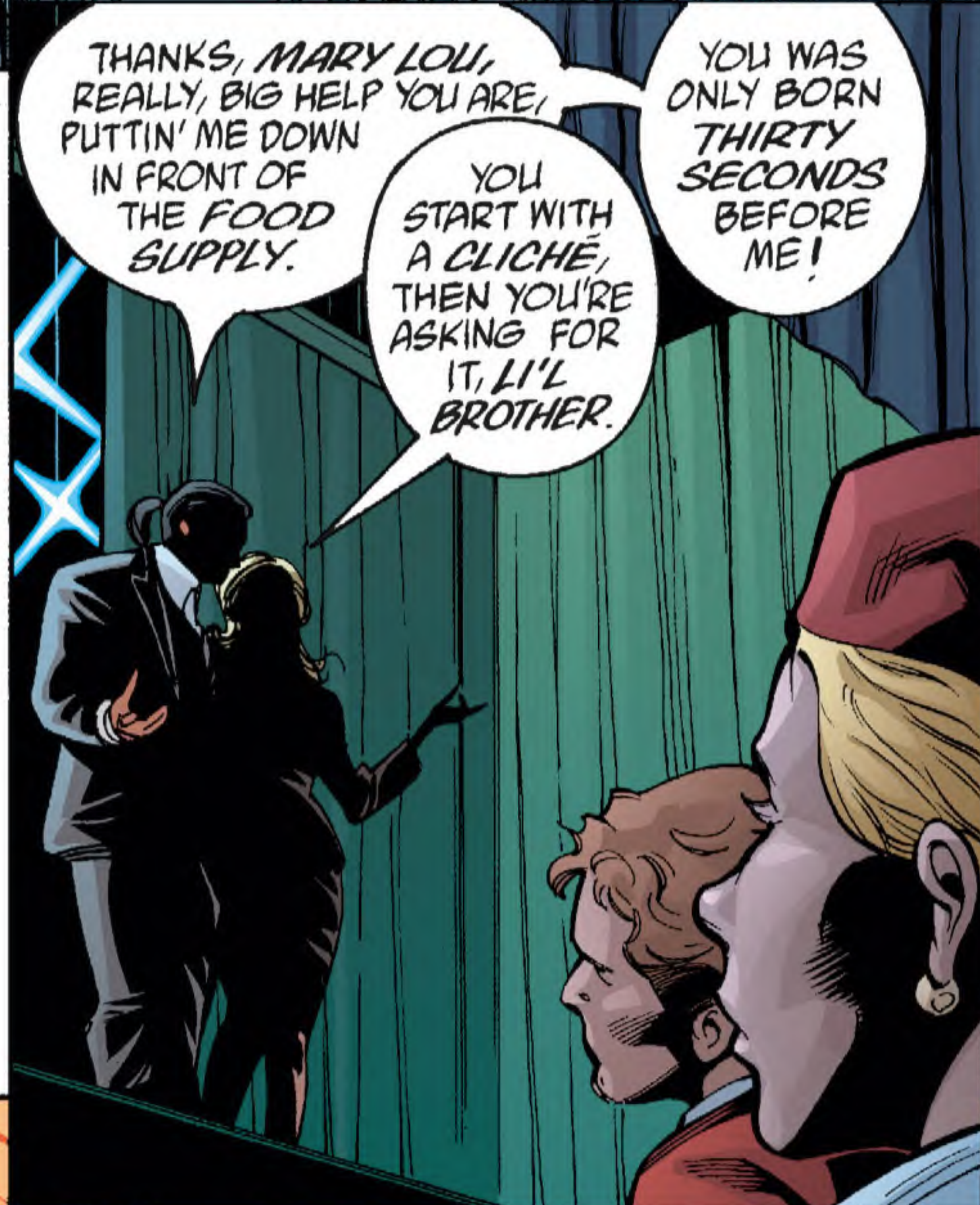
WE GET SOMETHING
OUT OF A WAYNE
NEWTON VIDEO.



WHAT DO
WE HAVE
HERE?

I SMELL
TROUBLE.

YOU SMELL
YOURSELF,
MARCUS.



THANKS, MARY LOU,
REALLY, BIG HELP YOU ARE,
PUTTIN' ME DOWN
IN FRONT OF
THE FOOD
SUPPLY.

YOU
START WITH
A CLICHÉ,
THEN YOU'RE
ASKING FOR
IT, LI'L
BROTHER.

YOU WAS
ONLY BORN
THIRTY
SECONDS
BEFORE
ME!



FAIR
'NOUGH--BUT
STOP WITH
THE "I SMELL
TROUBLE,"
OKAY?

'CAUSE
IF THERE'S
ONE THING
WE'RE NOT--





TERM'S
"CONJOINED
TWIN'S." I LOVE
THE LOOK ON
PEOPLE'S
FACES...

HOWDY,
MEAT. I'M
MARCUS SIDLE. THIS
IS MY SISTER, MARY LOU.
YOU ASKIN' HOW COME
HE IS AN' SHE'S
NOT?



"LONG STORY,
SHORT..."

"OUR GRAND-DADDY, *GARNER
SIDLE*, STARTED A GAMBLIN'
DEN MORE'N *SEVENTY* YEARS
AGO--FIRST ONE UP, BEFORE
BUGSY SIEGEL CAME INTO TOWN.

"HE GOT BIT BY A VAMP 'ROUND
1930, BUT KEPT RUNNIN' THE PLACE.

"AFTER DADDY GREW UP, HE RAN
THE PLACE BY DAY--TURNED
DEBTORS INTO FOOD FOR
GRAMPS--PLACE GREW,
VAMPS LIKED IT HERE--

"--GRANDPA SORTA GOT VAMPIRE ALZHEIMERS
AN' HE TURNED ME--BUT MARY LOU STAKED
HIM 'FORE HE COULD NIP HER.

"WE'RE KINDA STUCK LIKE THIS
NOW--NO PUN INTENDED."



NOT THE MOST FUNCTIONAL
O' FAMILIES, I'LL GIVE Y'ALL
THAT MUCH...



"...BUT NAME ME ONE FAMILY THAT IS NORMAL?"

LOS ANGELES.
THE SUMMERS
RESIDENCE.

DON'T
YOU EVEN CARE,
HANK?

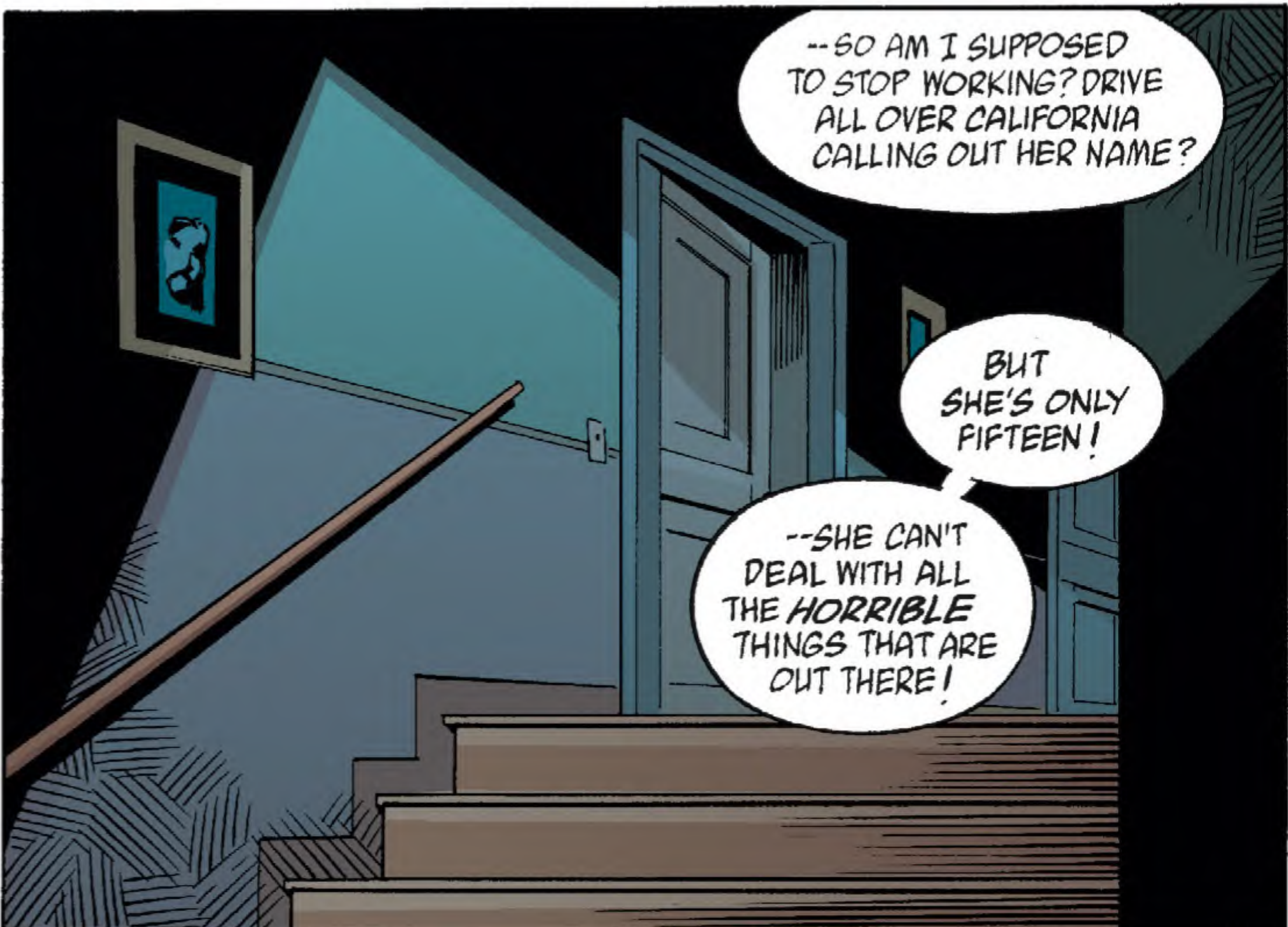
OF COURSE I
DO, JOYCE--



--BUT WHAT
CAN WE DO?

THE POLICE
SAID HER
FRIEND PIKE IS
MISSING,
TOO--

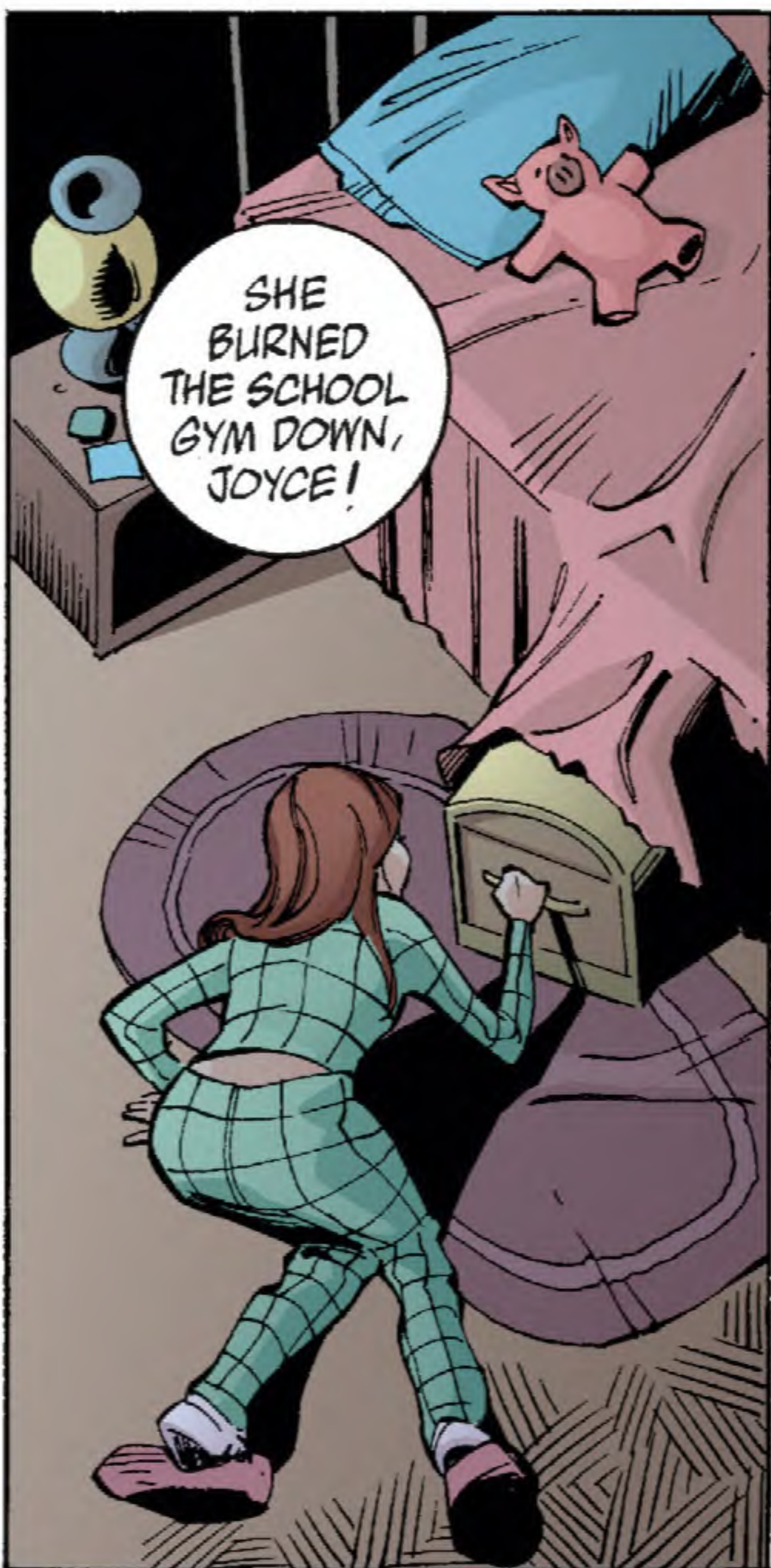
--THEY RAN
AWAY SOMEWHERE--
WE DON'T KNOW
WHERE--



--SO AM I SUPPOSED
TO STOP WORKING? DRIVE
ALL OVER CALIFORNIA
CALLING OUT HER NAME?

BUT
SHE'S ONLY
FIFTEEN!

--SHE CAN'T
DEAL WITH ALL
THE HORRIBLE
THINGS THAT ARE
OUT THERE!



SHE
BURNED
THE SCHOOL
GYM DOWN,
JOYCE!



WE HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT
SHE'D BEEN DOING
BEFORE SHE
RAN AWAY.

BUFFY'S
DIARY

"I MEAN, WHO CAN BE EXPECTED TO KNOW WHAT THEIR KIDS ARE UP TO TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY?"

THE WATCHER'S COUNCIL
OUTSIDE OF LONDON...

THE
ALLEGATIONS
RAISED AGAINST
YOU ARE
SERIOUS.

I CAN'T TELL
YOU HOW
DISAPPOINTED
I AM WITH YOU,
MR. GILES.

I UNDER-
STAND, QUENTIN,
BUT IF I MAY...

DENY THE
CHARGES?

HAVE YOU ENGAGED IN
RITUALS INVOLVING **BLACK
MAGICKS**--

--TO ELIMINATE
WILLEM BRYARDALE
AS YOUR COMPETITION
FOR THE POSITION OF
WATCHER?

I DO INDEED,
DENY IT--QUITE
YEHEMENTLY.

I CAN PROVE
IT TO YOU, BUT
WE MUST GO TO
BRYARDALE'S
DORMITORY...

WE'RE HERE. I
SEE NOTHING
UNTOWARD.

BACK
AWAY A
BIT...



EGRAJIA
VANAHALLA
PERMUSERA
PERMUSERREE!



OH.

I USED
BLACK ARTS ONLY
AS A MEANS TO
EXPOSE BRYARDALE'S
ACTIVITIES!



QUITE
THE IRONIC
CONUNDRUM,
ISN'T IT,
RUPERT?



BY SEEKING TO
PREVENT MY
DERAILMENT OF YOUR
CANDIDACY FOR
WATCHER--

--*YOU* HAVE
ENGAGED IN THE VERY
ILLICIT ACTIVITIES THAT
WILL DRUM ME FROM
THE COUNCIL!



AH, WELL.
I IMAGINE IT WILL
ALL BE A MOOT
POINT RATHER
SHORTLY...

...FOR YOU
WILL ALL BE
QUITE
DEAD!

AND I THOUGHT
I WAS JOINED
TO BUFFY AT
THE HIP!

IF THESE TWO
WEREN'T SO
SCARY, THEY'D
BE FUNNY.

BUFFY MOVES LIKE
GREASED LIGHTNING.

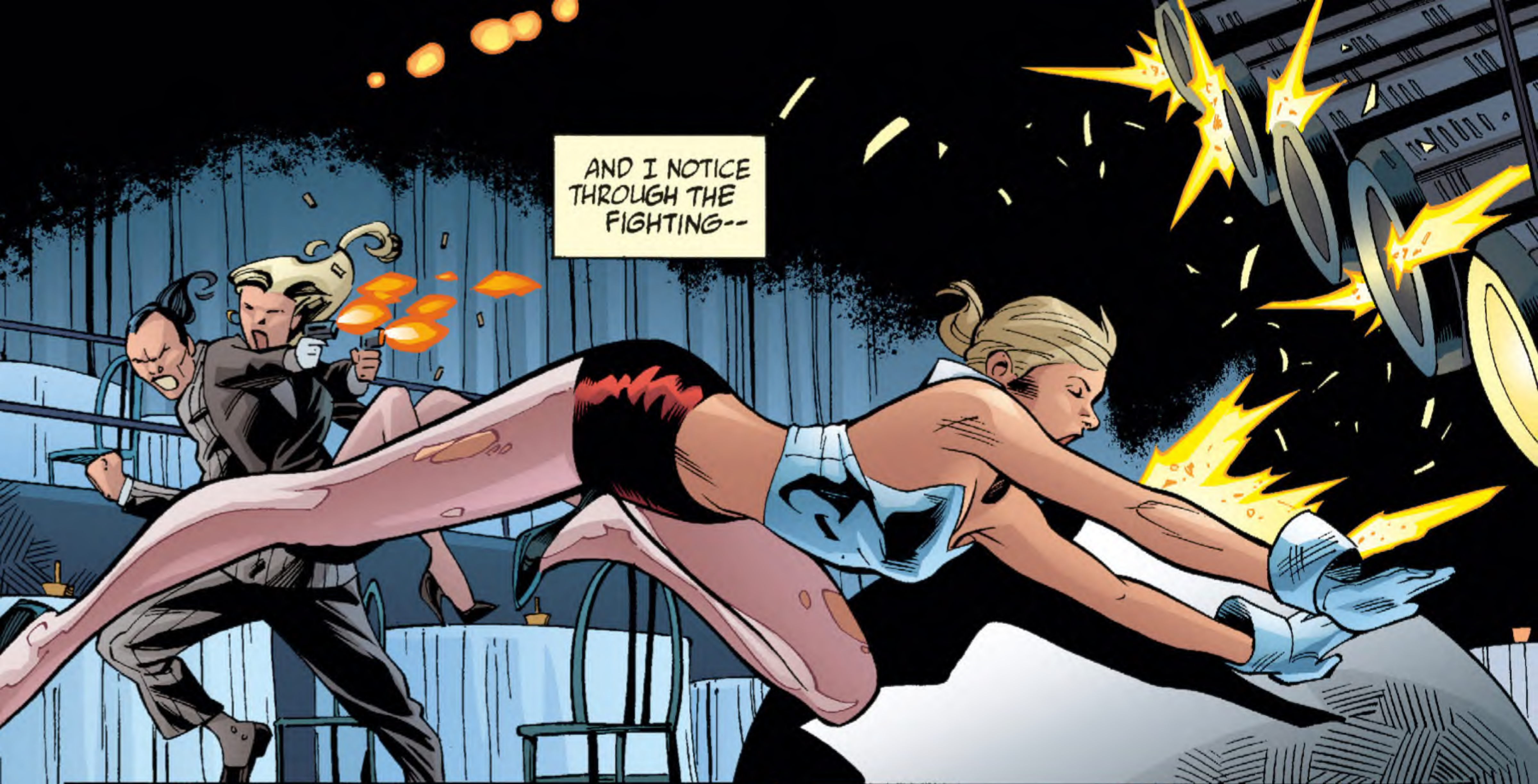
I FIND A
HIDING
PLACE.

THE TWINS HAVE IT
PRETTY WELL WORKED
OUT BY NOW.

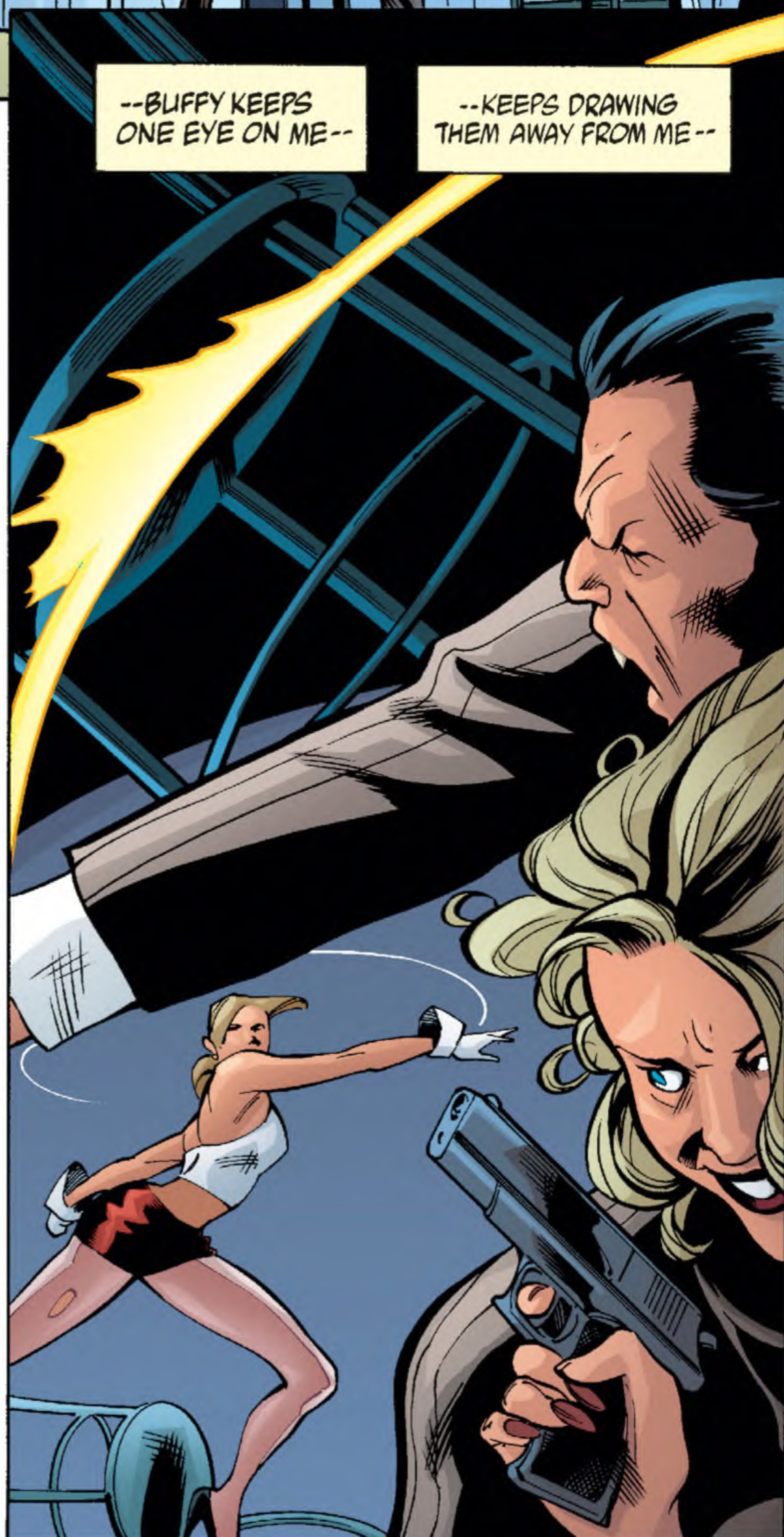
HE HAS VAMPIRE STRENGTH, SPEED--
HE DRAGS HER ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

BUT SHE SHOOTS THOSE GUNS LIKE
SHE'S *MRS. N.R.A.-U.S.A.*





AND I NOTICE
THROUGH THE
FIGHTING--



--BUFFY KEEPS
ONE EYE ON ME--

--KEEPS DRAWING
THEM AWAY FROM ME--



--MAYBE HOPING I'LL
MAKE A BREAK FOR IT.

BUT SHE MIGHT
NEED MY HELP ...



OR I COULD BE
FORCING HER
TO HOLD BACK.



I DON'T KNOW ANYMORE.

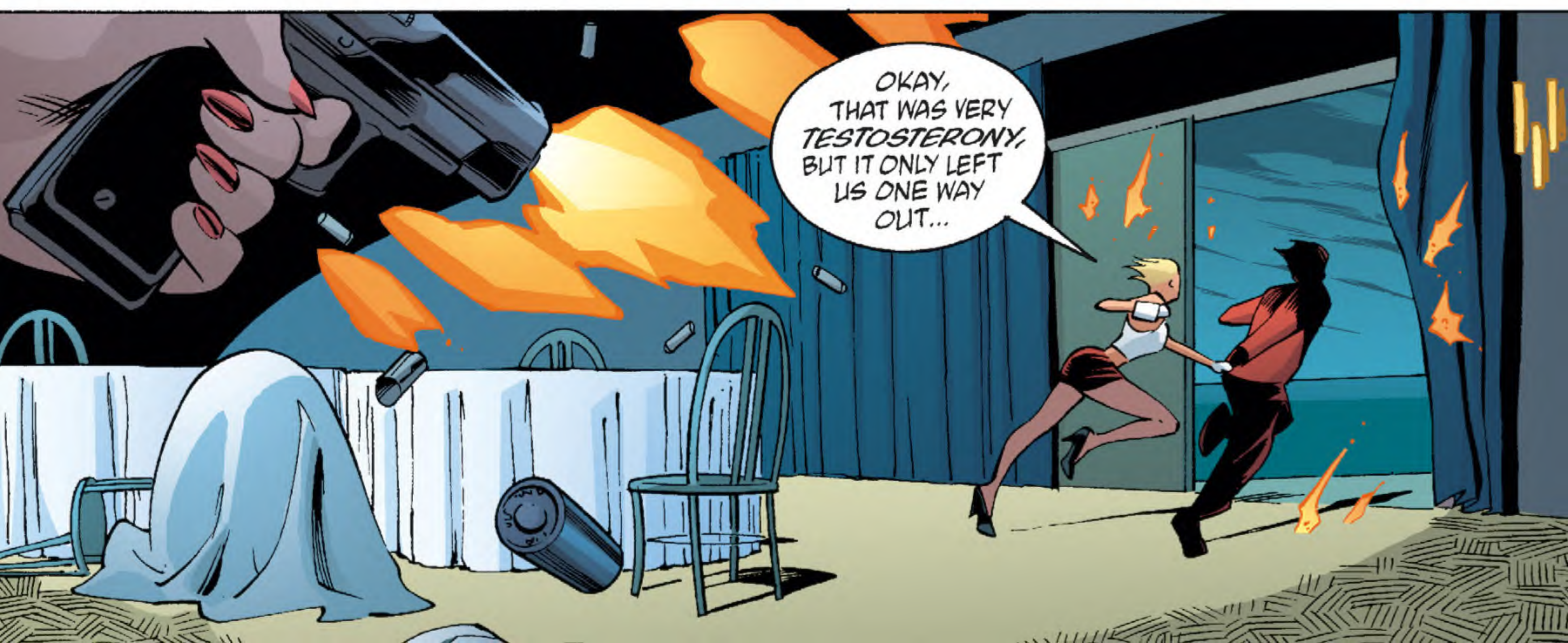


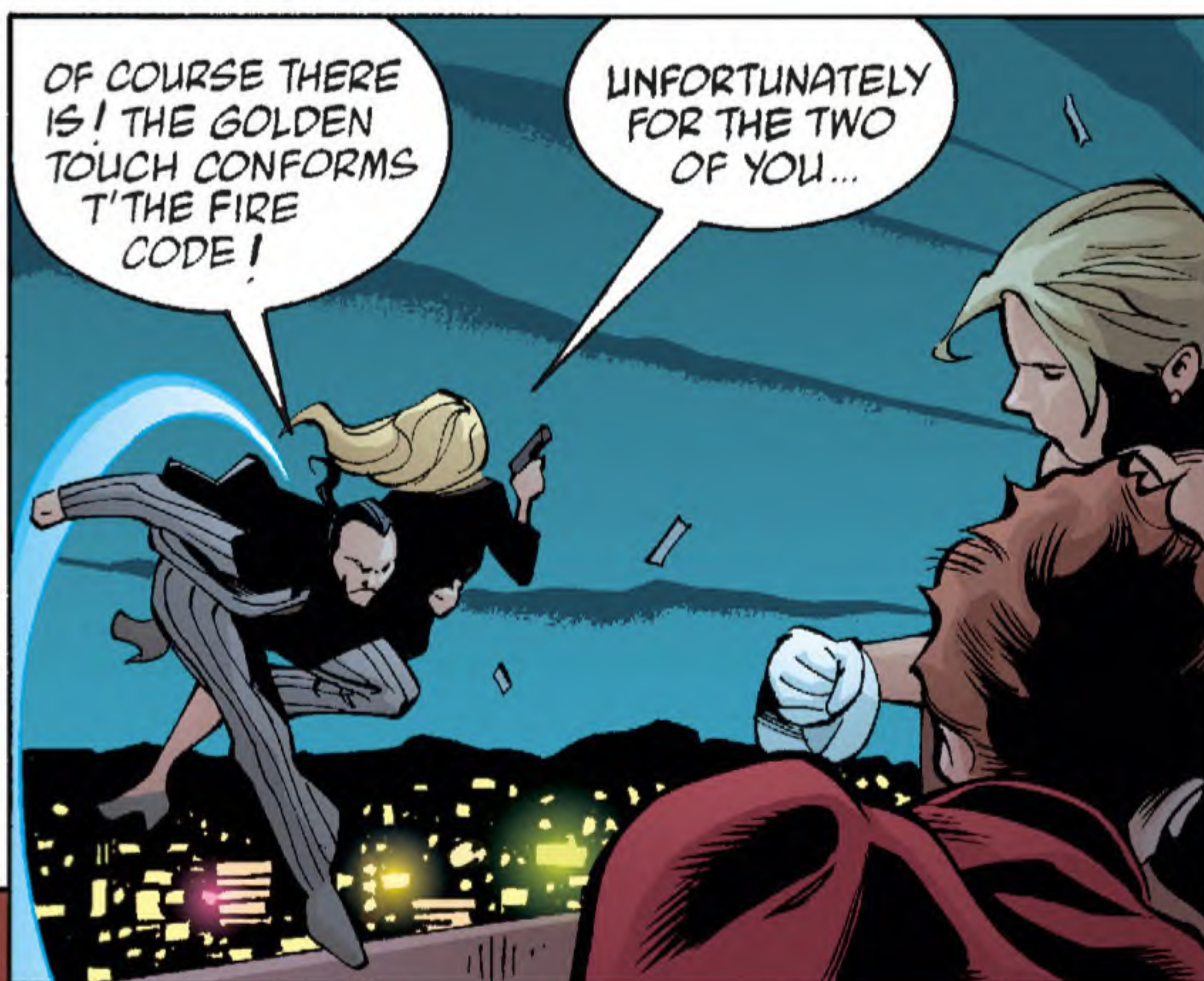
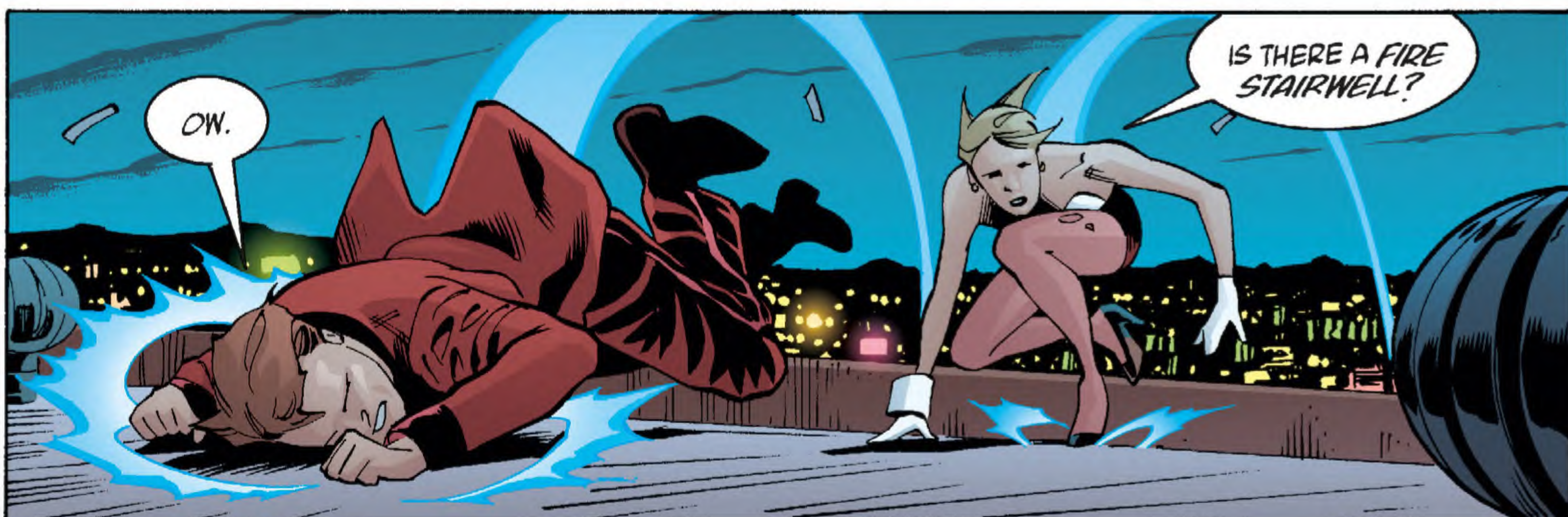
NO, THAT'S BULL.
I DO KNOW.

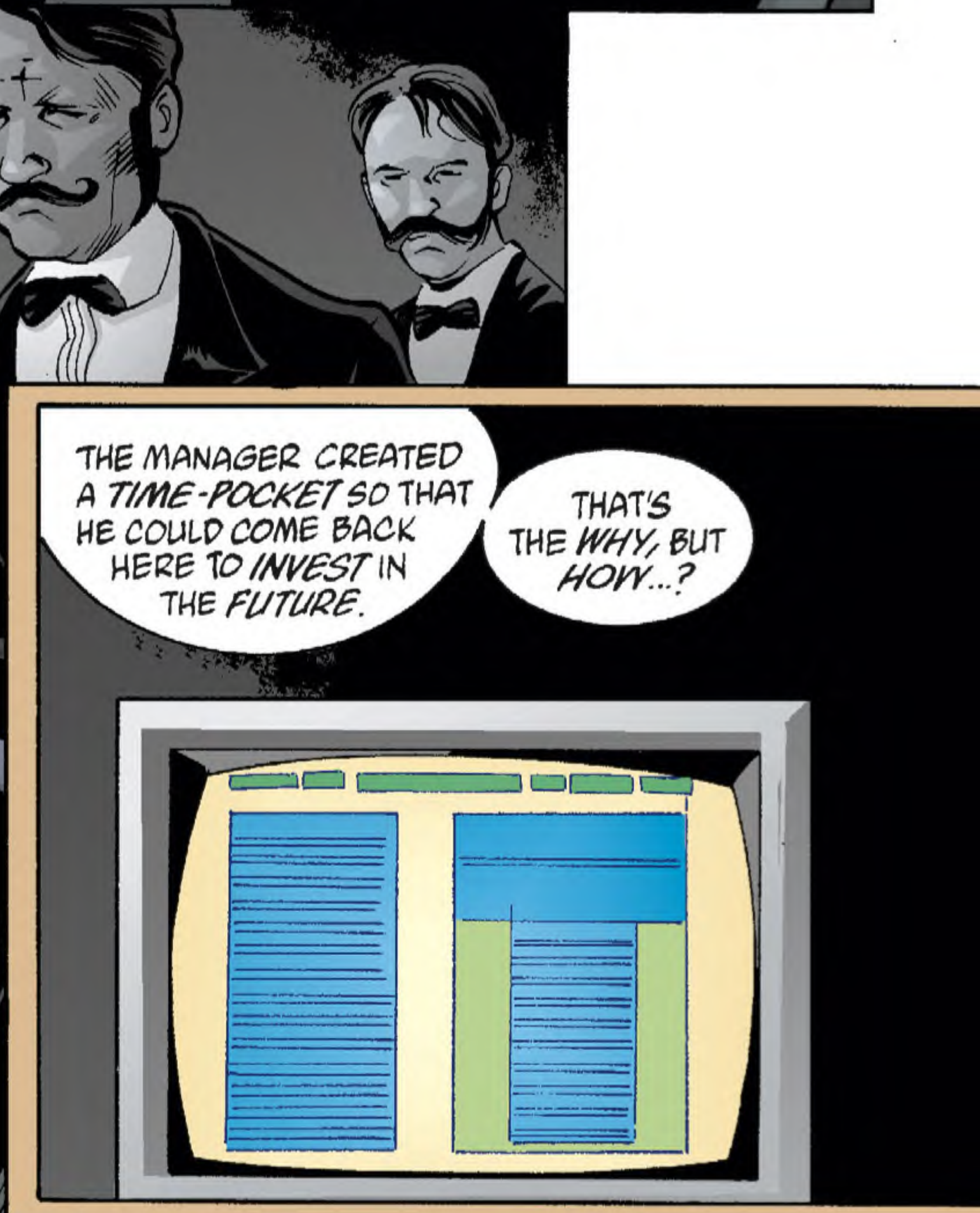


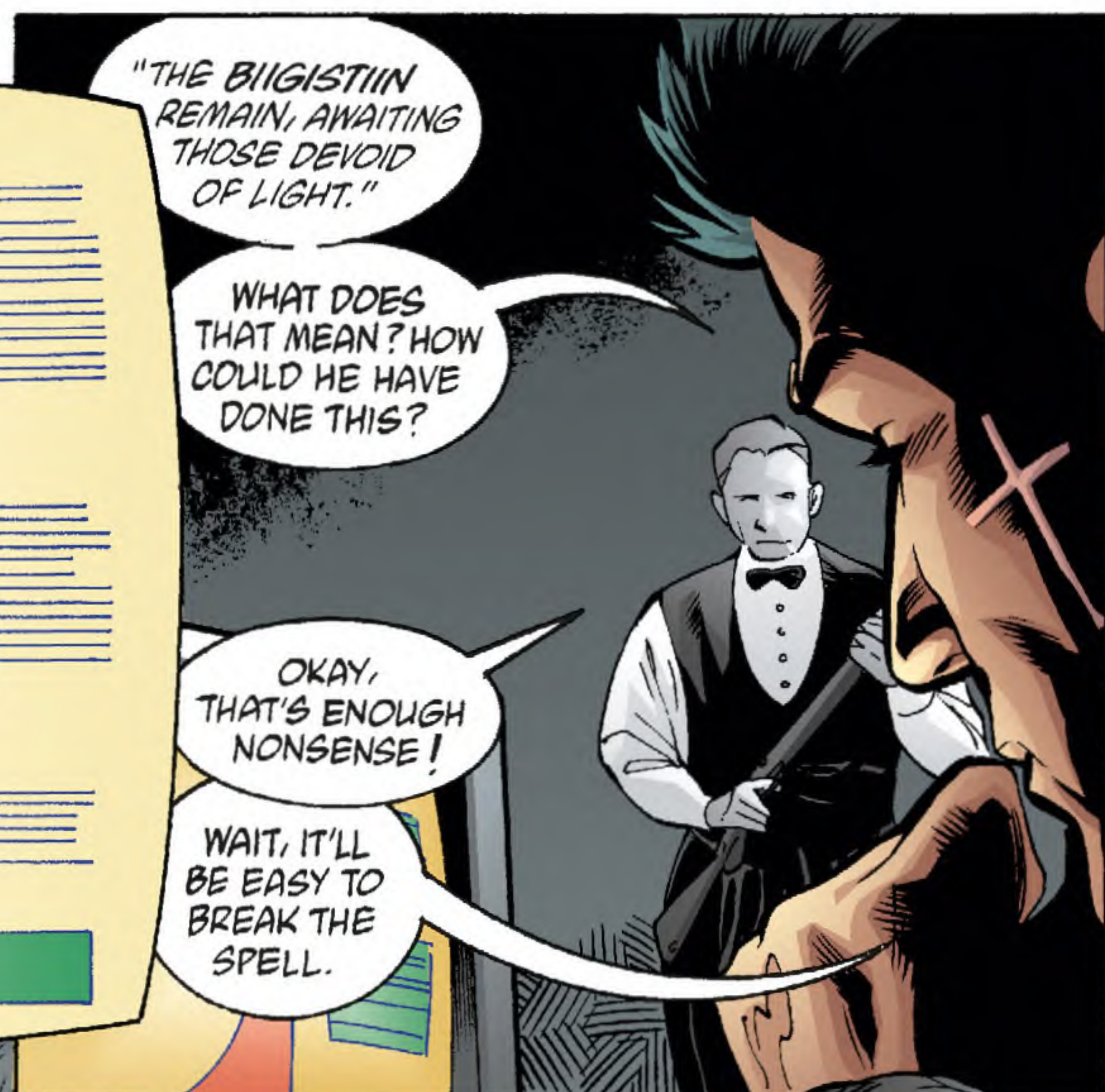
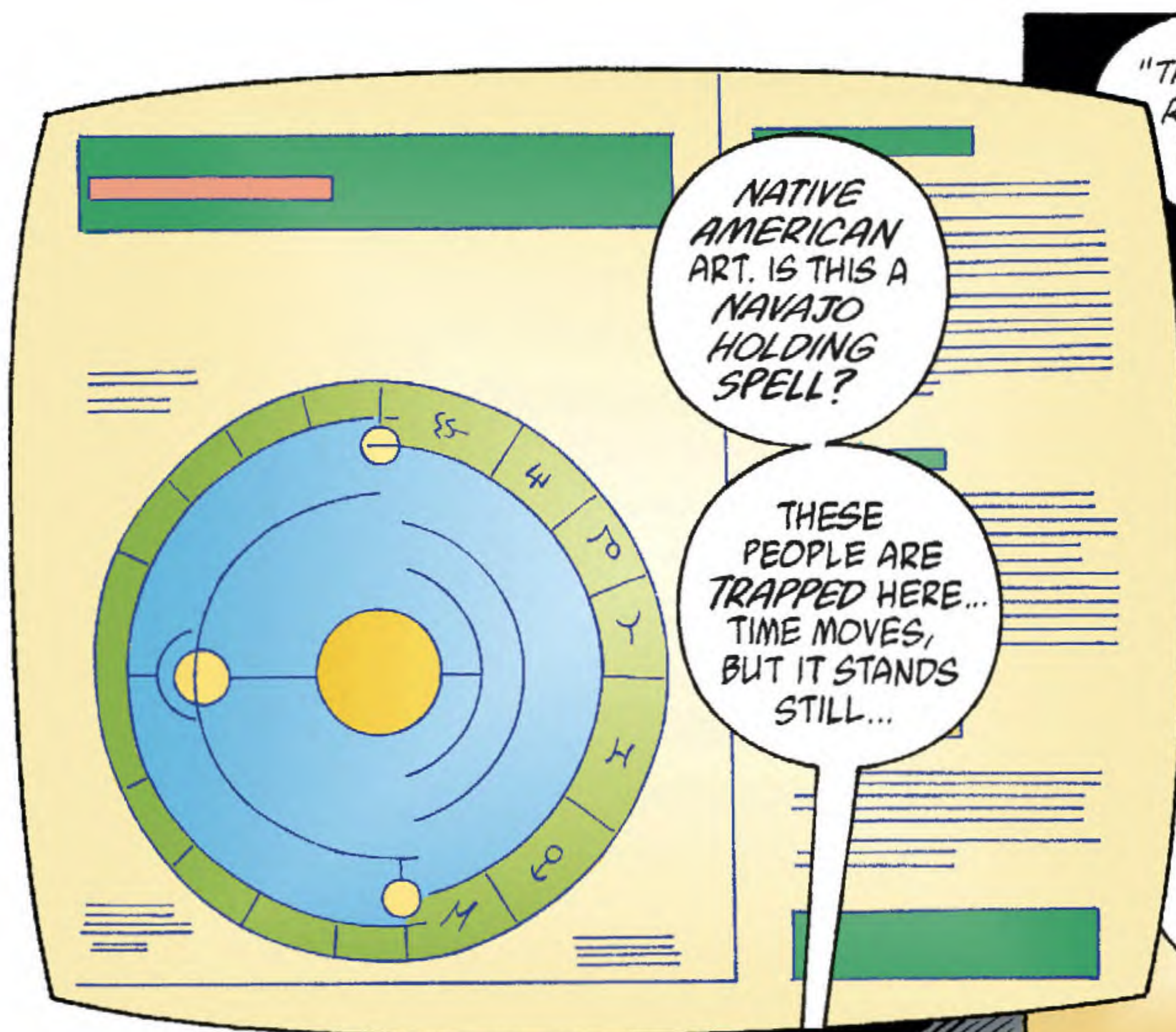
I HAVE TO
MAKE A
CHOICE.

HIDING DISTRACTS
HER. RUNNING KILLS
ME. SO...





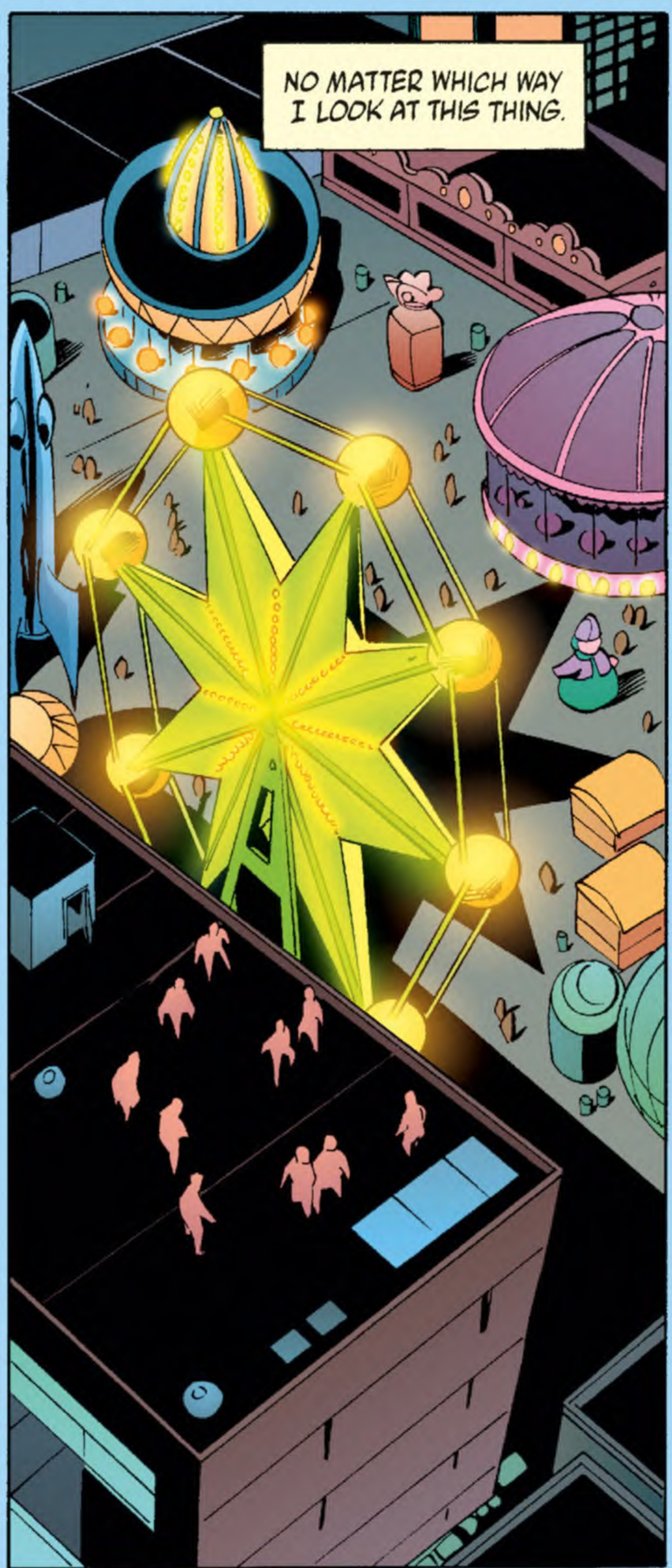




SEE, AND I KEEP COMING
BACK TO THE SAME ANSWER.



NO MATTER WHICH WAY
I LOOK AT THIS THING.



WITHOUT ME, SHE
COULD PROBABLY
BEAT THEM ALL.





OR AT THE
VERY LEAST,
ESCAPE.



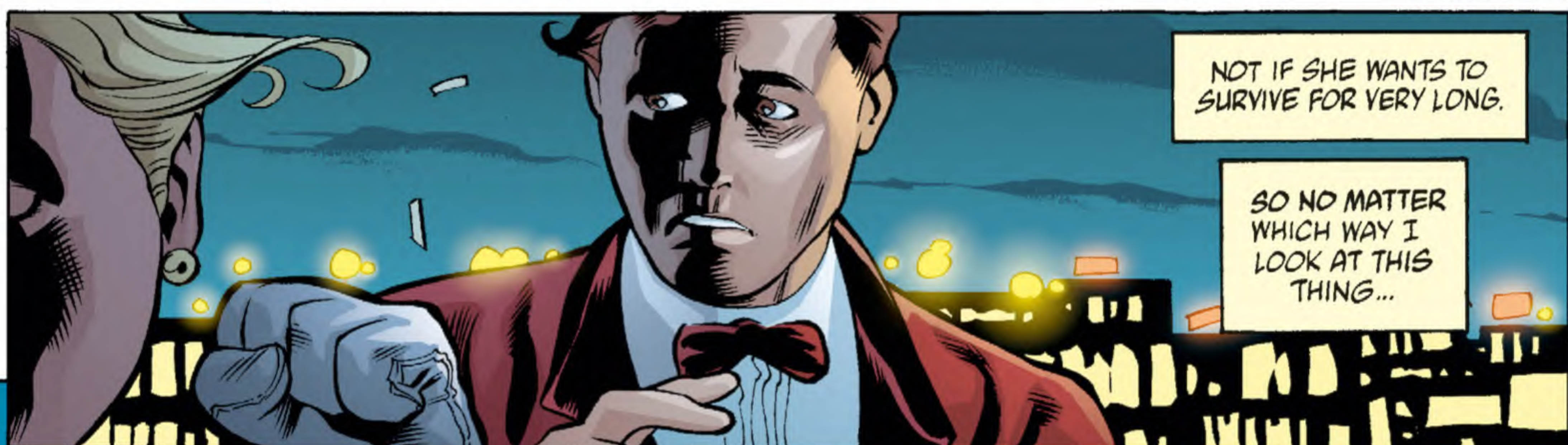
BUT SHE'S GOTTA WORRY
ABOUT FIGHTING THEM
AND PROTECTING ME.

AGAIN.



THE NUMBERS
DON'T ADD UP.

THE SLAYER CAN'T
BE WORRIED ABOUT
HER FRIENDS OR
HER FAMILY.



NOT IF SHE WANTS TO
SURVIVE FOR VERY LONG.

SO NO MATTER
WHICH WAY I
LOOK AT THIS
THING...



...I KEEP COMING UP WITH
ONLY ONE SIMPLE WAY
TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

I HAVE TO TAKE MYSELF
OUT OF THE EQUATION.

PIKE?!!





PIKE!!

YOUR
FRIEND IS *STREET*
PIZZA RIGHT
ABOUT NOW!

AND THE
SLAYER GETS
TO BE THE
PEPPERONI!!

PIKE...

A.K.M.



BASTARDS!

YOU'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

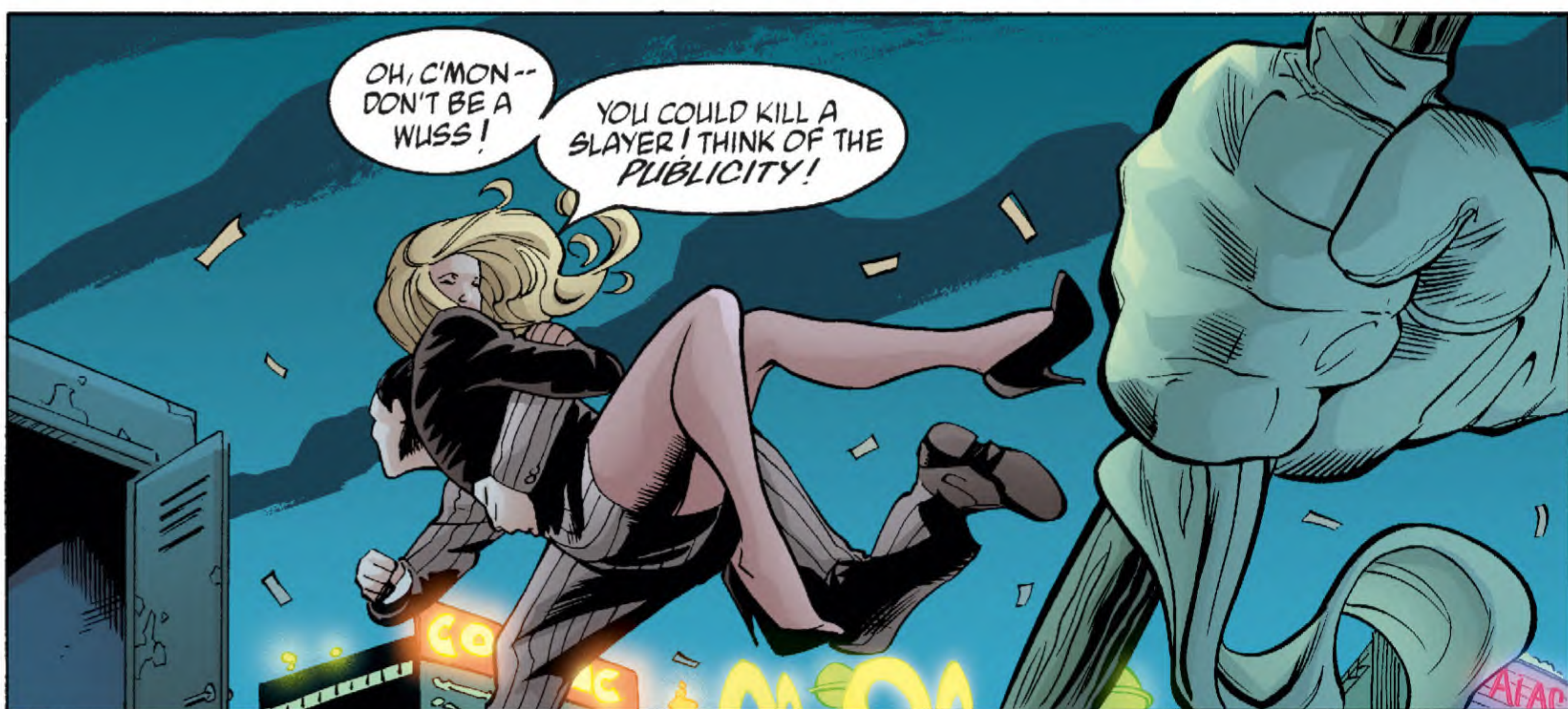
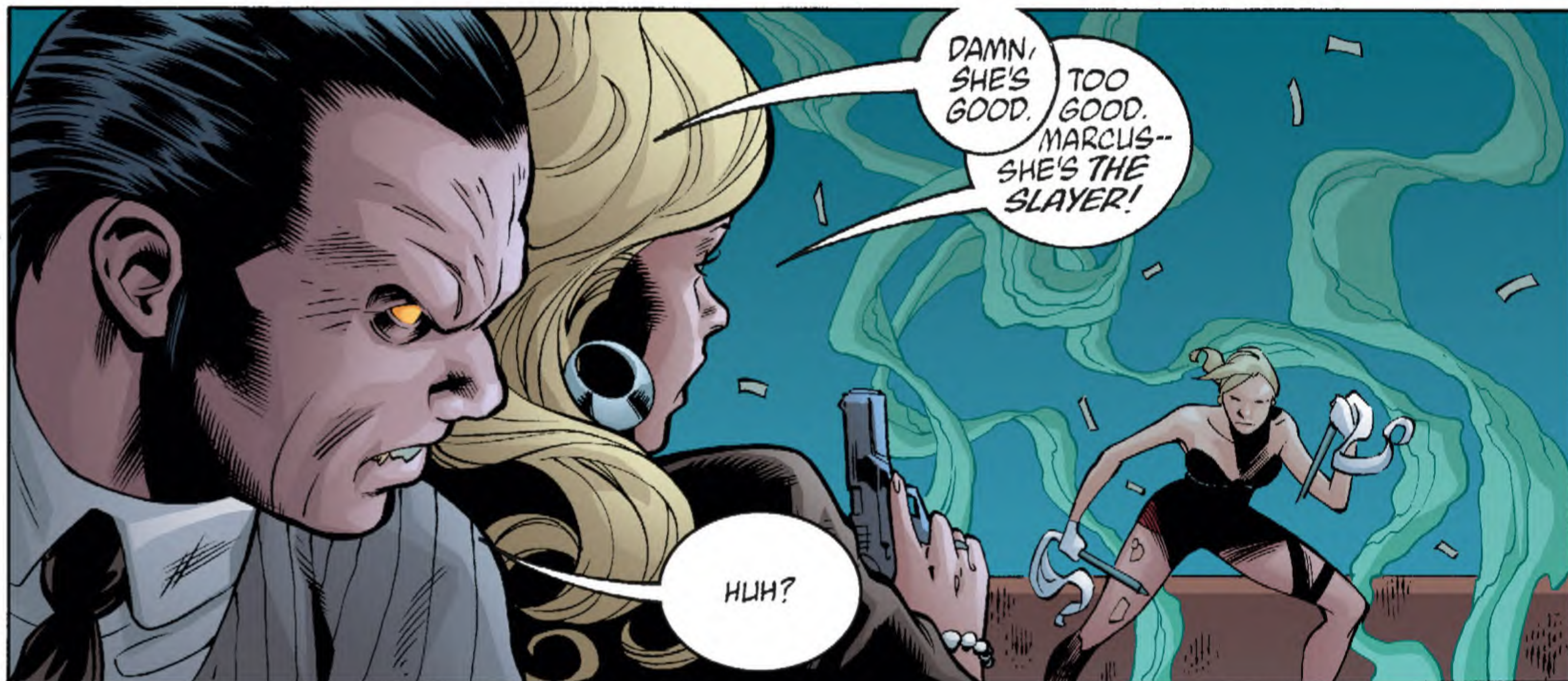
EVERY

SINGLE

ONE OF YOU!!

SONG



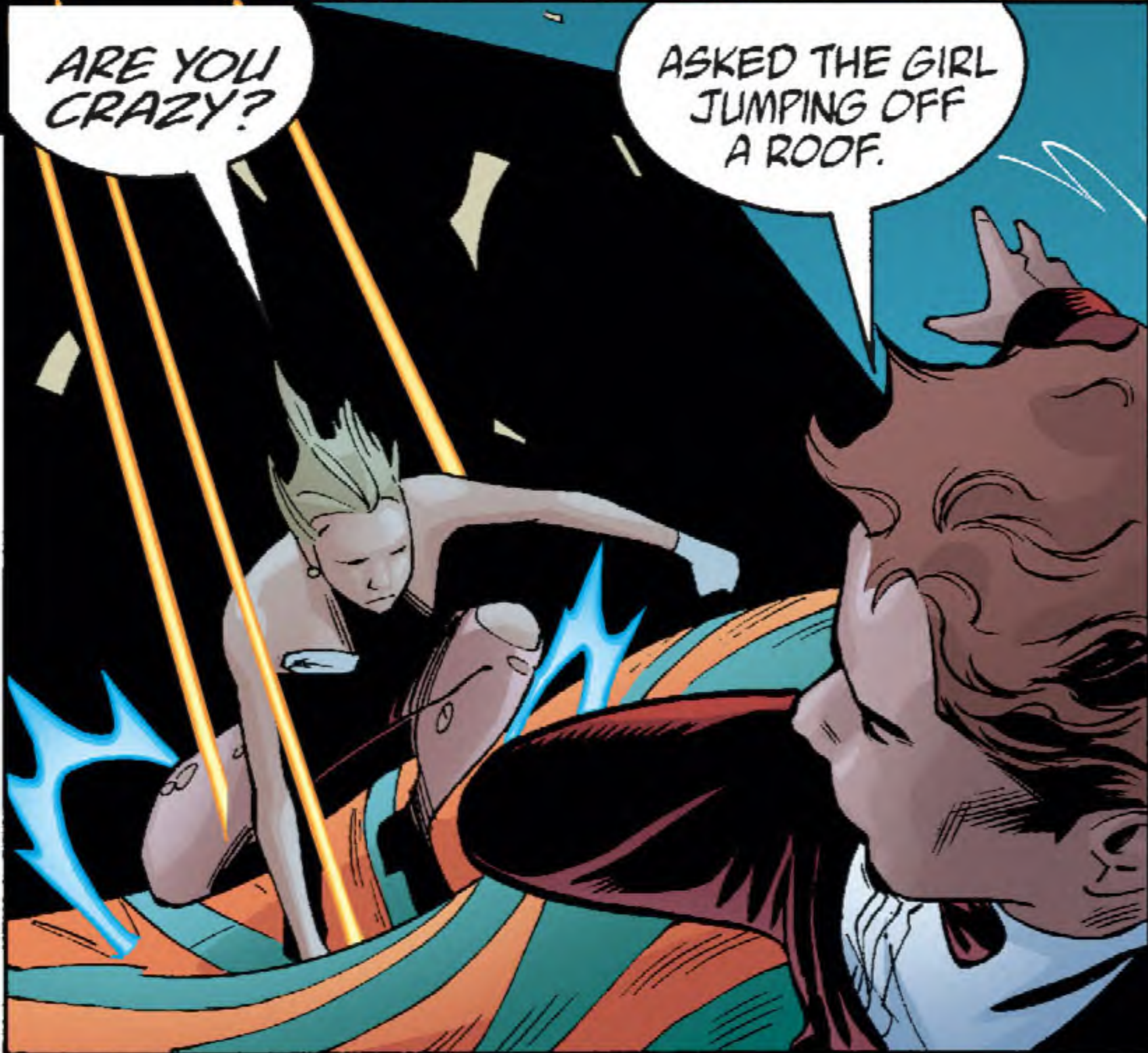




OW.

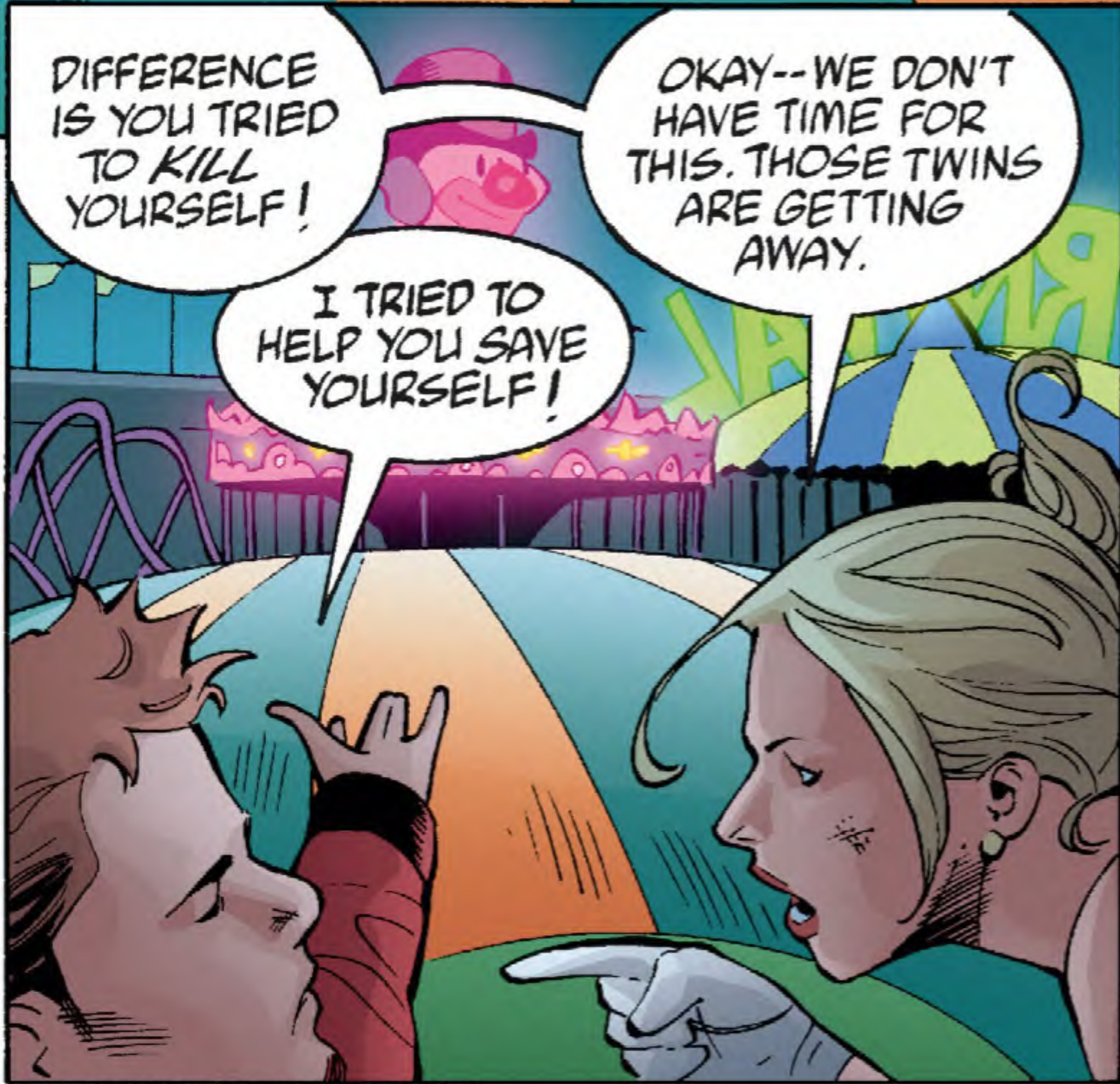
I CAN'T EVEN SACRIFICE MYSELF WITHOUT SCREWING UP.

THEN AGAIN, I'M ALIVE AND SHE'S ALIVE, SO MAYBE THAT WAS A SMART CALL ON MY PART.



ARE YOU CRAZY?

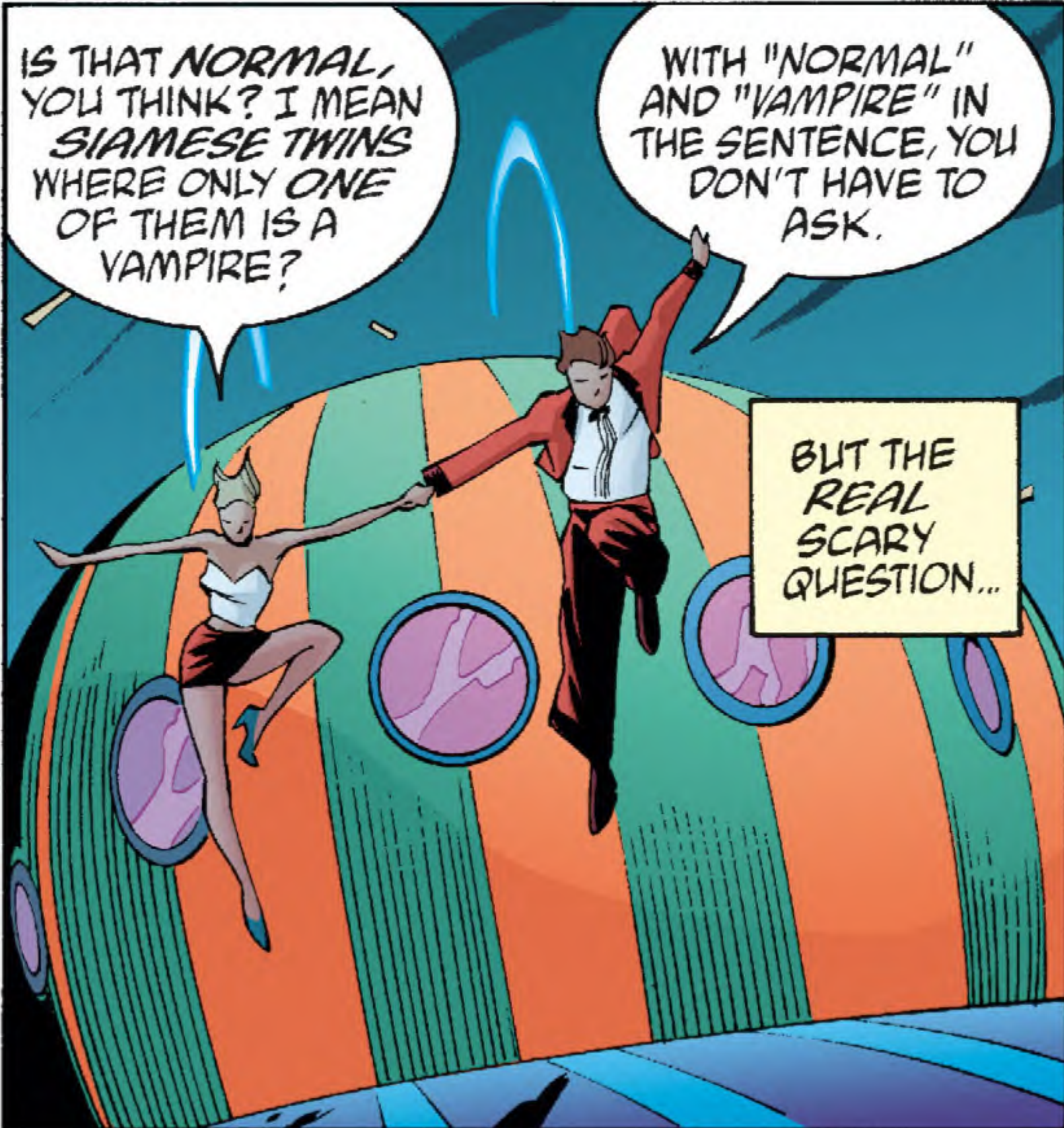
ASKED THE GIRL JUMPING OFF A ROOF.



DIFFERENCE IS YOU TRIED TO KILL YOURSELF!

OKAY--WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. THOSE TWINS ARE GETTING AWAY.

I TRIED TO HELP YOU SAVE YOURSELF!



IS THAT NORMAL, YOU THINK? I MEAN SIAMESE TWINS WHERE ONLY ONE OF THEM IS A VAMPIRE?

WITH "NORMAL" AND "VAMPIRE" IN THE SENTENCE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK.

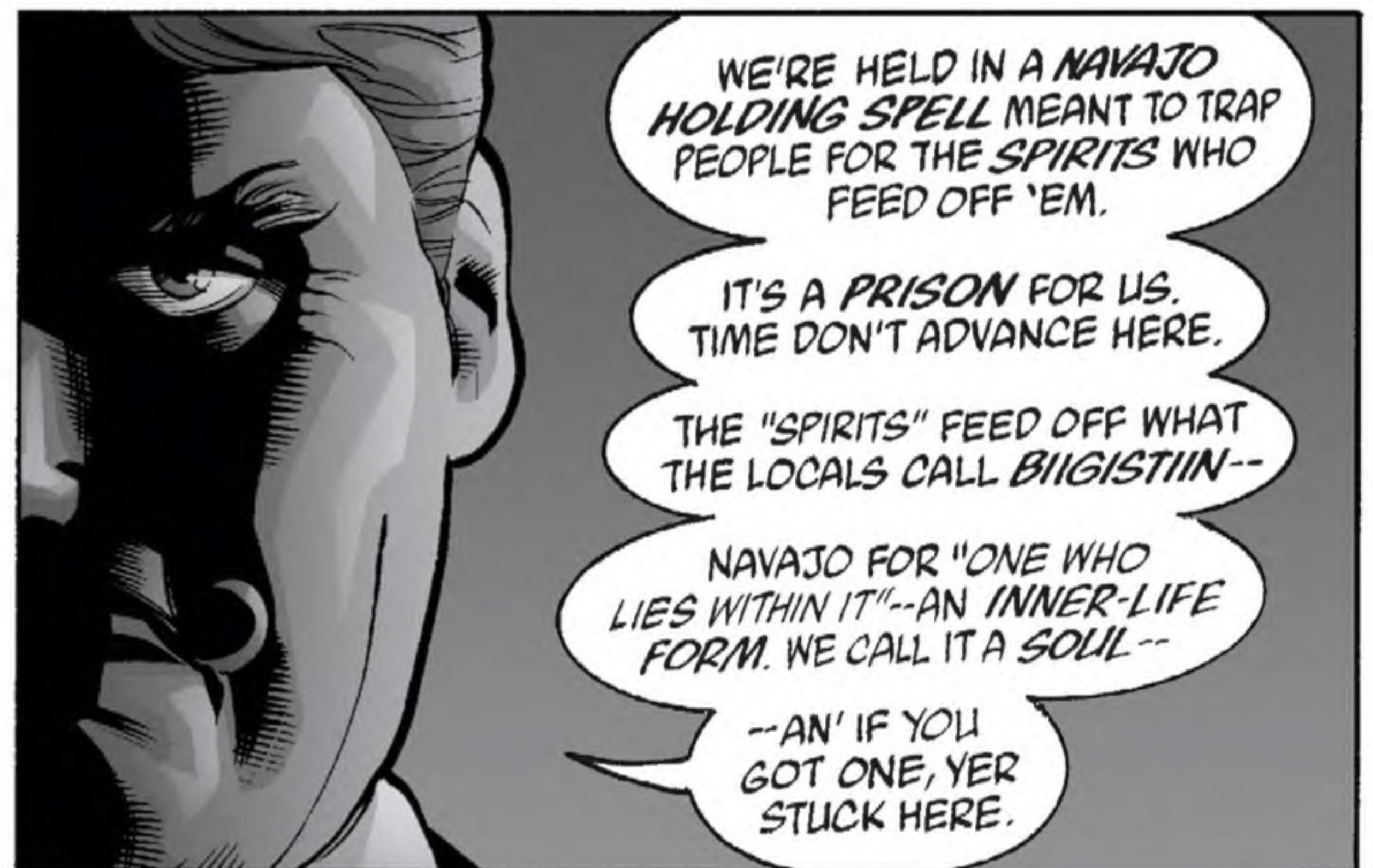
BUT THE REAL SCARY QUESTION...



...IS THIS BECOMING NORMAL FOR HER?

AM NOT.

ARE TOO.









"...SO I COULD BE THERE
TO WATCH OVER YOU..."

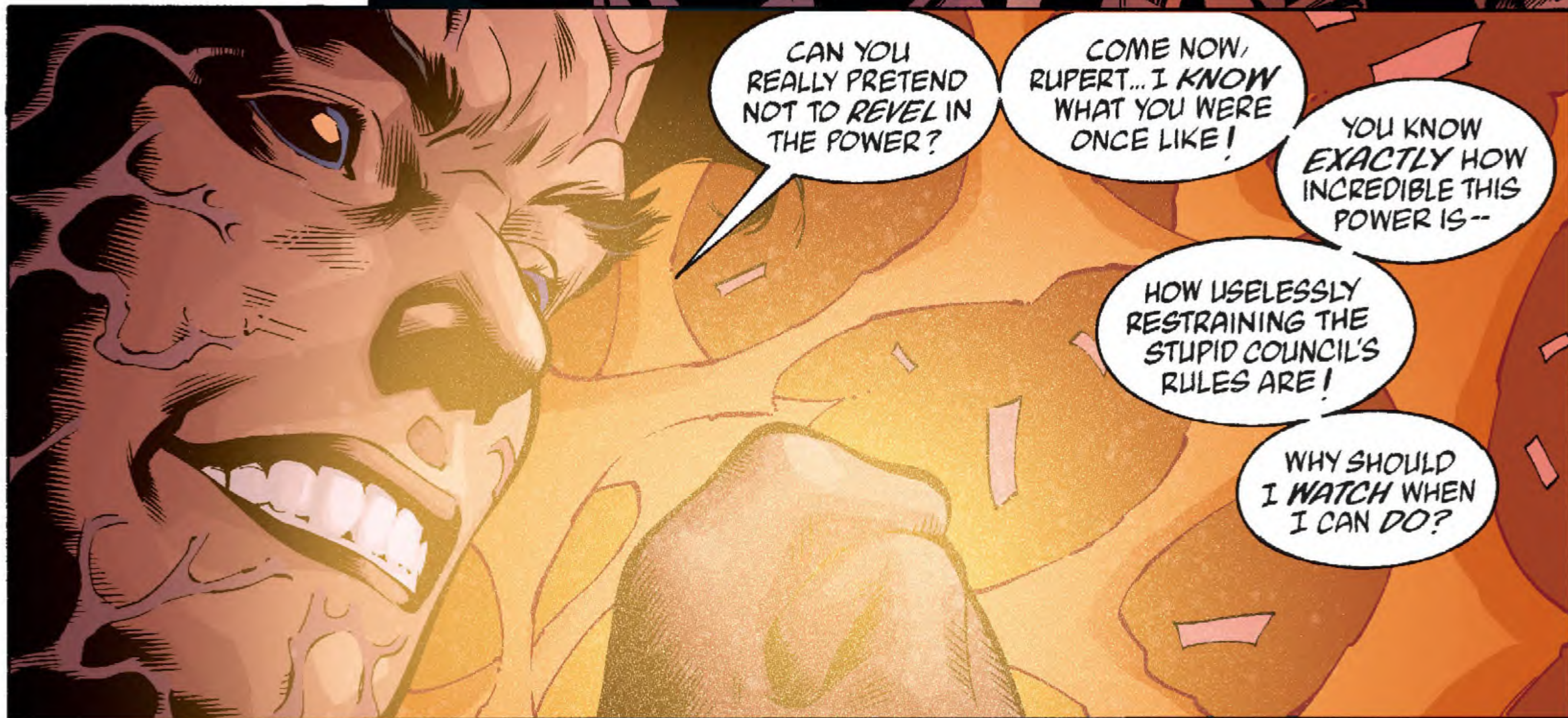
THE WATCHER'S
COUNCIL, OUTSIDE
OF LONDON.

YOU
SEE HOW
IRONIC
IT ALL
IS?

ON THE OUTSIDE,
RUPERT GILES AND
WILLEM BRYARDALE IN
A PROPERLY MEEK COMPETI-
TION TO BECOME THE
SLAYER'S NEW
WATCHER--

--BUT ON THE
INSIDE, BOTH ARE
WILLING TO GO TO
EXTREME LENGTHS
TO ACHIEVE THAT
VAUNTED
POSITION!

NO--WILLEM--
EVERYTHING I DID--
WAS TO STOP YOUR ATTEMPTS
TO USE **BLACK MAGIC**--
TO INFLUENCE THE COUNCIL'S
CHOICE...



CAN YOU
REALLY PRETEND
NOT TO REVEL IN
THE POWER?

COME NOW,
RUPERT... I KNOW
WHAT YOU WERE
ONCE LIKE!

YOU KNOW
EXACTLY HOW
INCREDIBLE THIS
POWER IS--

HOW USELESSLY
RESTRAINING THE
STUPID COUNCIL'S
RULES ARE!

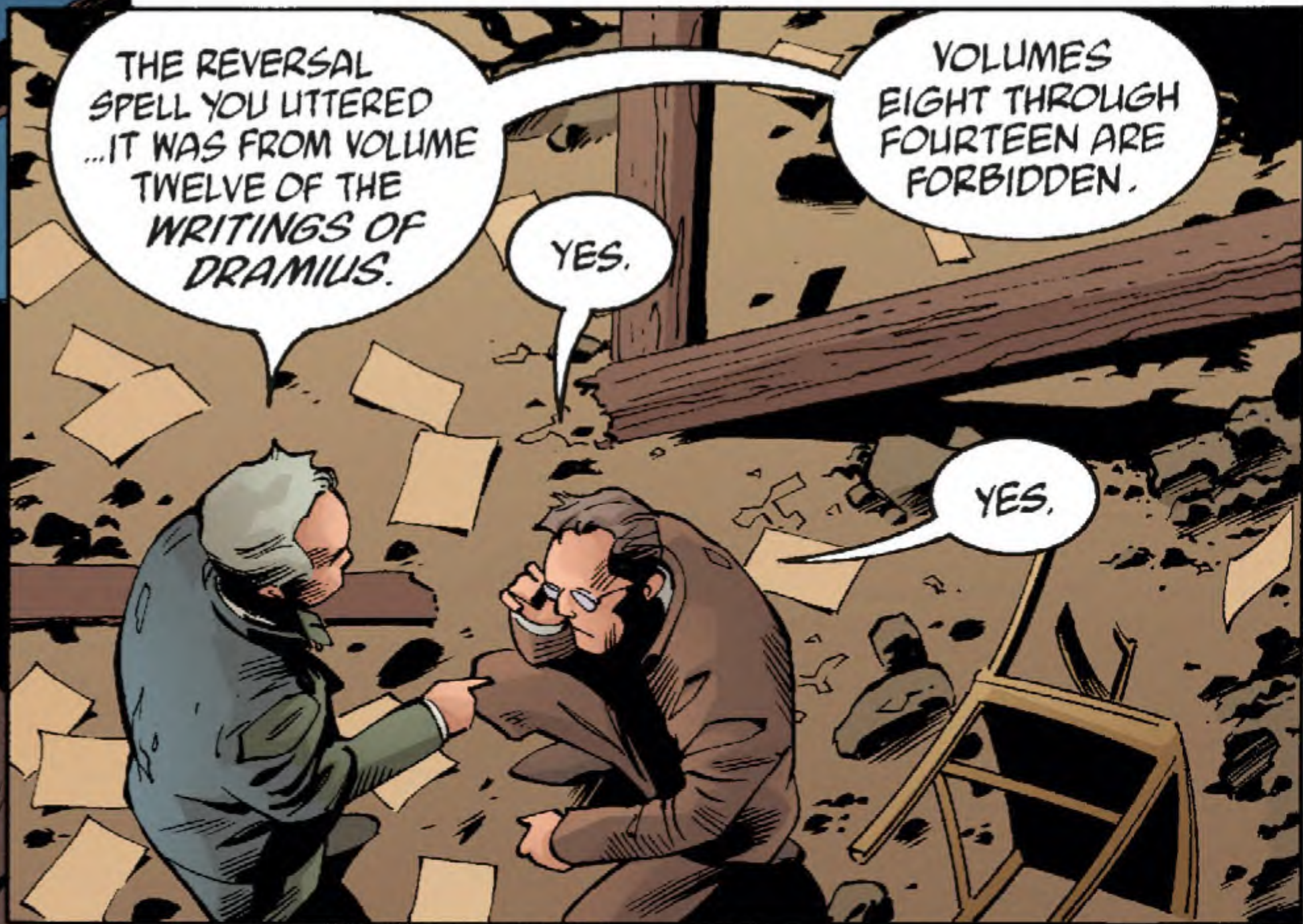
WHY SHOULD
I WATCH WHEN
I CAN DO?





IT'S OVER--BUT
THE POWER
BRYARDALE HAD
CHANNELED--?

SENT BACK,
QUENTIN...
FROM WHERE IT HAD
BEEN STOLEN...TO
THE TEETH OF...OF
THE EARTH...

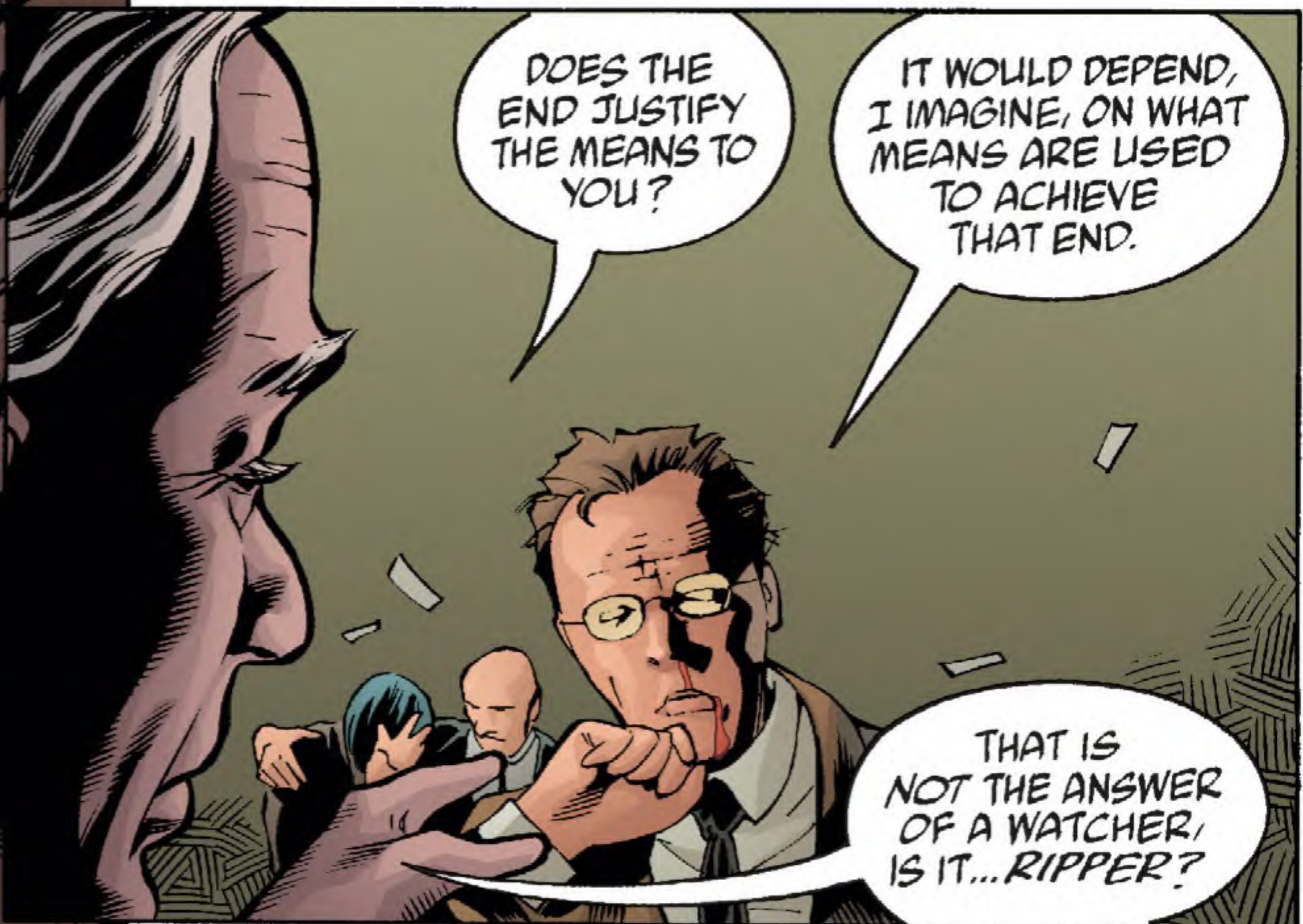


THE REVERSAL
SPELL YOU UTTERED
...IT WAS FROM VOLUME
TWELVE OF THE
WRITINGS OF
DRAMILUS.

YES.

VOLUMES
EIGHT THROUGH
FOURTEEN ARE
FORBIDDEN.

YES.



DOES THE
END JUSTIFY
THE MEANS TO
YOU?

IT WOULD DEPEND,
I IMAGINE, ON WHAT
MEANS ARE USED
TO ACHIEVE
THAT END.

THAT IS
NOT THE ANSWER
OF A WATCHER,
IS IT... RIPPER?



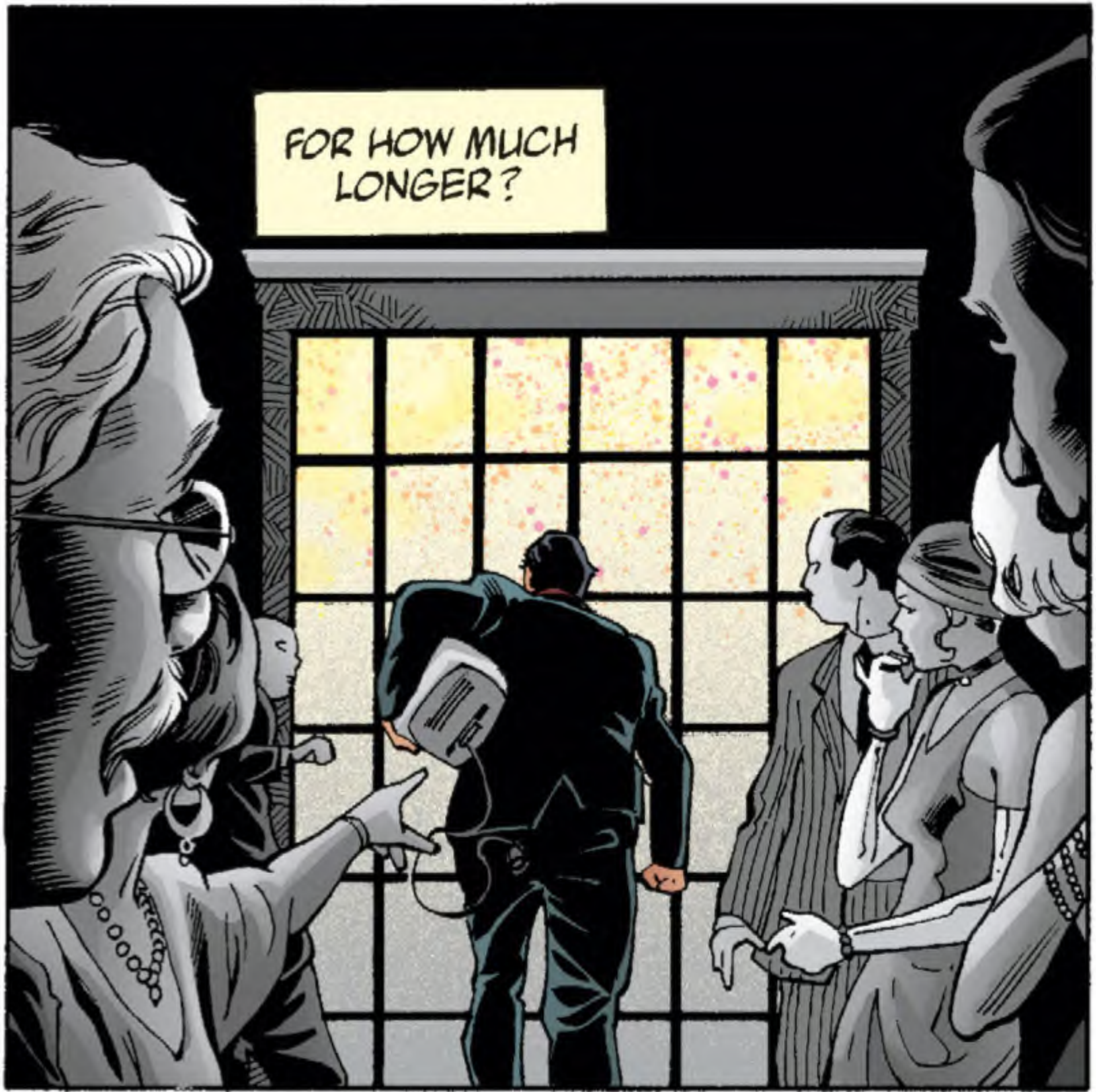
I AM DISAPPOINTED,
MR. GILES, I HOPED IT
UNNECESSARY, BUT PER-
HAPS THE *BLACKSHED*
IS IN ORDER.

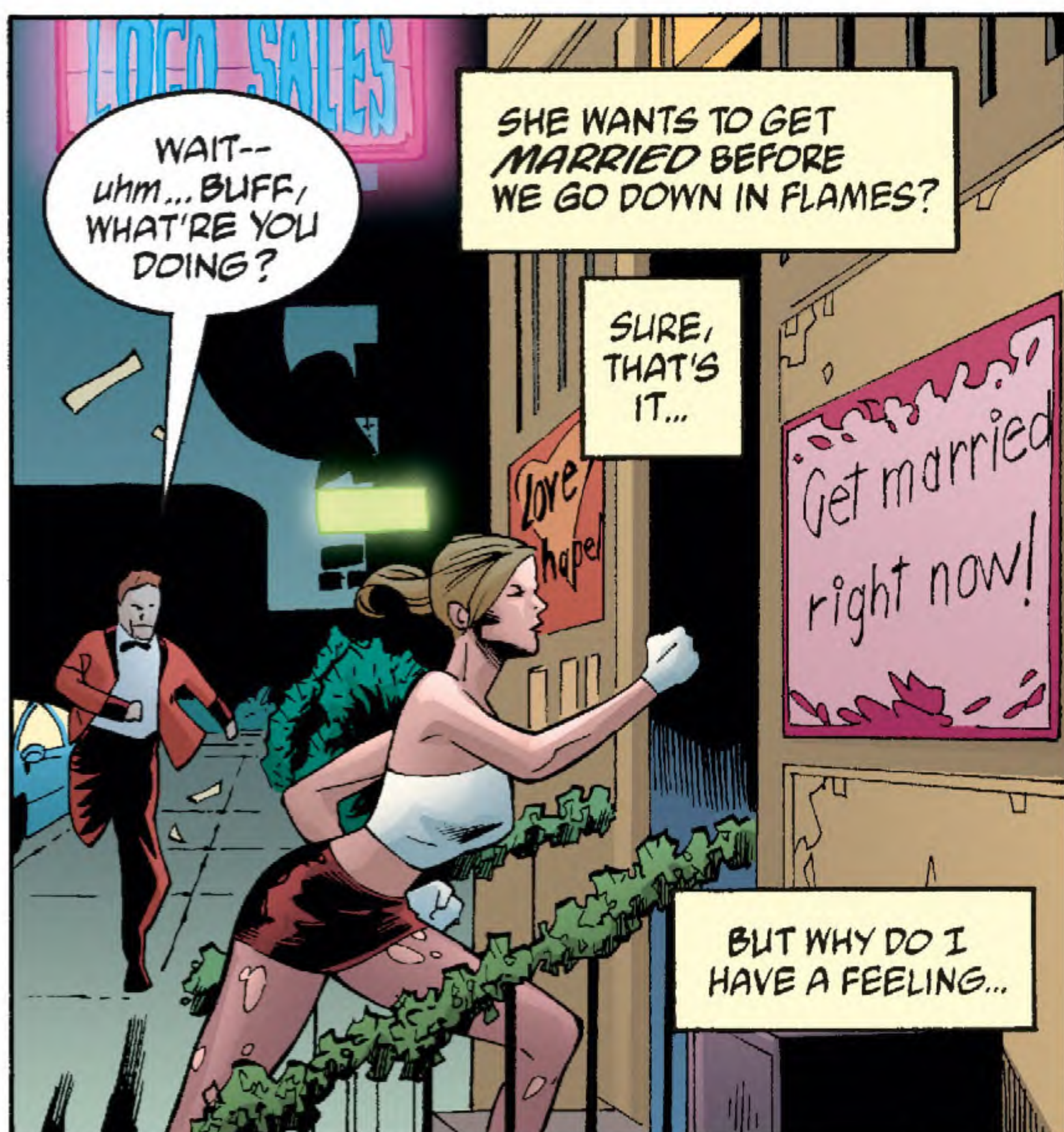
YOU
HAVE COMMITTED
A GRAVE SIN HERE,
RUPERT...



"...AND YOU HAVE MUCH
TO ATONE FOR..."

I'M
SORRY.
FOR BOTH
OF US...









...EVERYTHING YOU MADE ME DO?!

...BASTARD...

uh... SIXTY/FORTY?

uhm--SO... I NEVER COULD FIGURE THAT WHOLE SPELL... WHY'S THE PORTAL STILL OPEN ANYWAY?



THE SPELL SHOULD BREAK DOWN IN ABOUT TEN SECONDS OR SO...

WHY DON'T YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF!



UGH--OW... OKAY, I'M STUCK IN THE TWENTIES.

S'COOL. I CAN INVEST IN AT&T, G.E. WORLD SERIES.

AND--

AND YOU WILL DO IT ALL FOR ME.

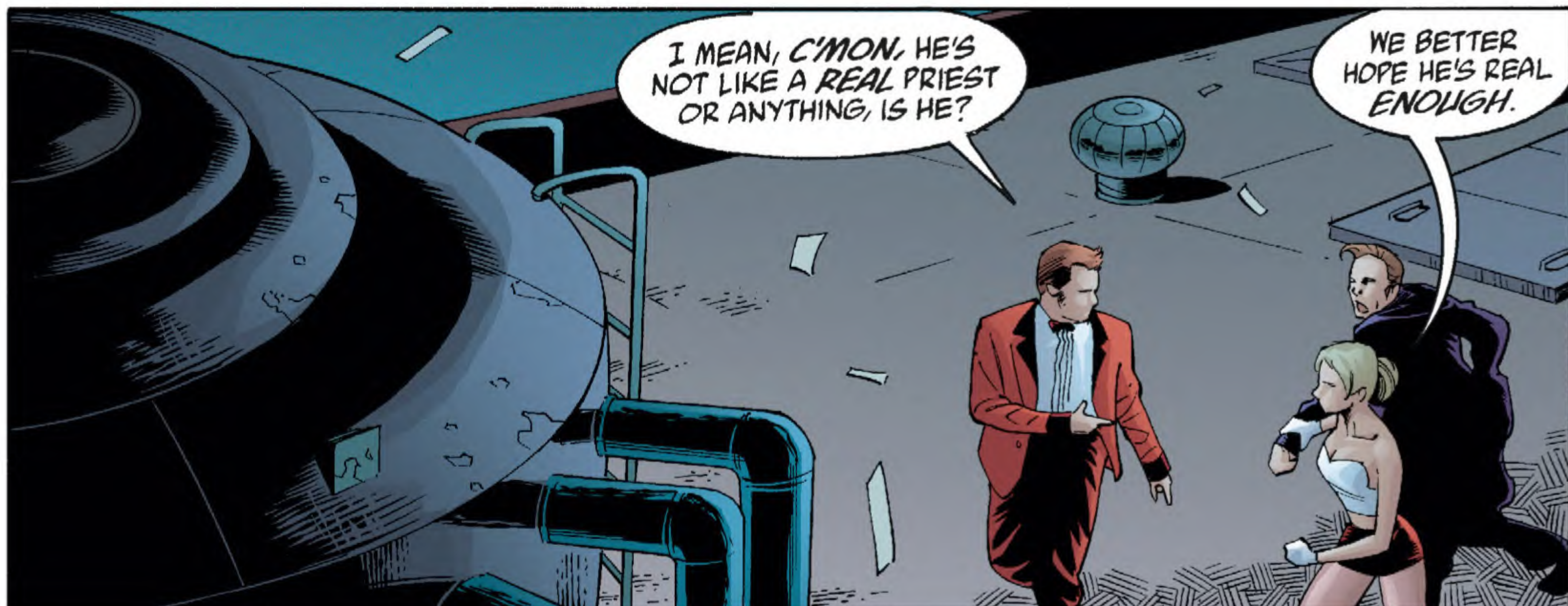


YOU WILL MAKE ME RICH-- AS MY BLOOD-SLAVE.



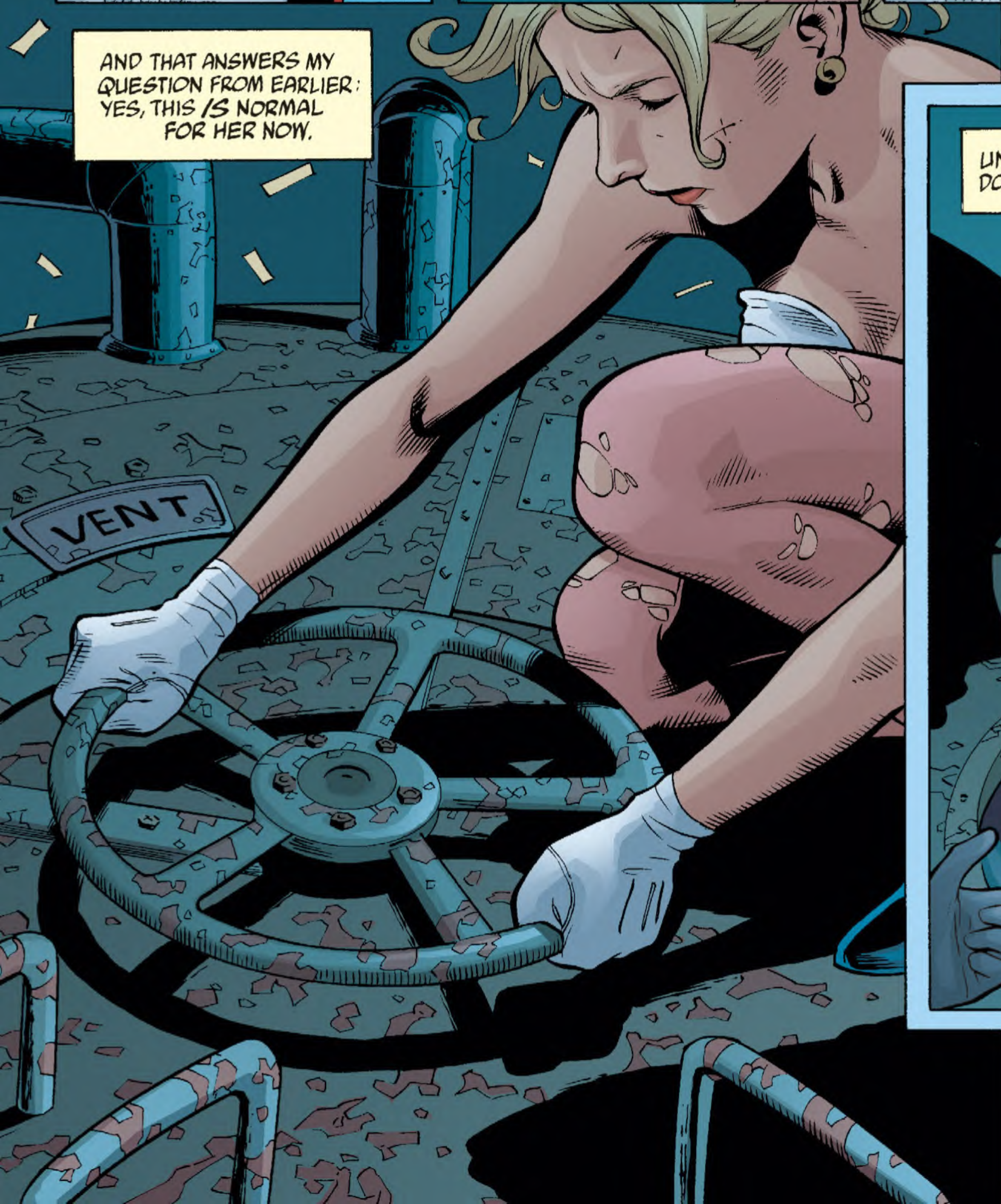
AAAAAA

SLAM





AND THAT ANSWERS MY QUESTION FROM EARLIER: YES, THIS IS NORMAL FOR HER NOW.

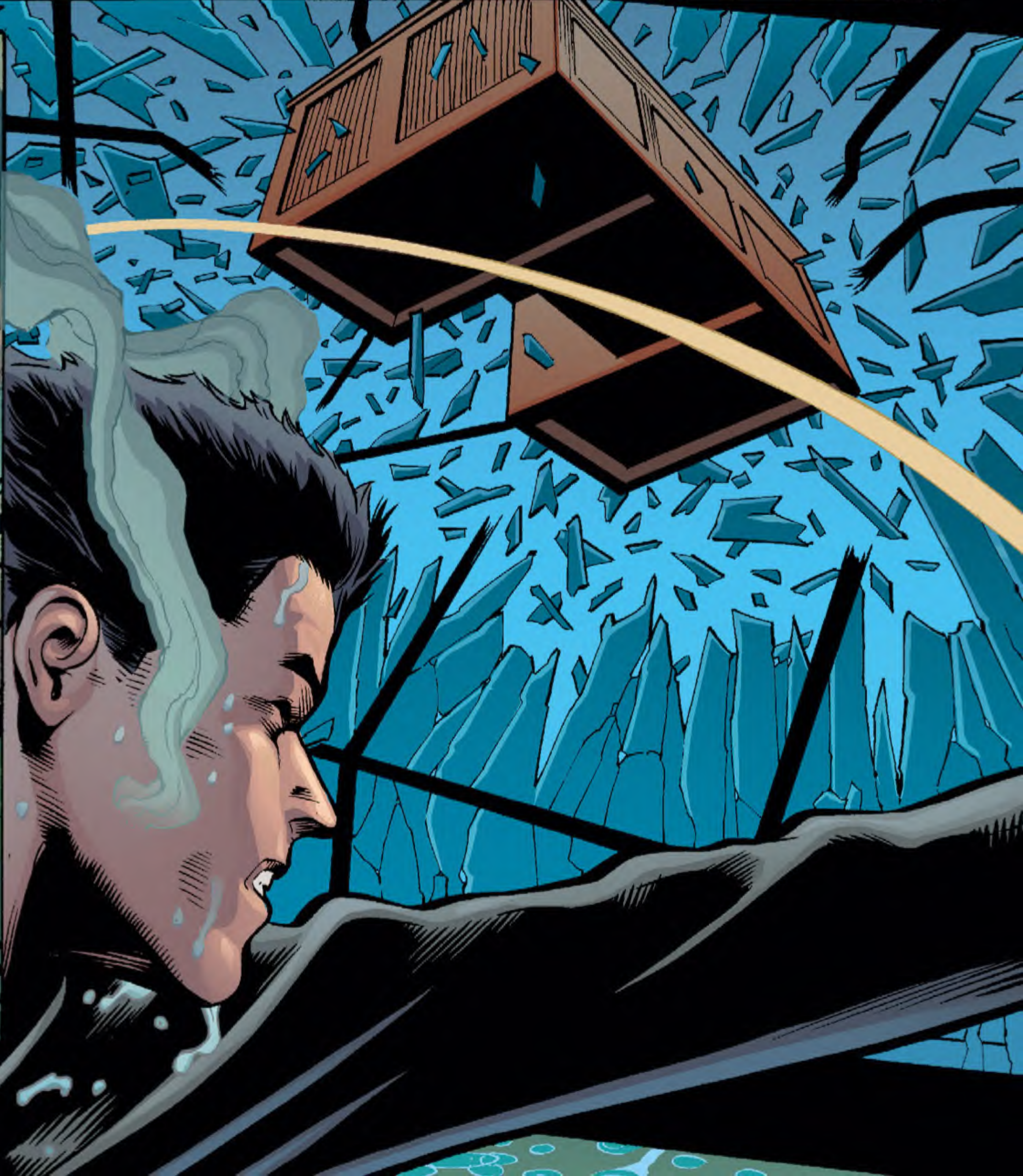
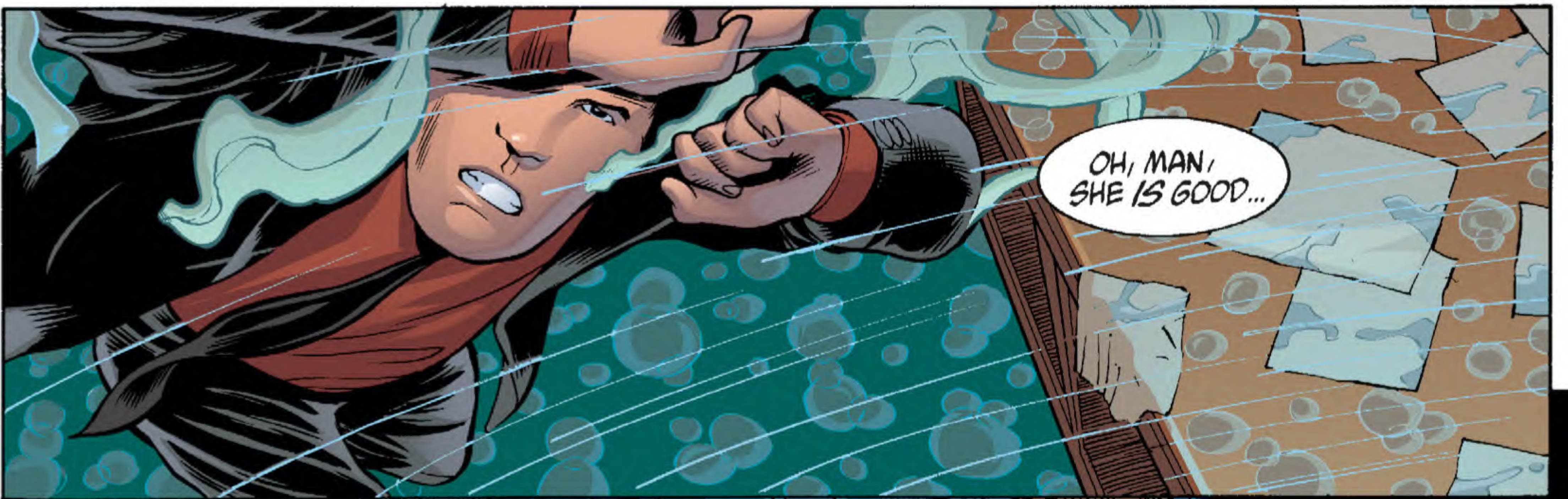


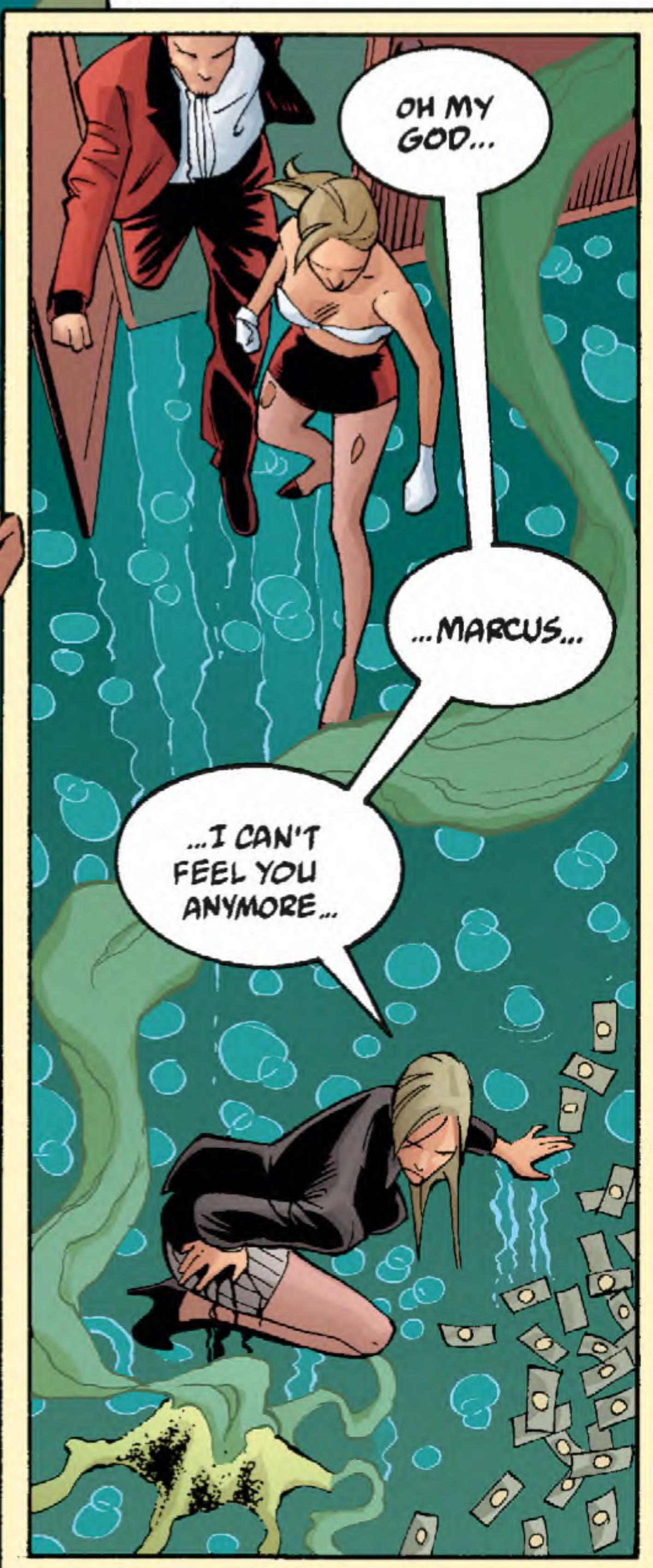
UNTIL DEATH DO US PART?

WOULD YOU MIND BLESSING THE WATER, PADRE?

EXCUSE ME?







HAH HA HA HA

THANK
GOD--I'M
FREE!

OH MY GOD--
I CAN TAKE A BATH--
ALONE!

AND THE
MONEY IS ALL
MINE!



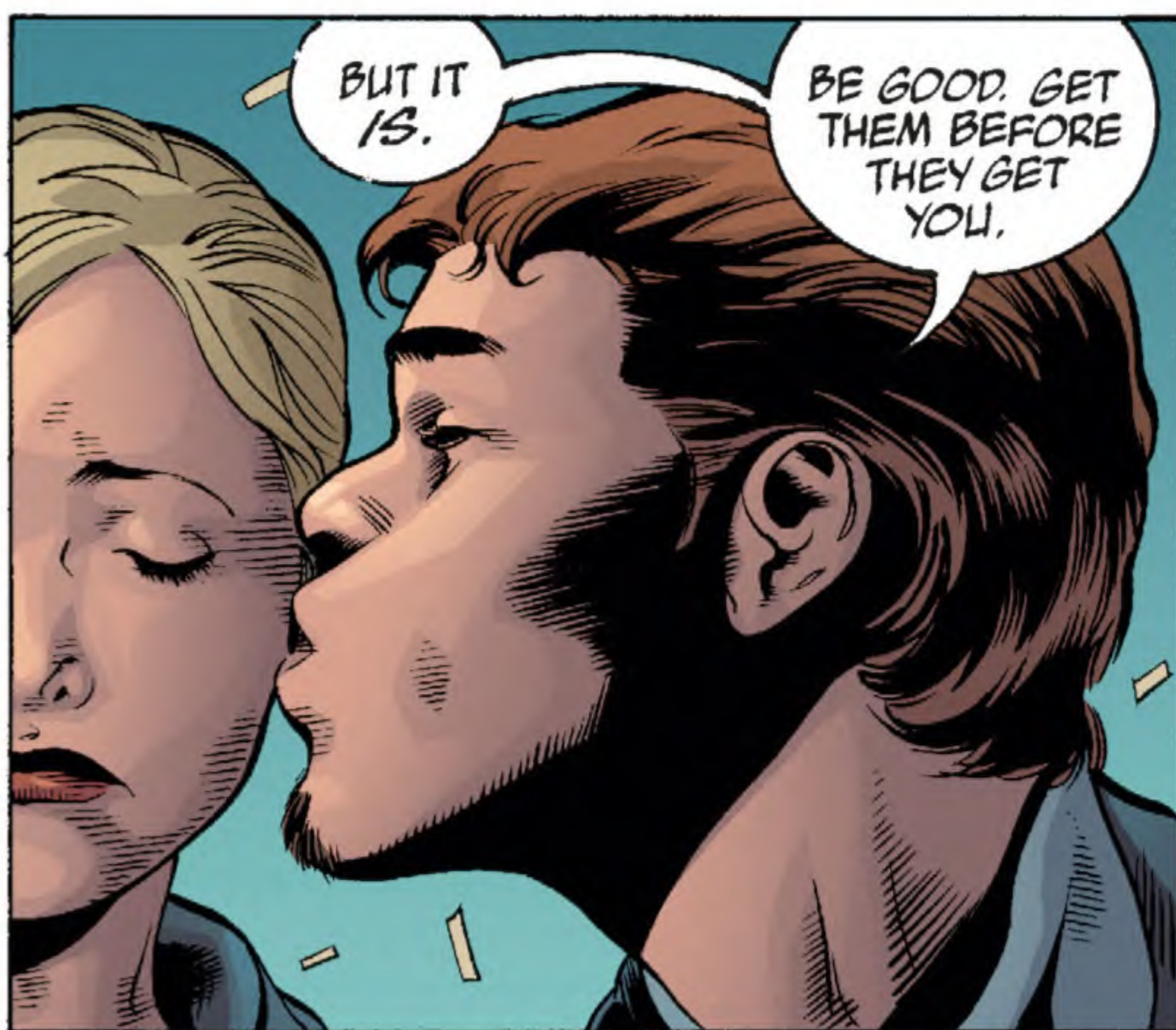
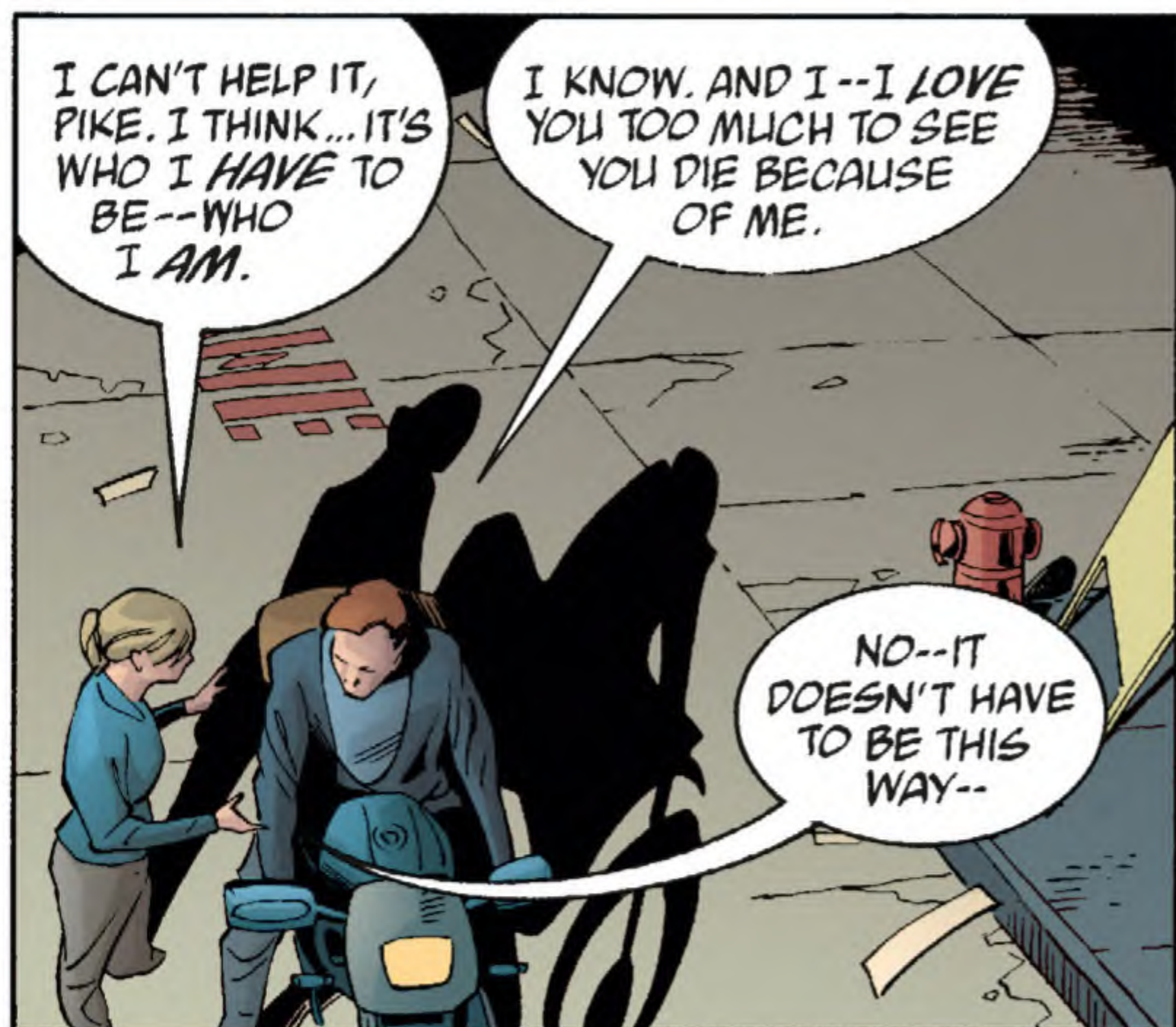
WE HAD TO LET HER GO. SHE OWNED
THE CASINO LEGALLY. COULDN'T ARREST
HER ON ANY CHARGES. VERY FRUSTRATING.

BUFFY FIGURED WITHOUT THE
VAMPS AROUND, IT WAS NO BIGGIE.

A SHOWER, A CHANGE, AND A CHECK-OUT
LATER, WE *FINALLY* HAD TO TALK THE TALK ...

PIKE,
I...YOU...

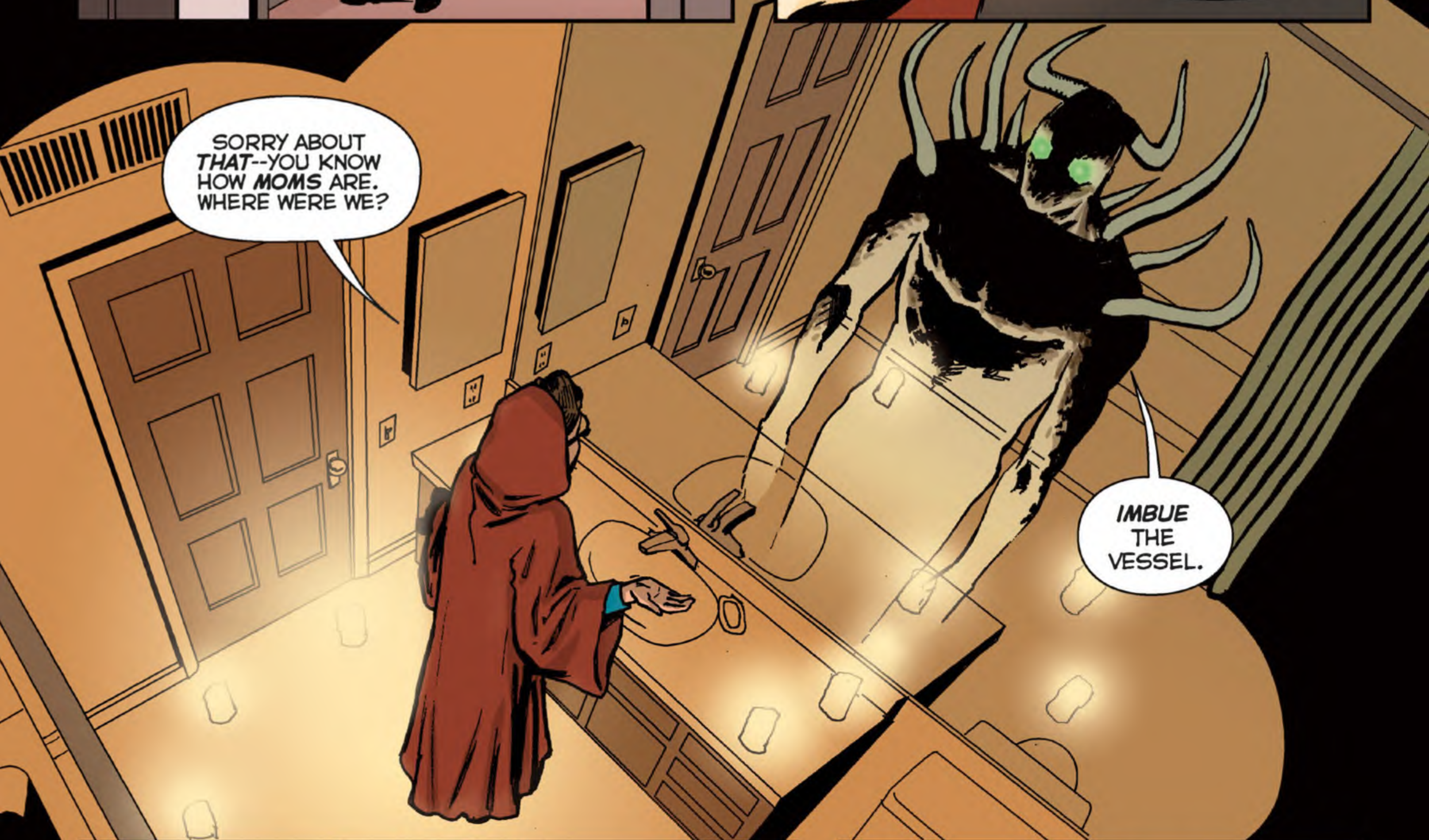
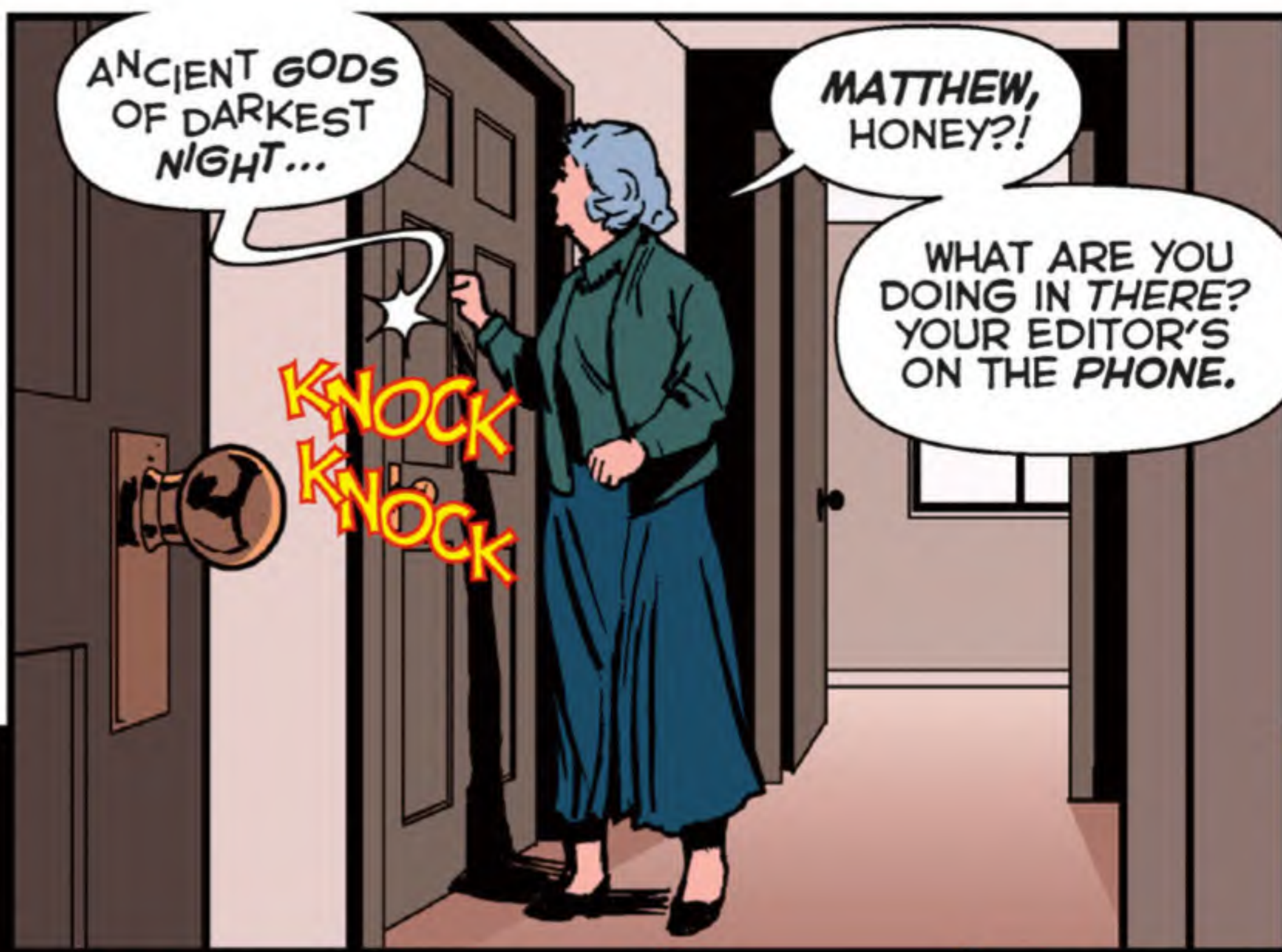




Dawn & Hoopy the Bear

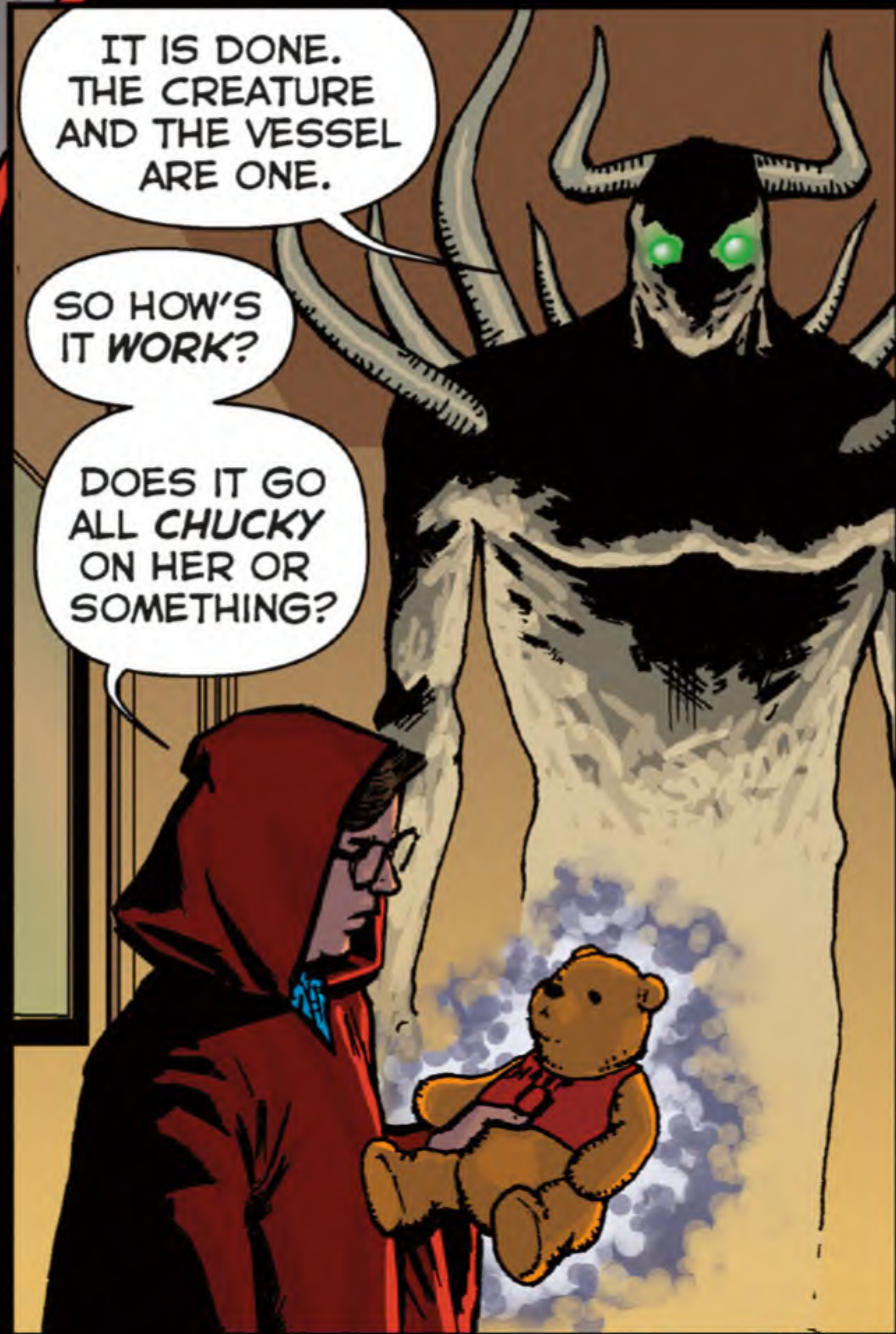








... BURN THEM WITH
THY SACRED FIRES,
TURN AGAINST THEM
THEIR DESIRES.



IT IS DONE.
THE CREATURE
AND THE VESSEL
ARE ONE.

SO HOW'S
IT WORK?

DOES IT GO
ALL CHUCKY
ON HER OR
SOMETHING?



THE D'JINN FULFILLS THE
HEART'S UNCONSCIOUS
DESIRES.

HUH?

YOU'RE GOING
TO HURT THE SLAYER
BY GIVING HER A
MAKE-A-WISH TEDDY
BEAR? NICE PLAN.



THE D'JINN IS THE GILDED
GIFT. THE TWO-EDGED SWORD.
ONE THAT WILL TAKE FROM HER
MORE THAN IT GRANTS.

YEAH, OKAY.
YOU'RE THE EVIL
DEMON MASTER.

OH YEAH,
ONE MORE
THING...



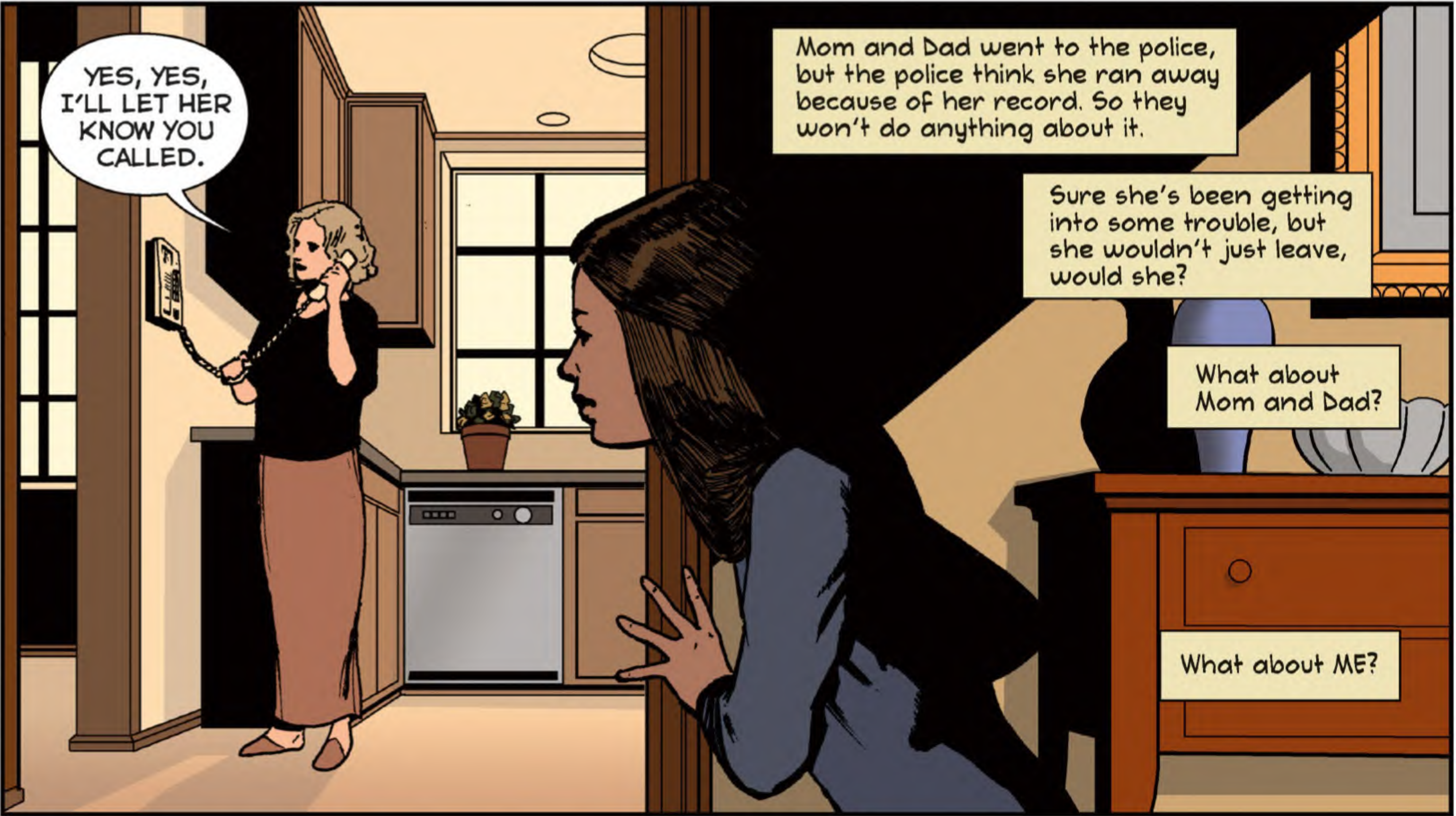
WHAT?



UH, LIKE,
WHERE DOES
THIS SLAYER
LIVE?



That's the understatement of the year. It's not as if she just stepped out. She's gone.

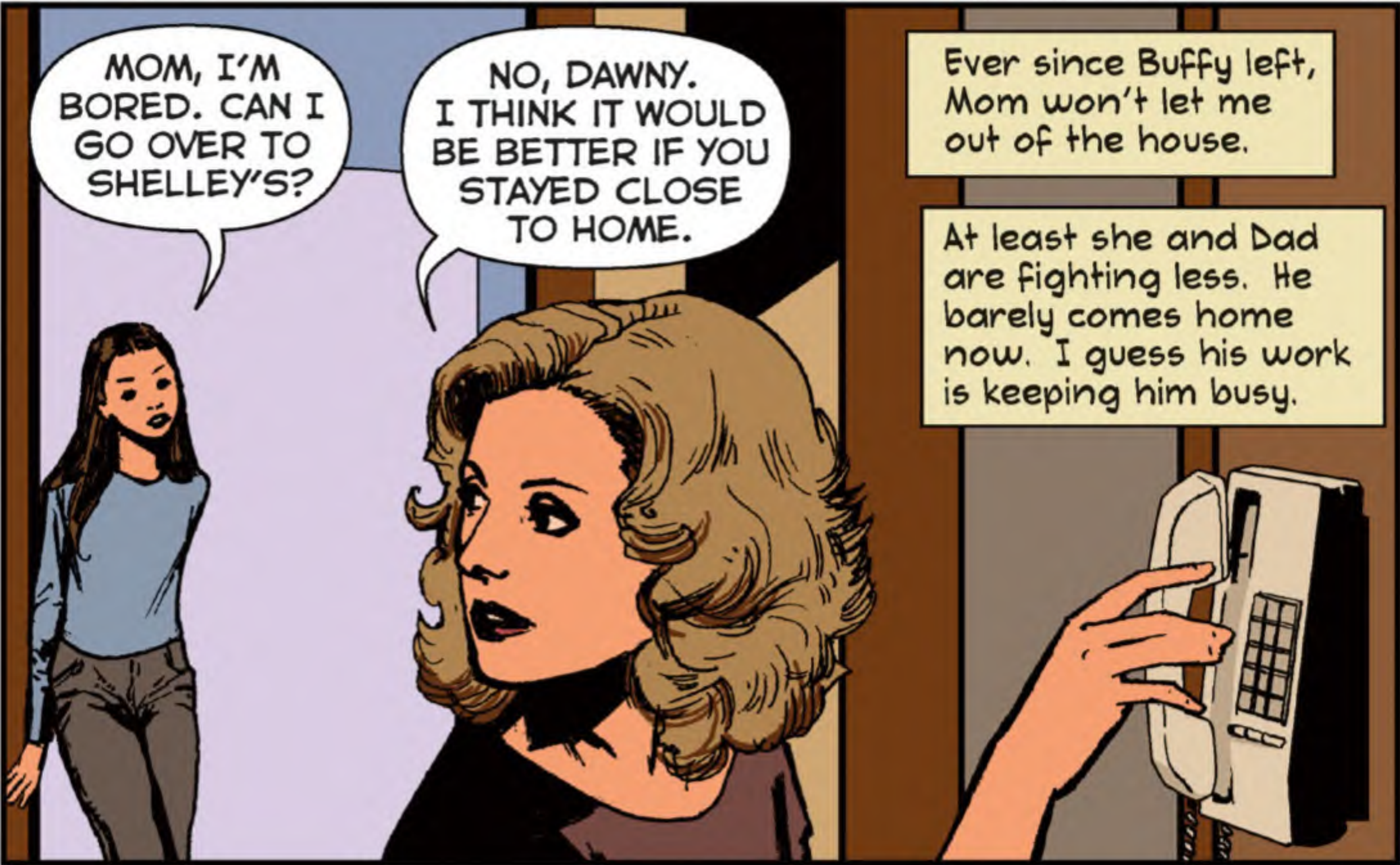


Mom and Dad went to the police, but the police think she ran away because of her record. So they won't do anything about it.

Sure she's been getting into some trouble, but she wouldn't just leave, would she?

What about Mom and Dad?

What about ME?



Ever since Buffy left, Mom won't let me out of the house.

At least she and Dad are fighting less. He barely comes home now. I guess his work is keeping him busy.



You can tell Mom isn't herself. Usually, she doesn't like me playing Super Monster Fighter 3: Extreme Carnage. Too violent.



I've never been able to get to the last level on my own.

TICKA
TICKA

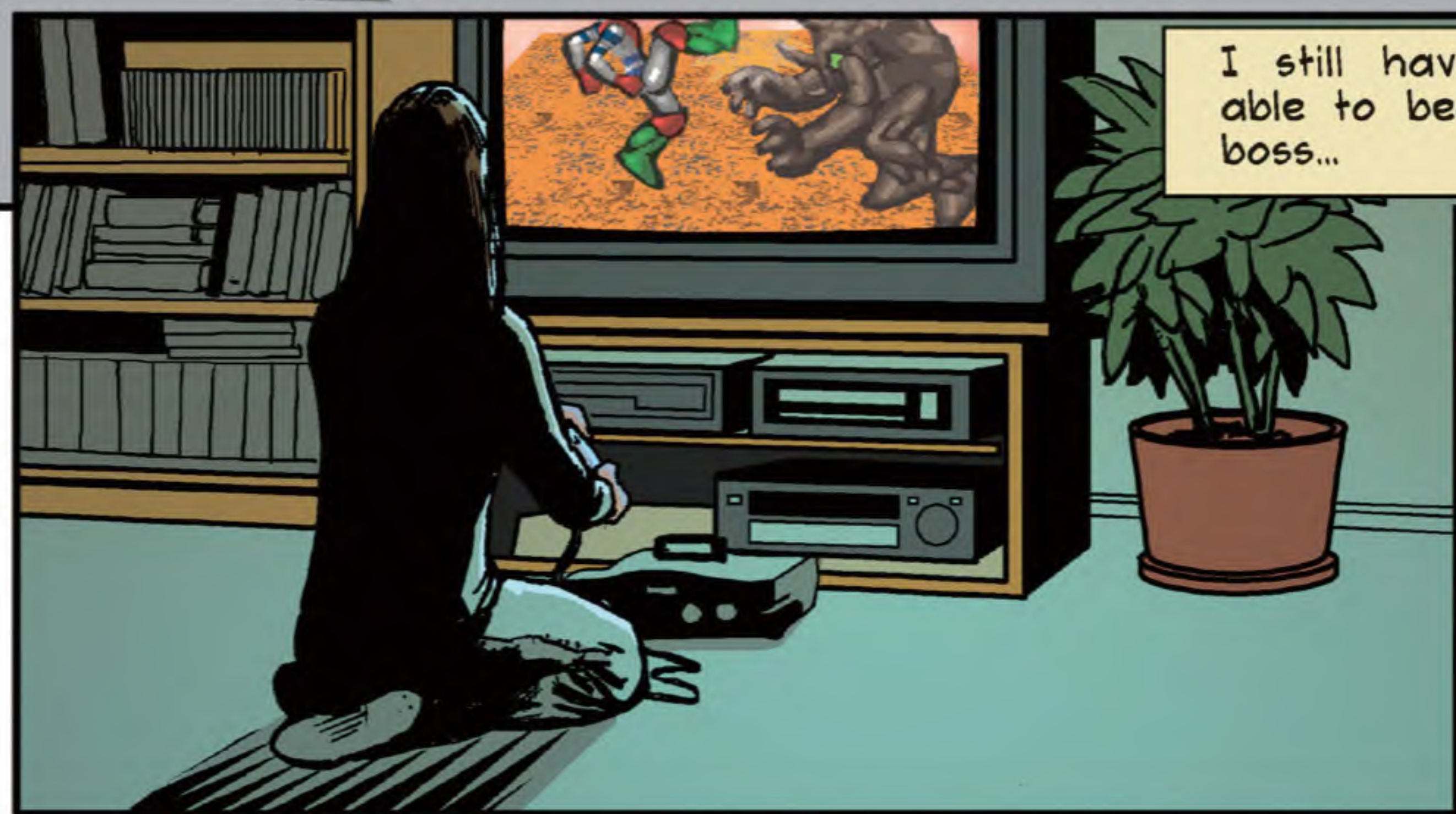


The monster minions on this level are crazy! And forget about the Big Boss.



Buffy used to play Super Monster Fighter with me. When we played two player, we could always beat this game. Buffy really kicked monster butt.

But then she just stopped playing. I guess she didn't think fighting monsters was cool anymore. That's when she started sneaking out at night.

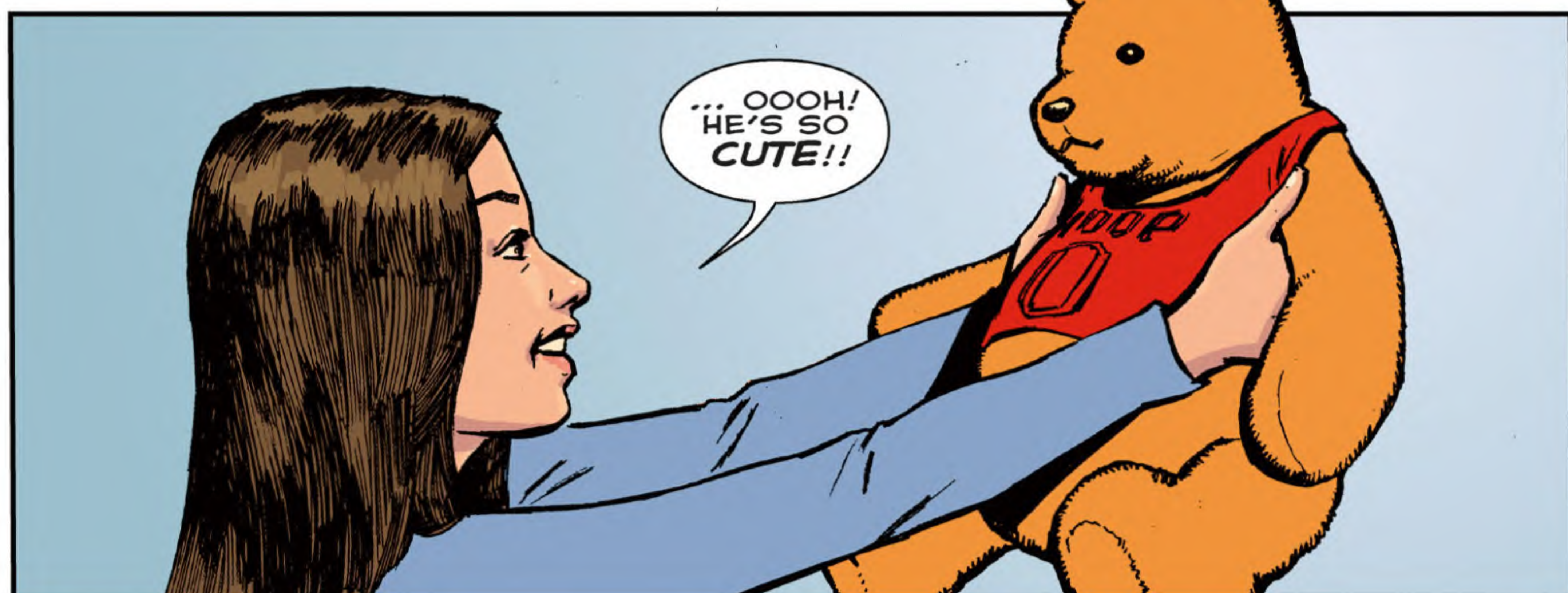


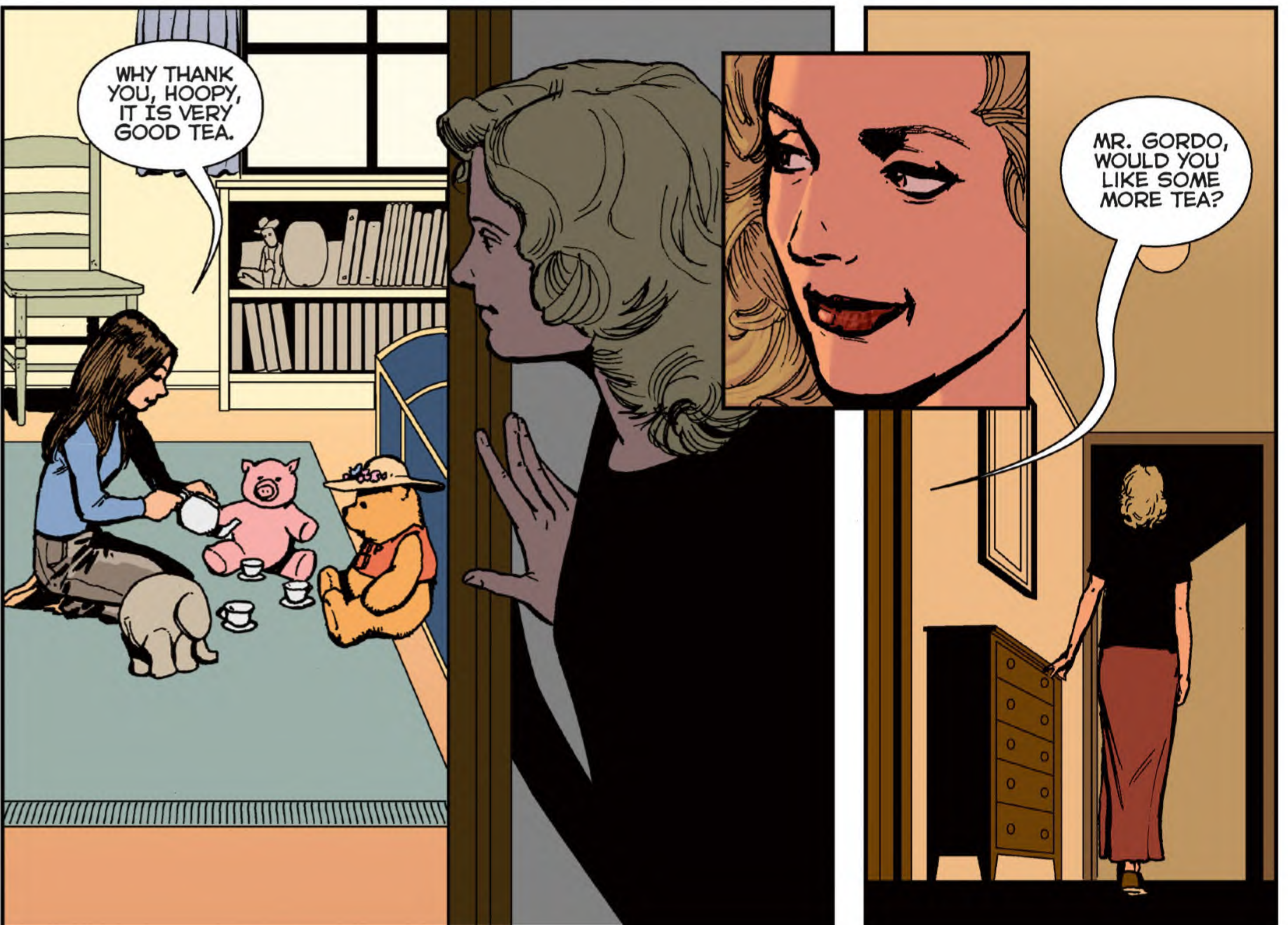
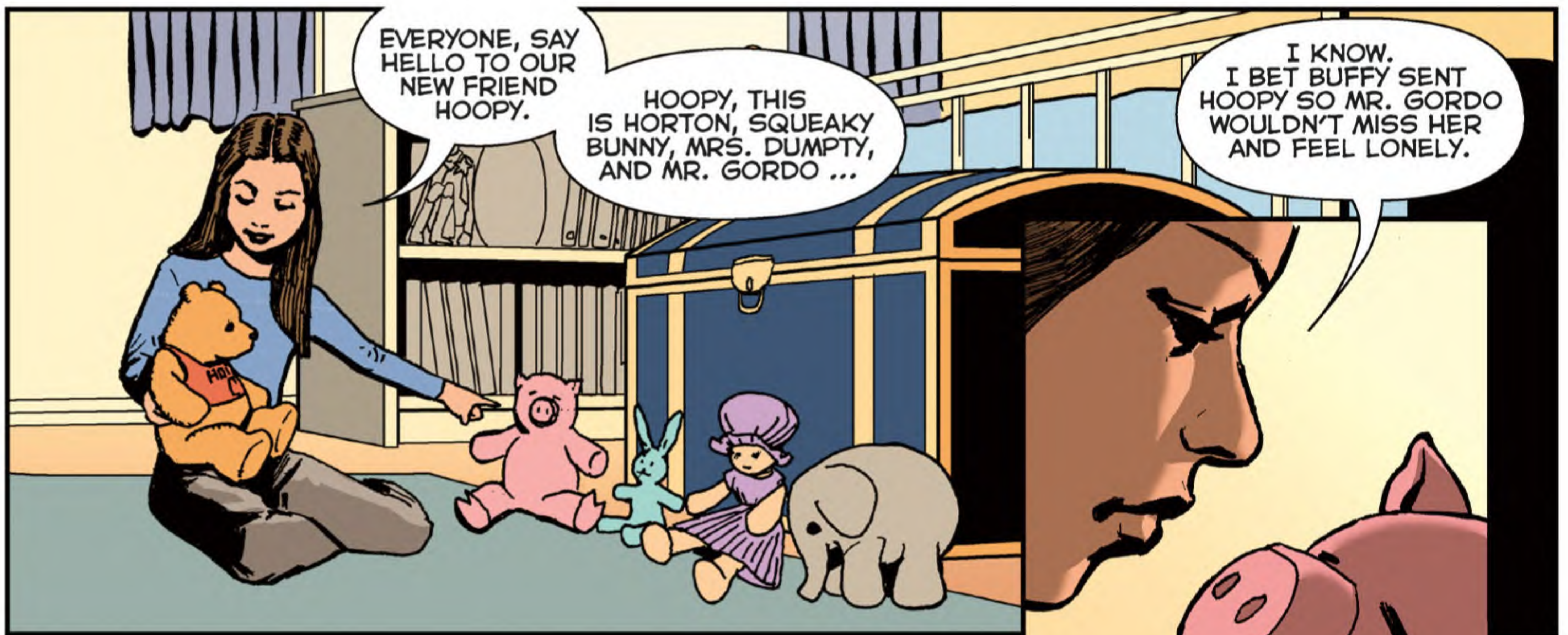
I still haven't been able to beat the big boss...



... until today!



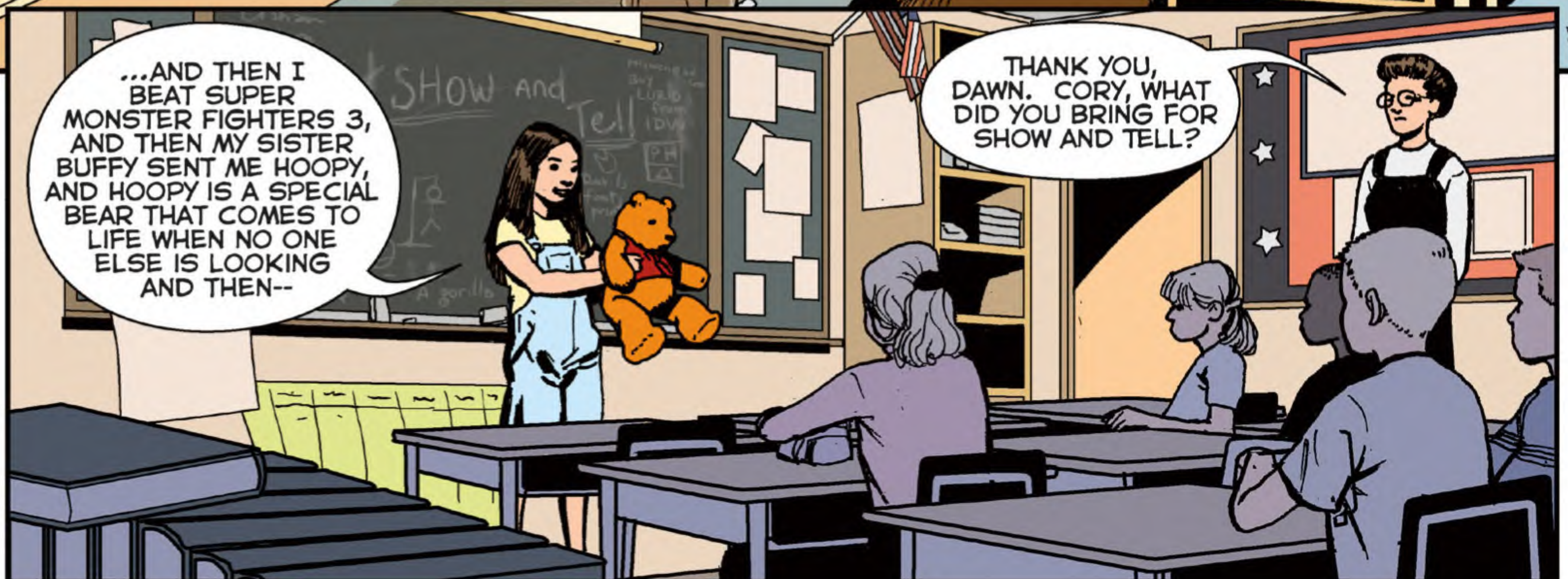






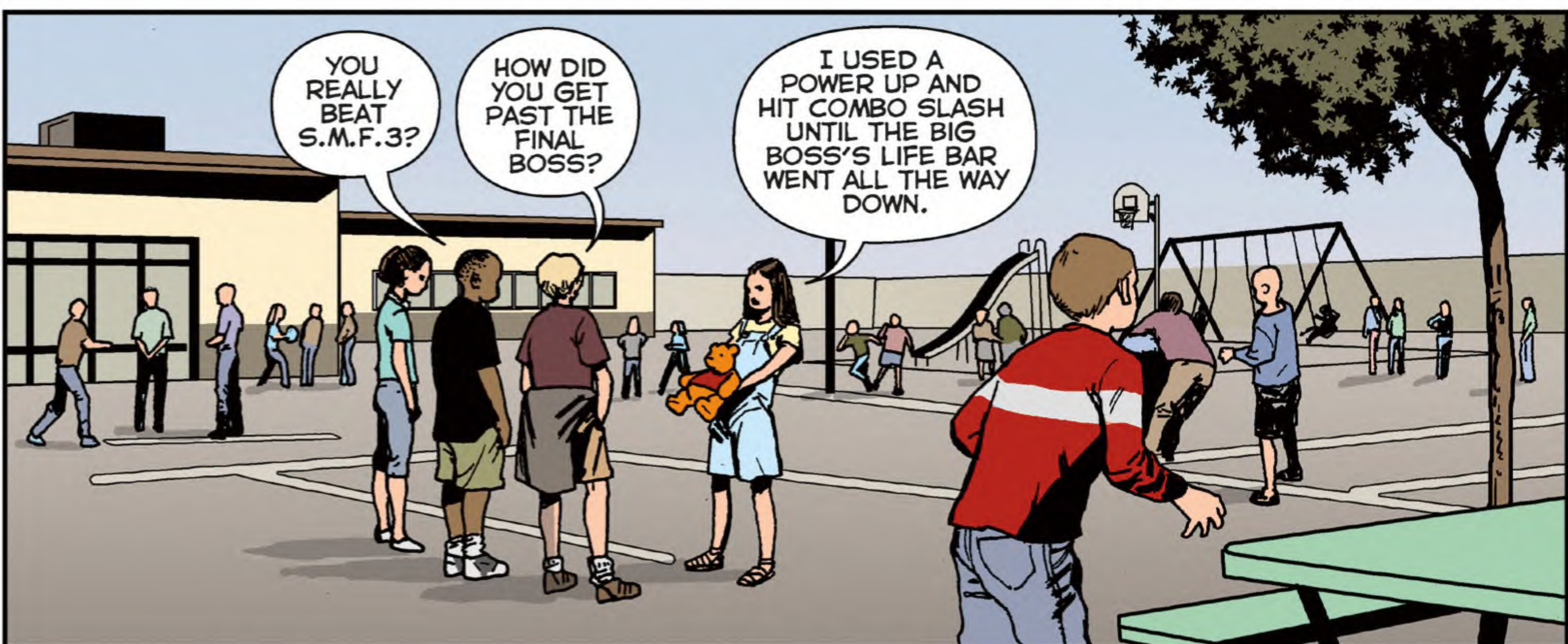
SUGAR?

YES.



...AND THEN I BEAT SUPER MONSTER FIGHTERS 3, AND THEN MY SISTER BUFFY SENT ME HOOPY, AND HOOPY IS A SPECIAL BEAR THAT COMES TO LIFE WHEN NO ONE ELSE IS LOOKING AND THEN--

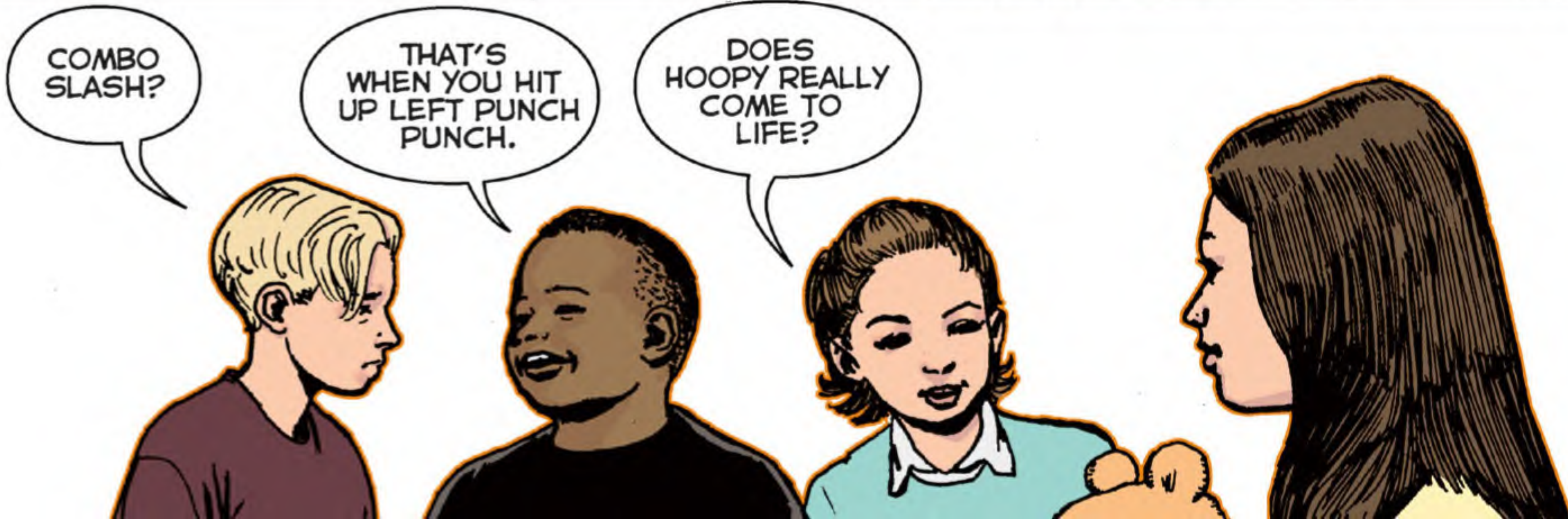
THANK YOU, DAWN. CORY, WHAT DID YOU BRING FOR SHOW AND TELL?



YOU REALLY BEAT S.M.F.3?

HOW DID YOU GET PAST THE FINAL BOSS?

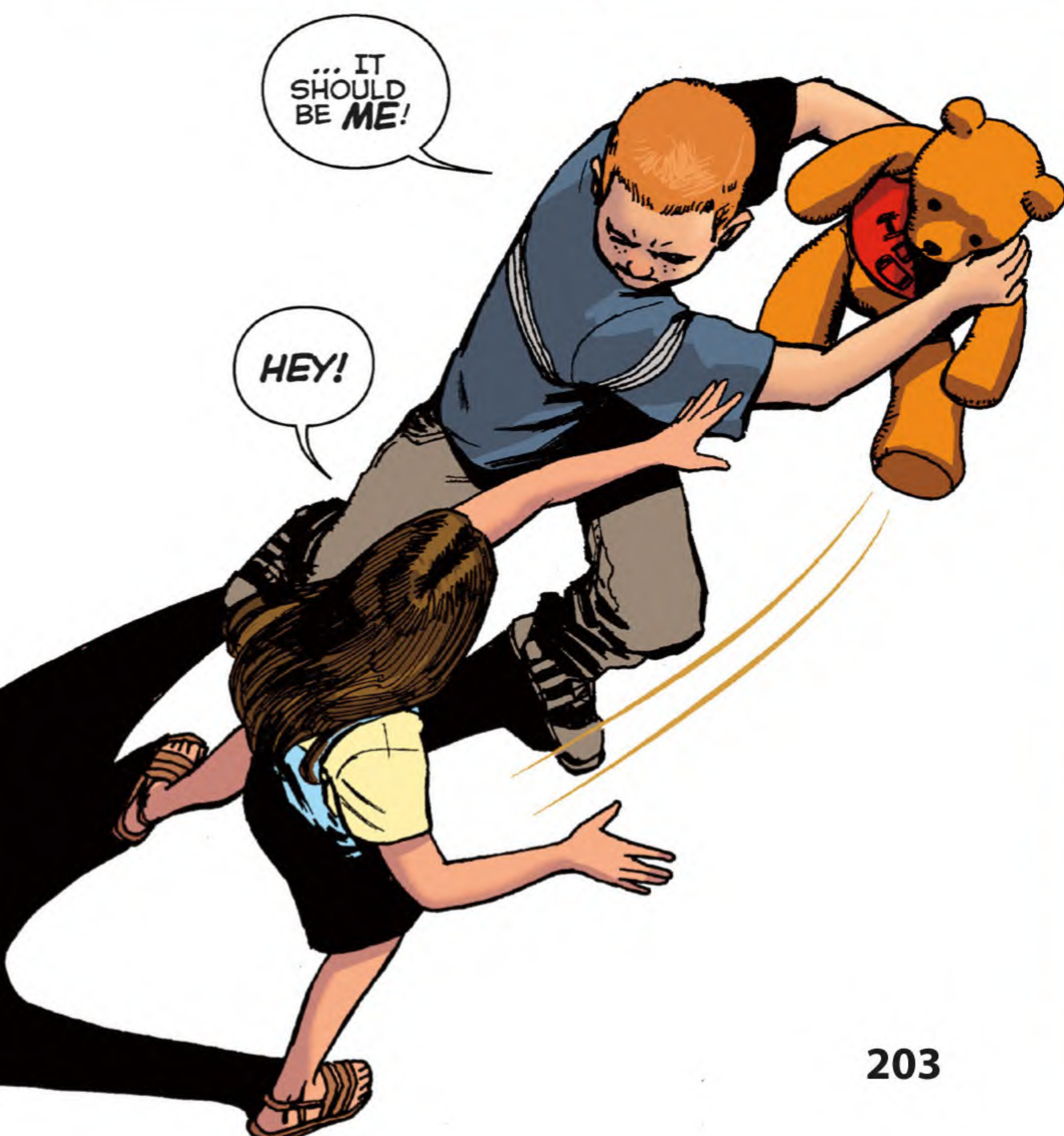
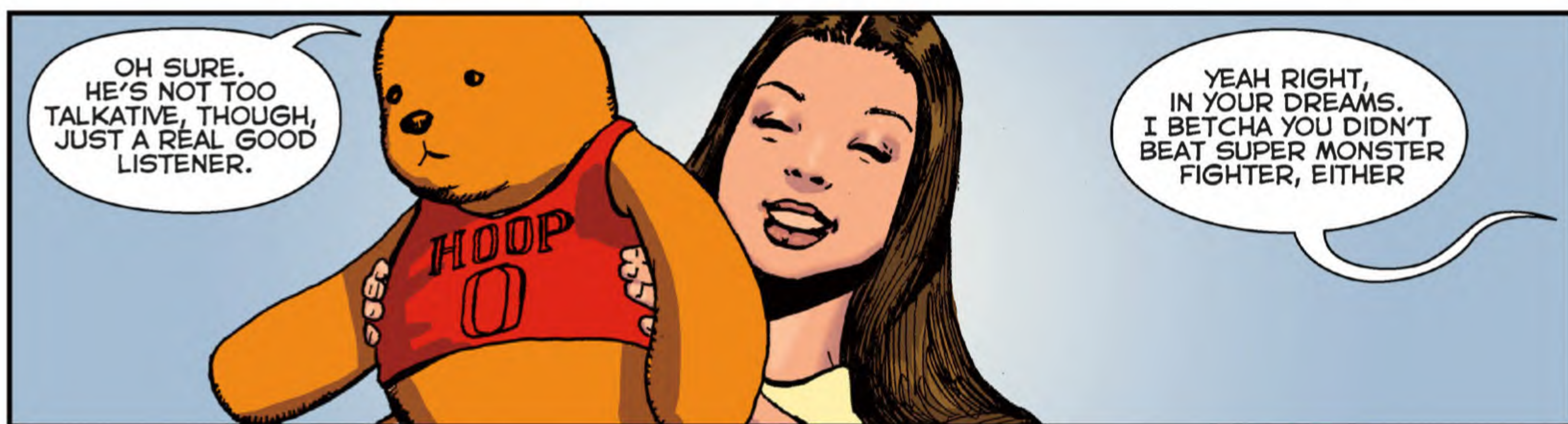
I USED A POWER UP AND HIT COMBO SLASH UNTIL THE BIG BOSS'S LIFE BAR WENT ALL THE WAY DOWN.

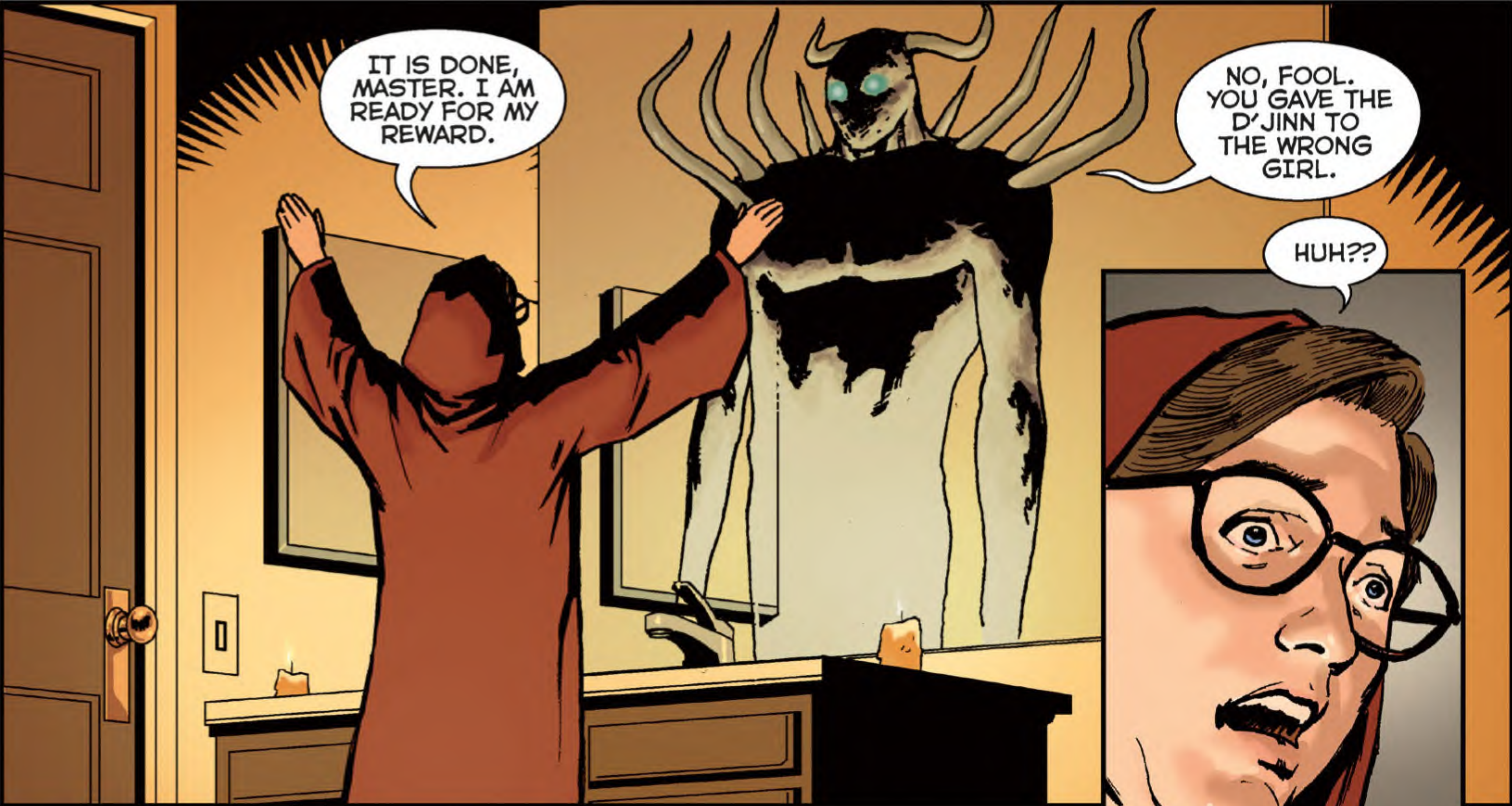


COMBO SLASH?

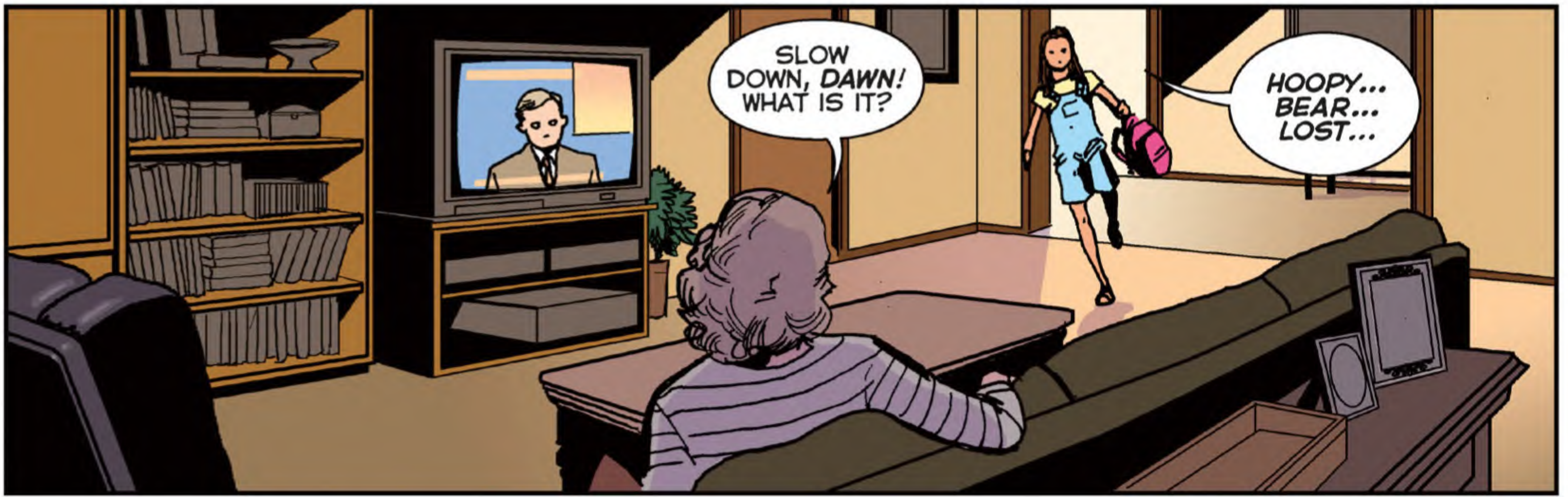
THAT'S WHEN YOU HIT UP LEFT PUNCH PUNCH.

DOES HOOPY REALLY COME TO LIFE?



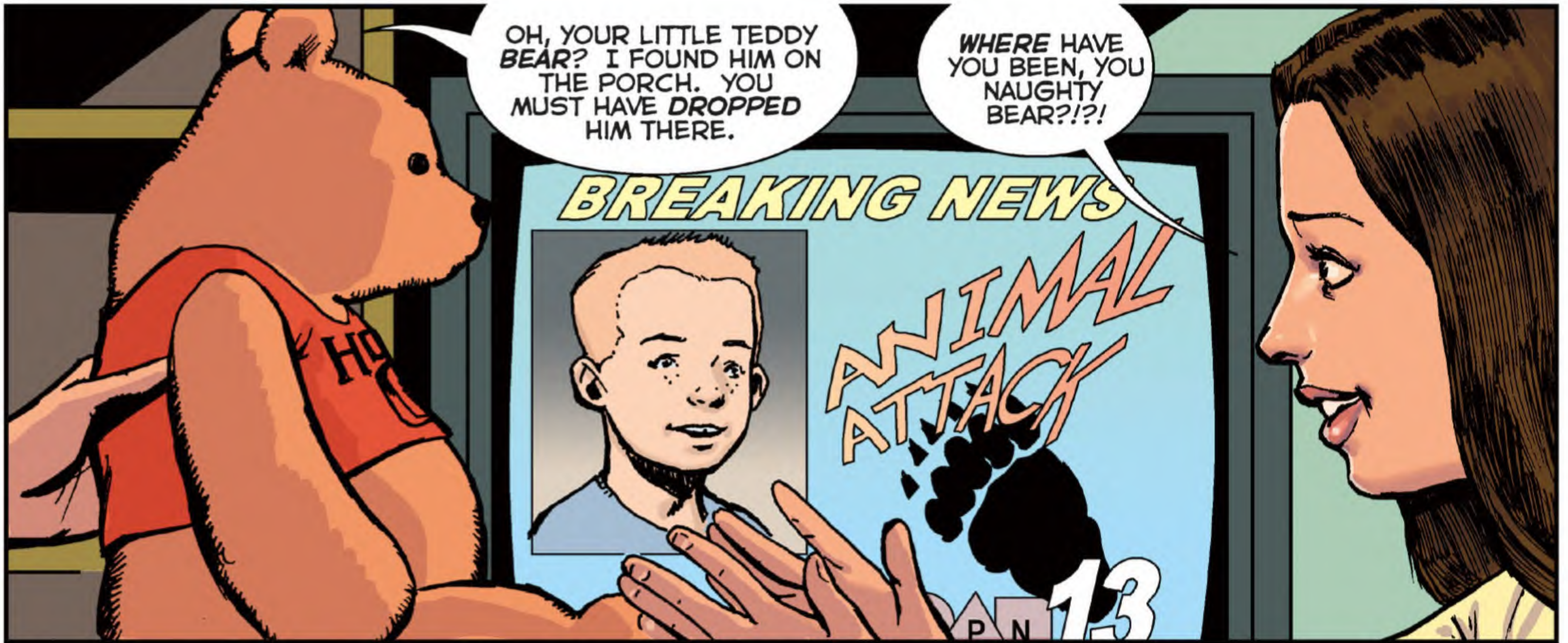






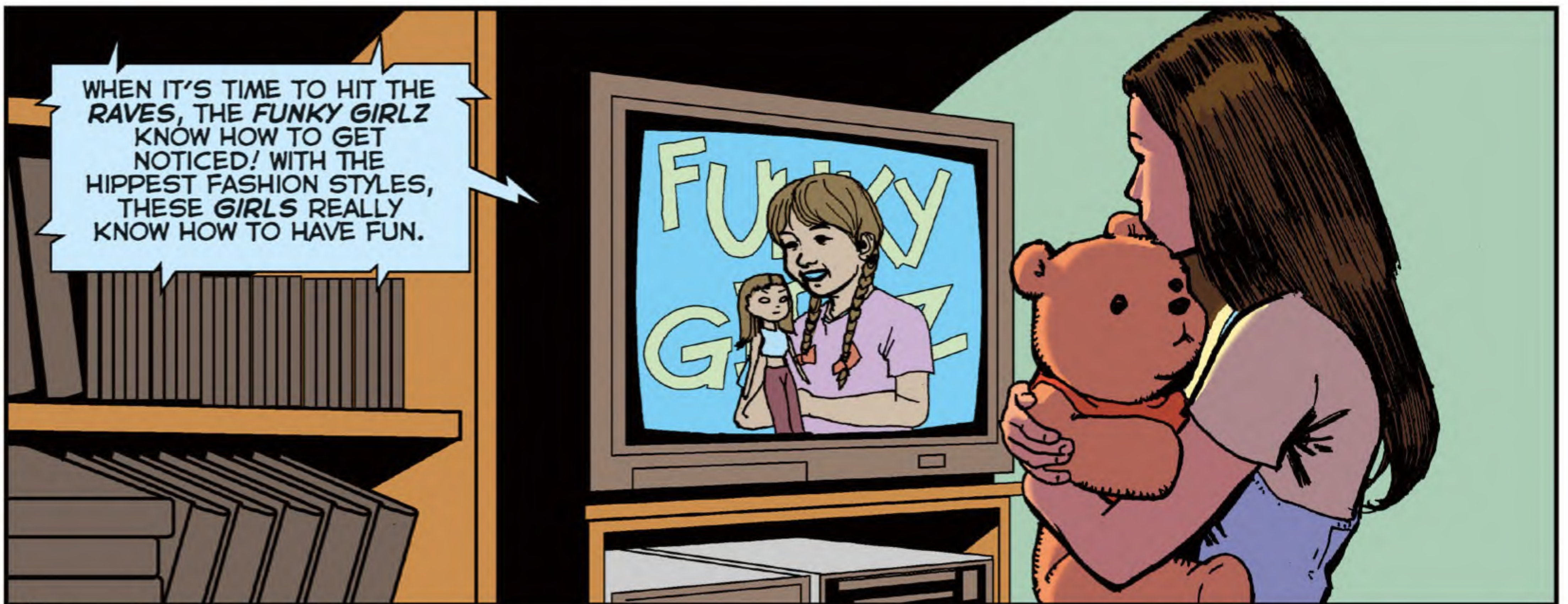
SLOW
DOWN, DAWN!
WHAT IS IT?

HOOPY...
BEAR...
LOST...

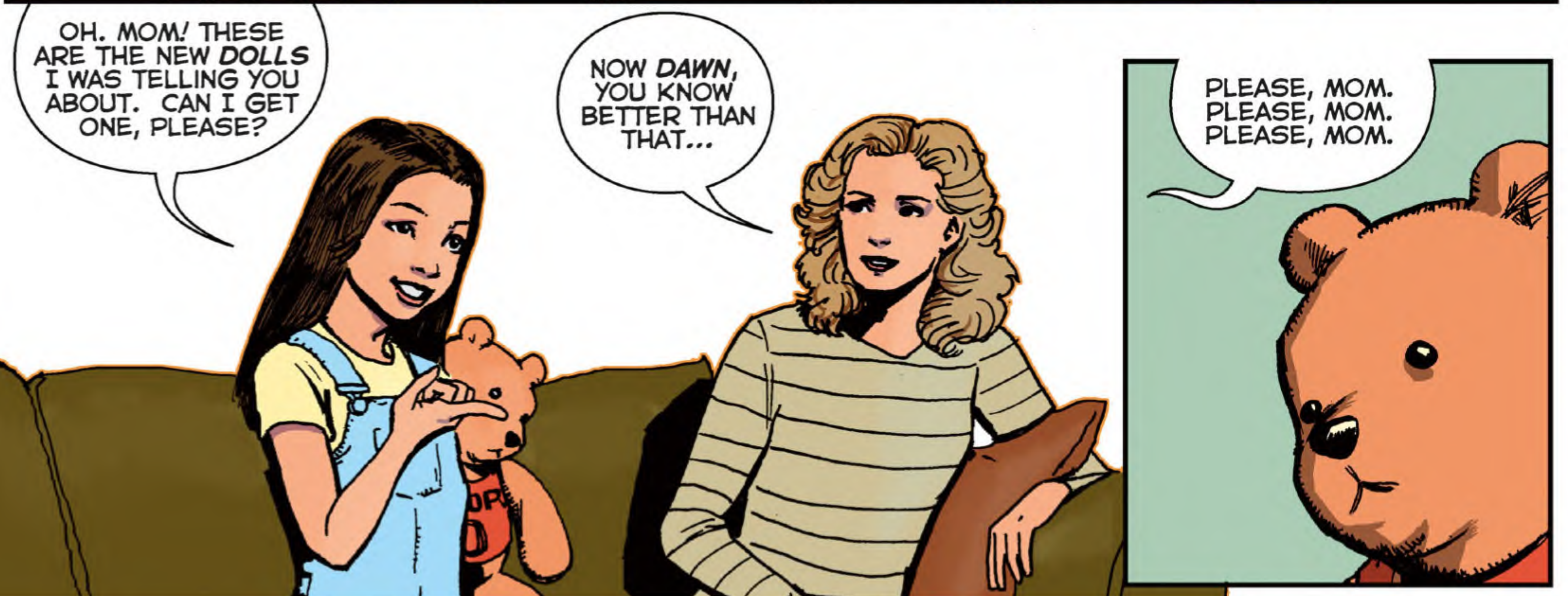


OH, YOUR LITTLE TEDDY
BEAR? I FOUND HIM ON
THE PORCH. YOU
MUST HAVE DROPPED
HIM THERE.

WHERE
HAVE
YOU BEEN, YOU
NAUGHTY
BEAR?!?!



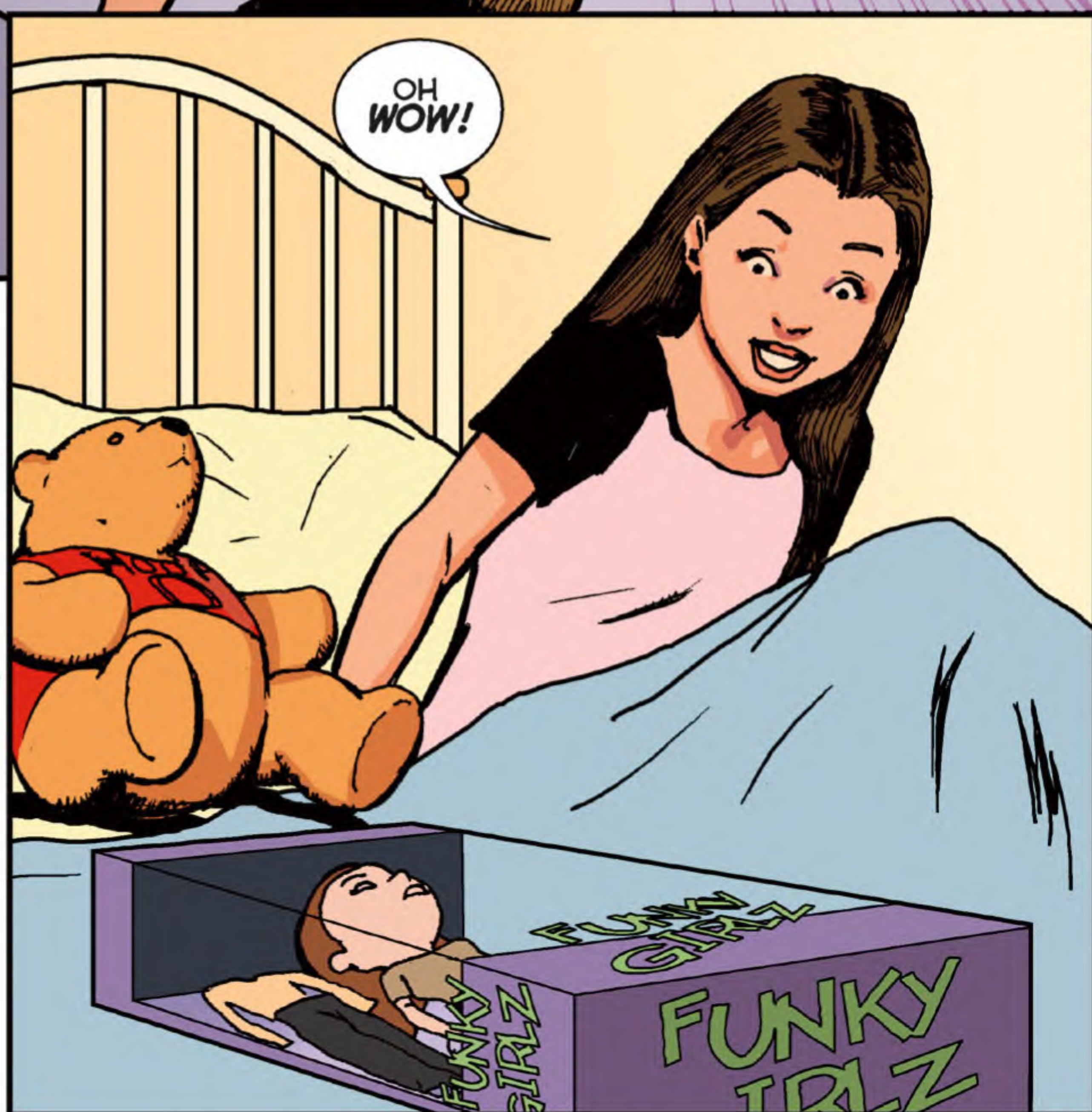
WHEN IT'S TIME TO HIT THE
RAVES, THE FUNKY GIRLZ
KNOW HOW TO GET
NOTICED! WITH THE
HIPPEST FASHION STYLES,
THESE GIRLS REALLY
KNOW HOW TO HAVE FUN.

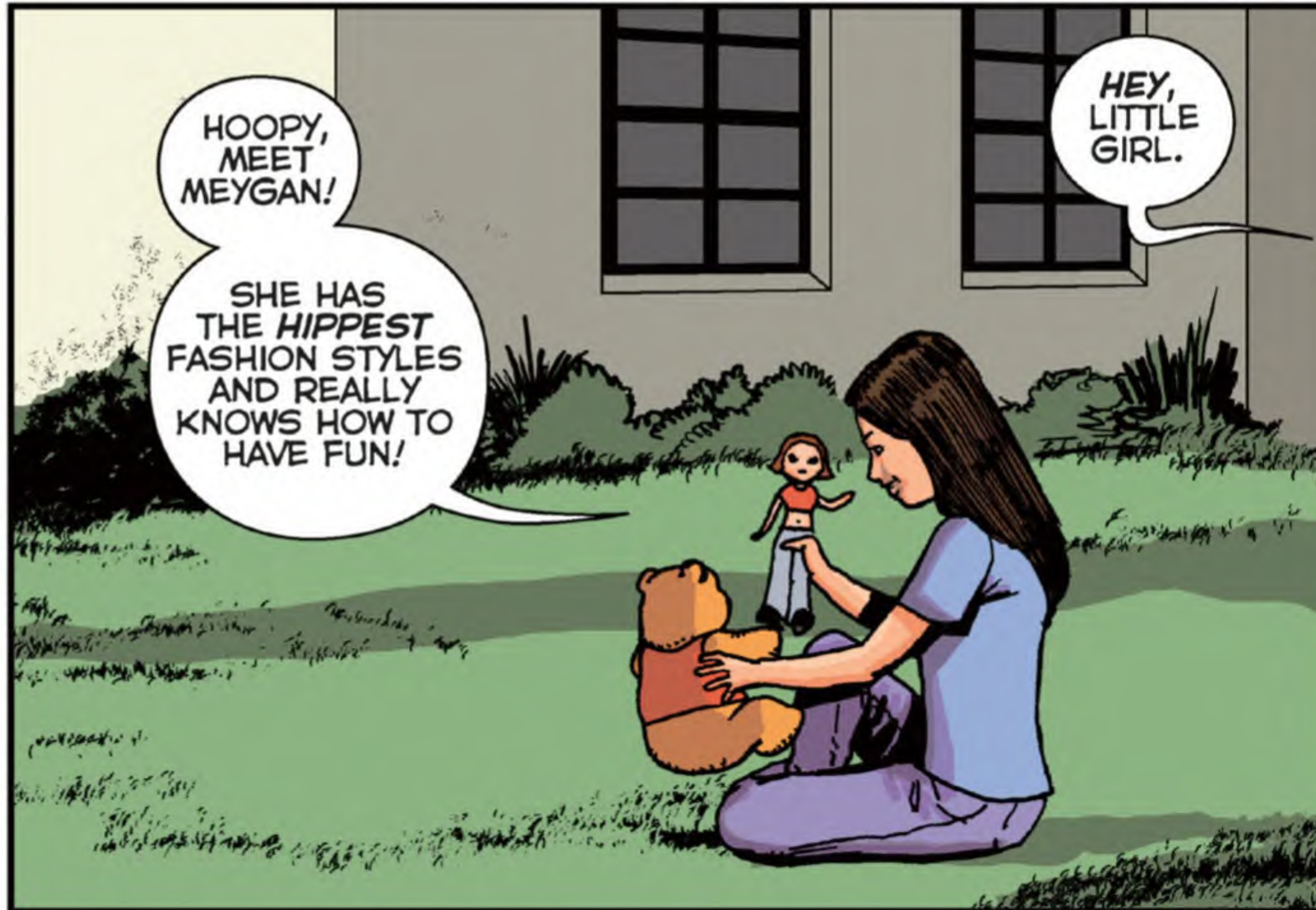


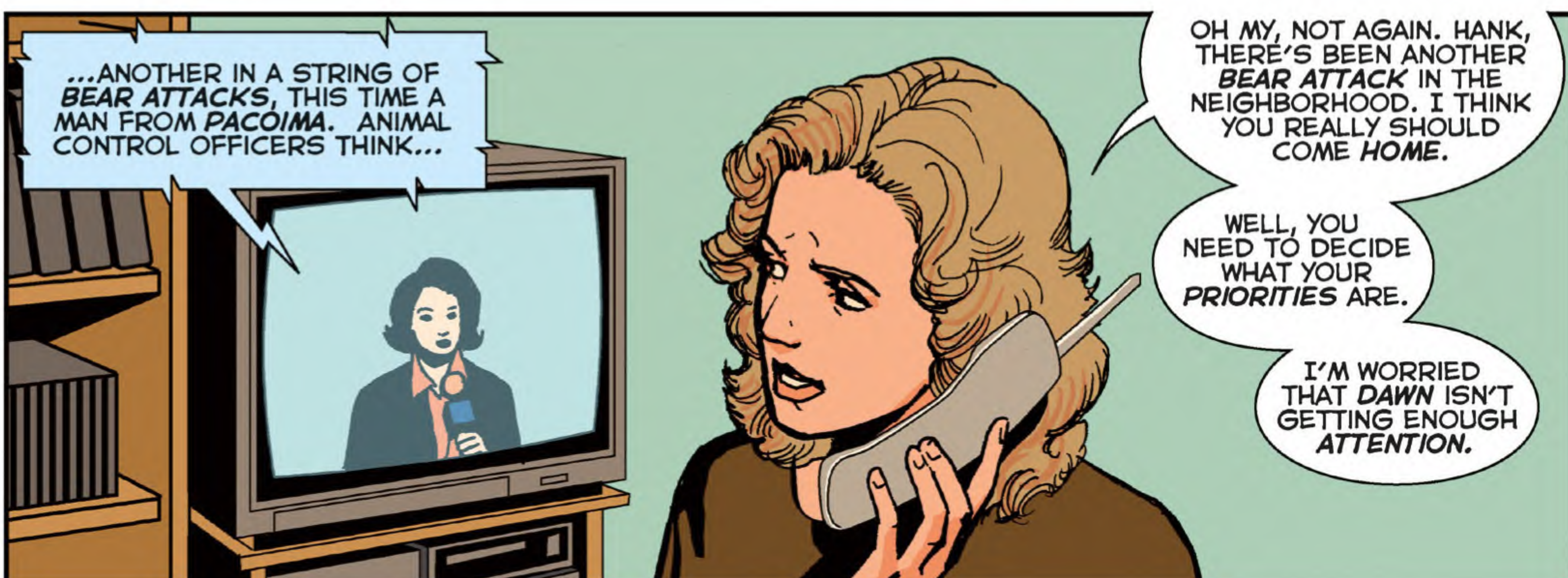
OH. MOM! THESE
ARE THE NEW DOLLS
I WAS TELLING YOU
ABOUT. CAN I GET
ONE, PLEASE?

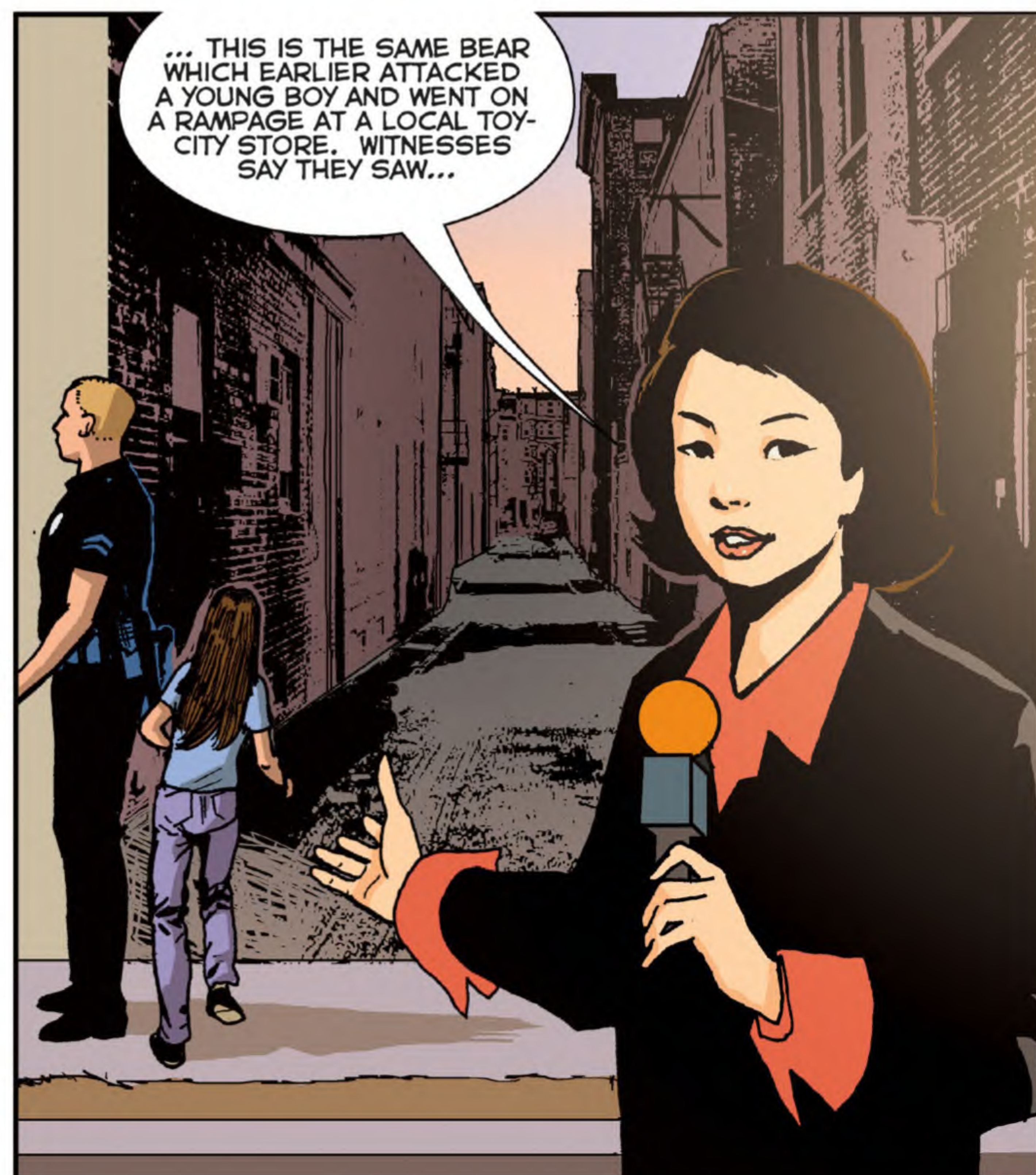
NOW DAWN,
YOU KNOW
BETTER THAN
THAT...

PLEASE, MOM.
PLEASE, MOM.
PLEASE, MOM.

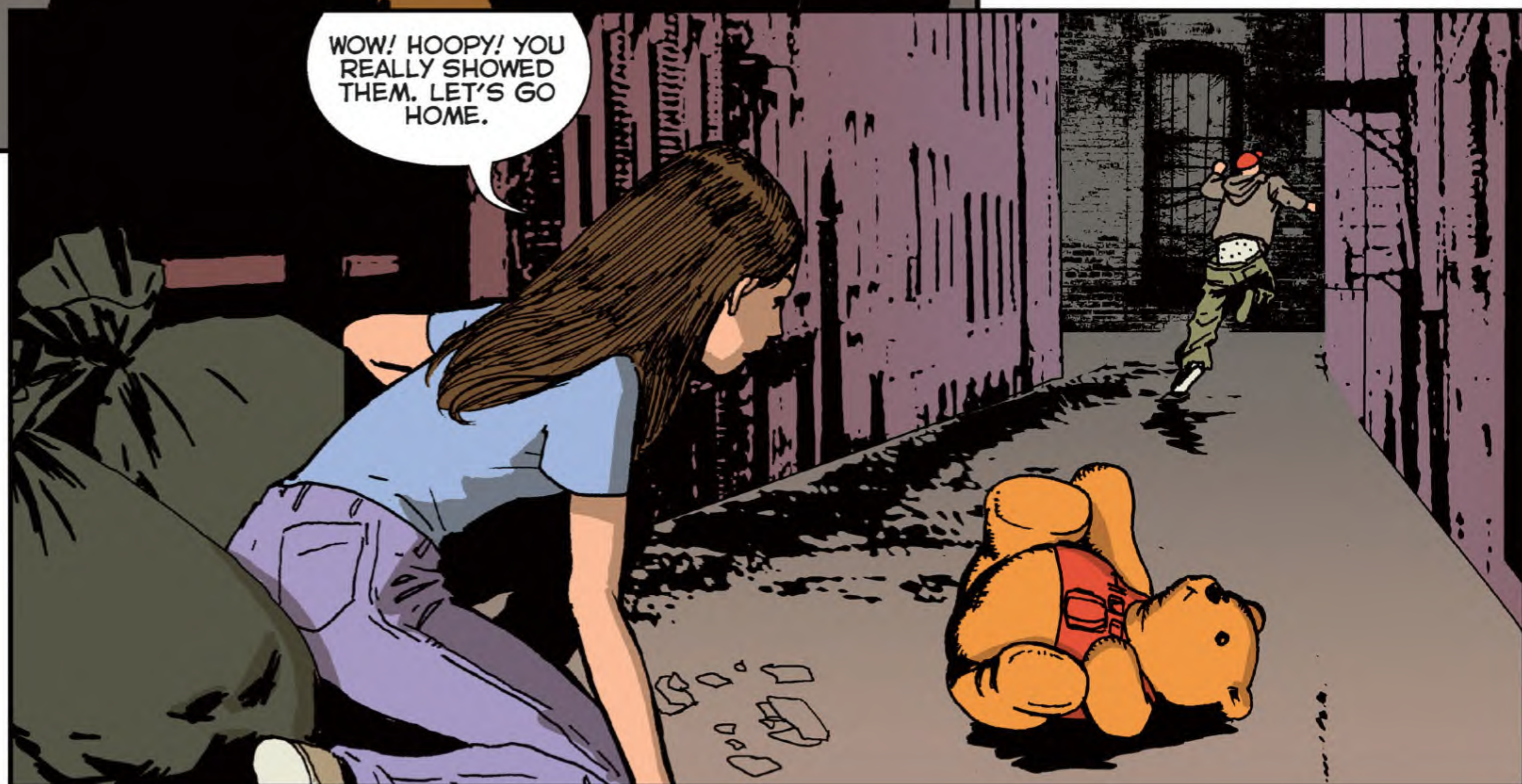








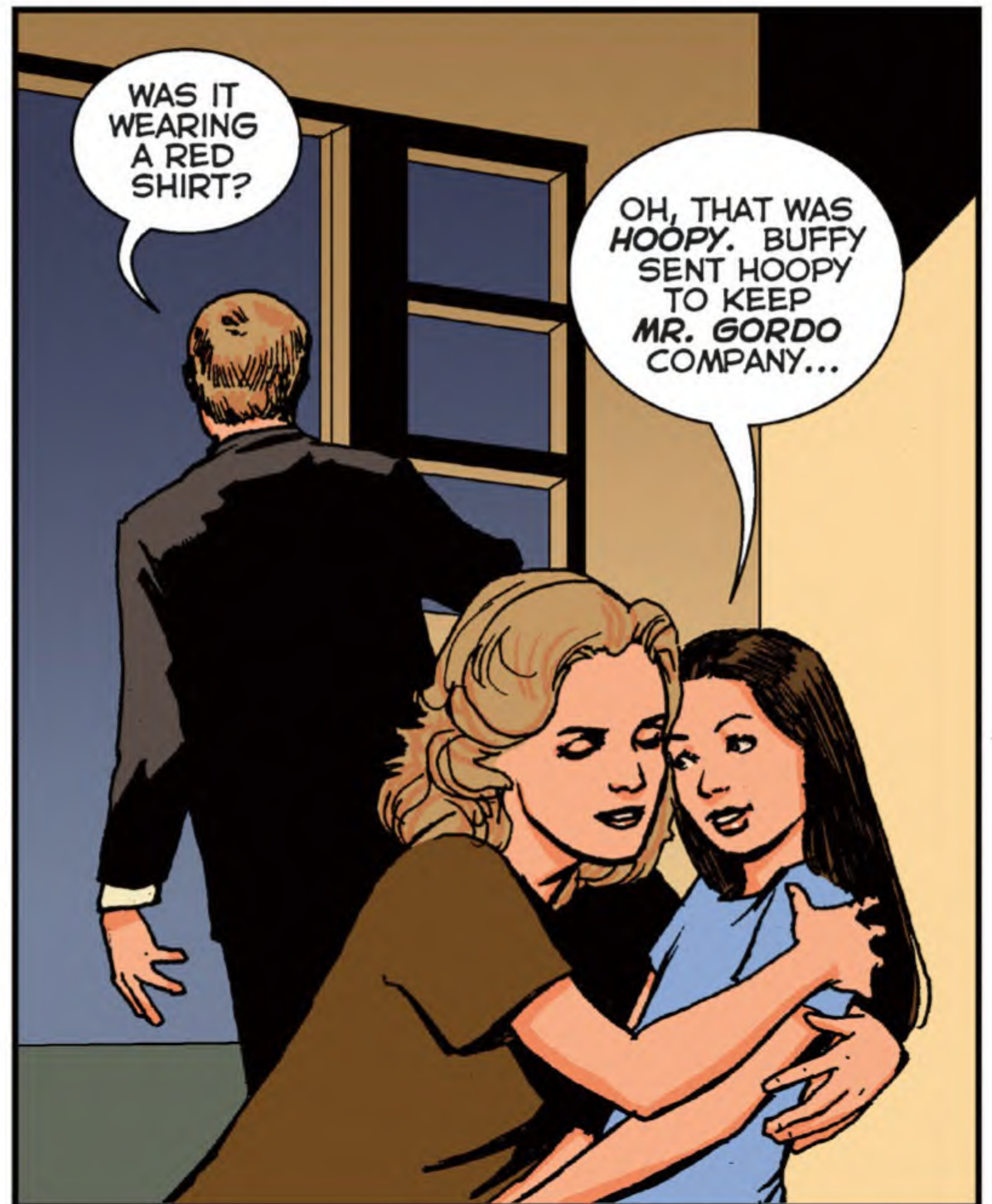












SLAYER, INTERRUPTED

CHAPTER I





I'd like to say that I had
the perfect opening line.

Something witty like,
"Are you the guy that
ordered the stake?"

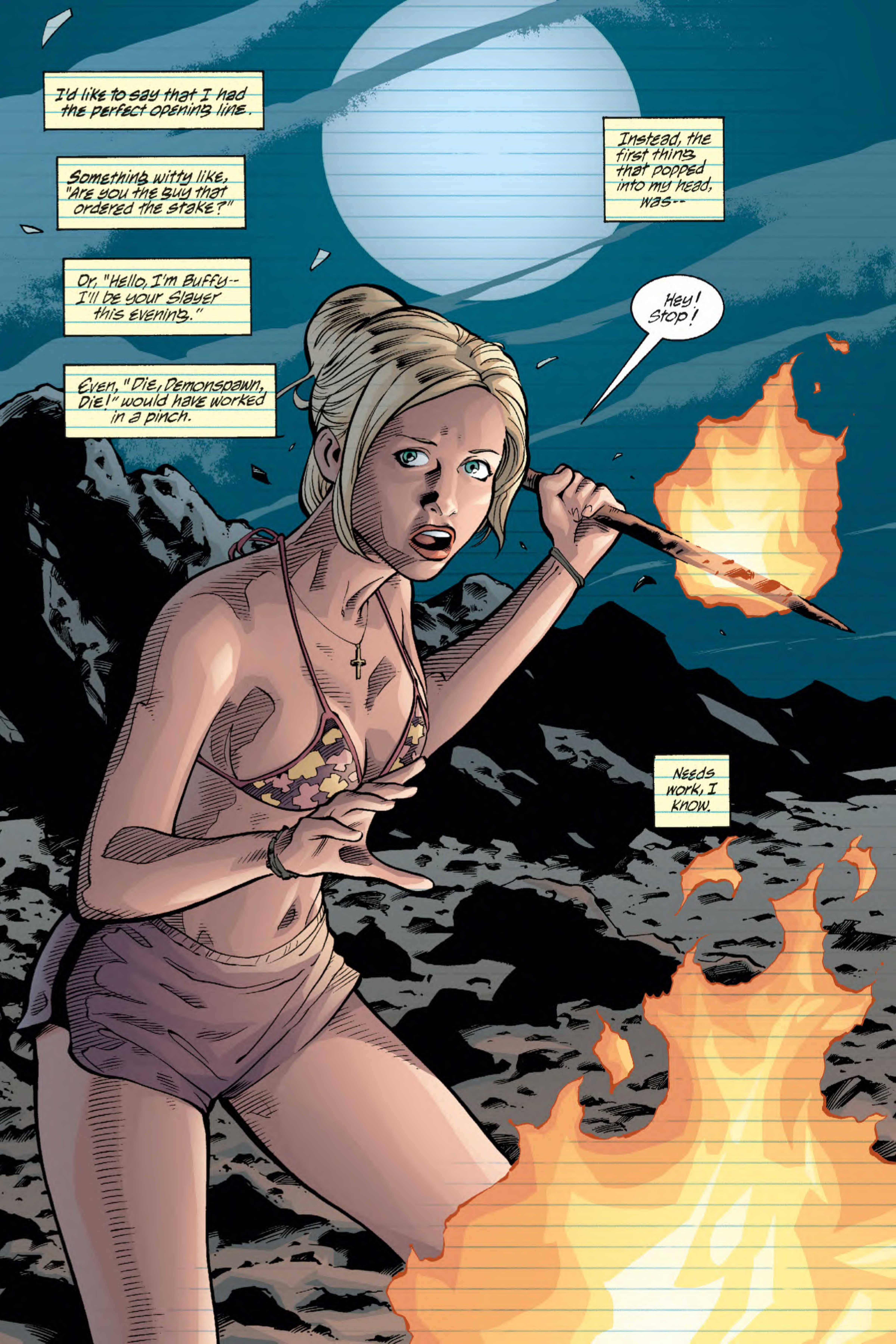
Or, "Hello, I'm Buffy--
I'll be your slayer
this evening."

Even, "Die, Demonspawn,
die!" would have worked
in a pinch.

Instead, the
first thing
that popped
into my head,
was--

Hey!
Stop!

Needs
work, I
know.



But you have to remember.
I'd only been "The Slayer"
for--what--eleven days?

Don't let anyone tell you that being the
one lone chick designated to keep the
rest of humanity safe from All Things
That Go Bump in the Night...

...isn't
scary.

It is.
Way.

Way
infinity.

"Hey?
Stop?"

Yer
Kiddin',
right?

What--
I'm supposed
to waste my best
material on a guy
who's three
seconds away
from being
a dust mite?

Wh-what's
happening?!

Tough talk and a
stake doesn't make
you a Slayer,
Little Girl!

He was
right.

But
slaying
made me
one.

Is this
any more
convincing?

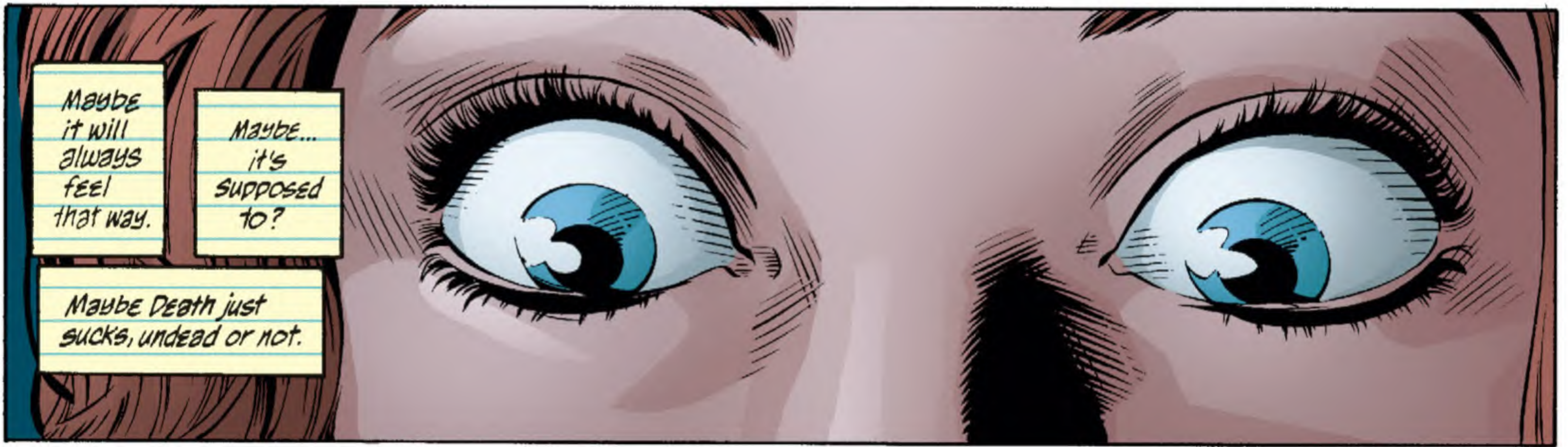
I was betting
the hang of it.

And even though I
was killing some-
thing that was
already dead--

--part of
it still
felt like
killing.

Ow!

POOF



Maybe
it will
always
feel
that way.

Maybe...
it's
supposed
to?

Maybe Death just
sucks, undead or not.

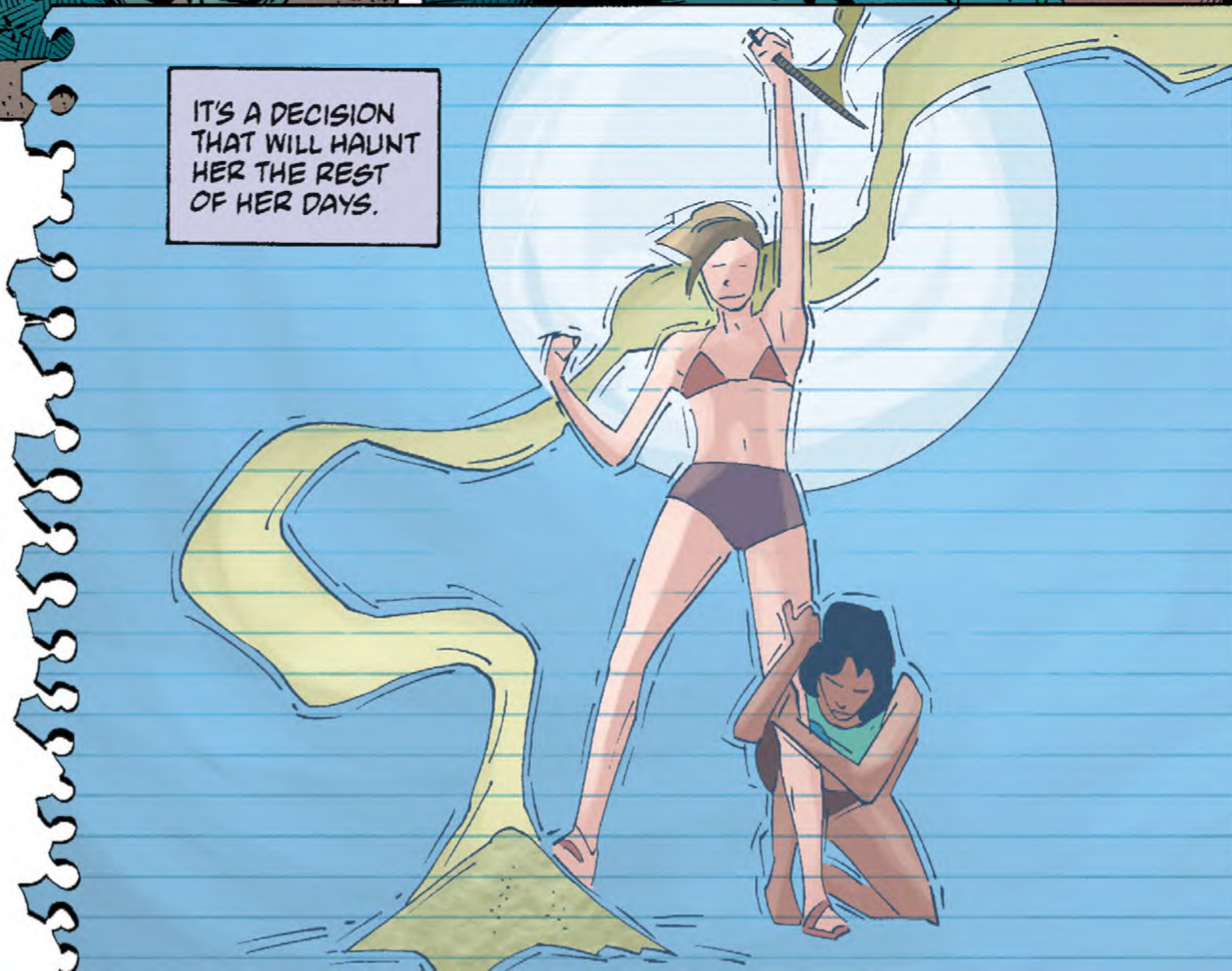


AT TEN YEARS OLD,
DAWN SUMMERS
KNOWS SHE
SHOULDN'T BE
READING HER
SISTER'S DIARY.



BUT
SHE
DID.

MAAAAAAAAAA!?



IT'S A DECISION
THAT WILL HAUNT
HER THE REST
OF HER DAYS.



IT'S NOT THAT I WAS EXPECTING, LIKE, "THANK YOU'S," OR, "IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO SAVE OUR LIVES," OR ANYTHING.

I MEAN, THAT'S NOT WHY I BECAME THE SLAYER.

AS IF I HAD A CHOICE. WHICH I DIDN'T.

BUT TO HAVE TO COME BACK HOME ON A BUS?

A BUS?

CAN IT GET ANY WORSE?

I MEAN, JUST YESTERDAY, I WAS KILLING VAMPIRES IN LAS VEGAS.*

AND TO THINK--IT ONLY COST ME MY JOB.

MY NEW LIFE, AND...

...MY BOYFRIEND?

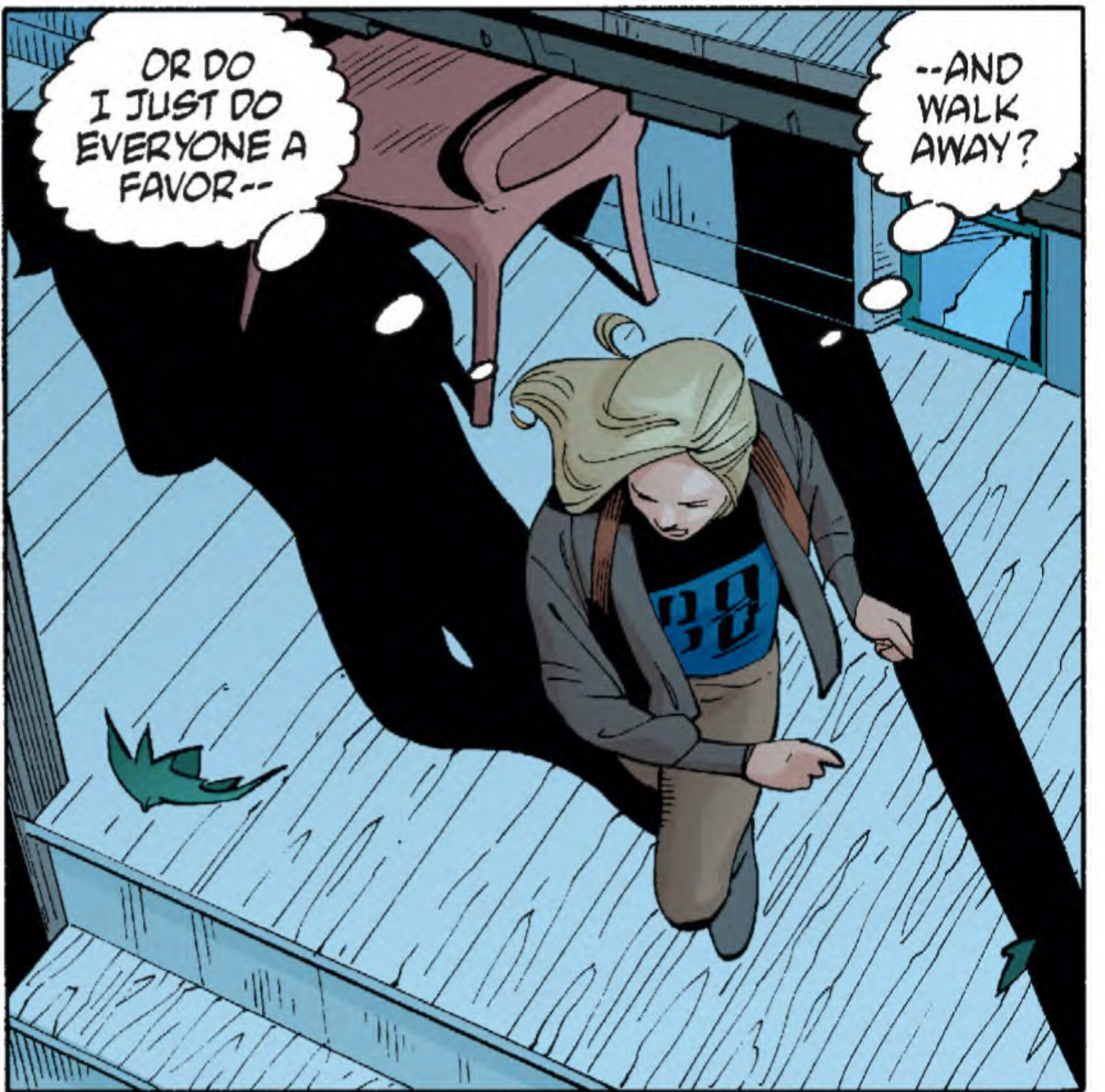
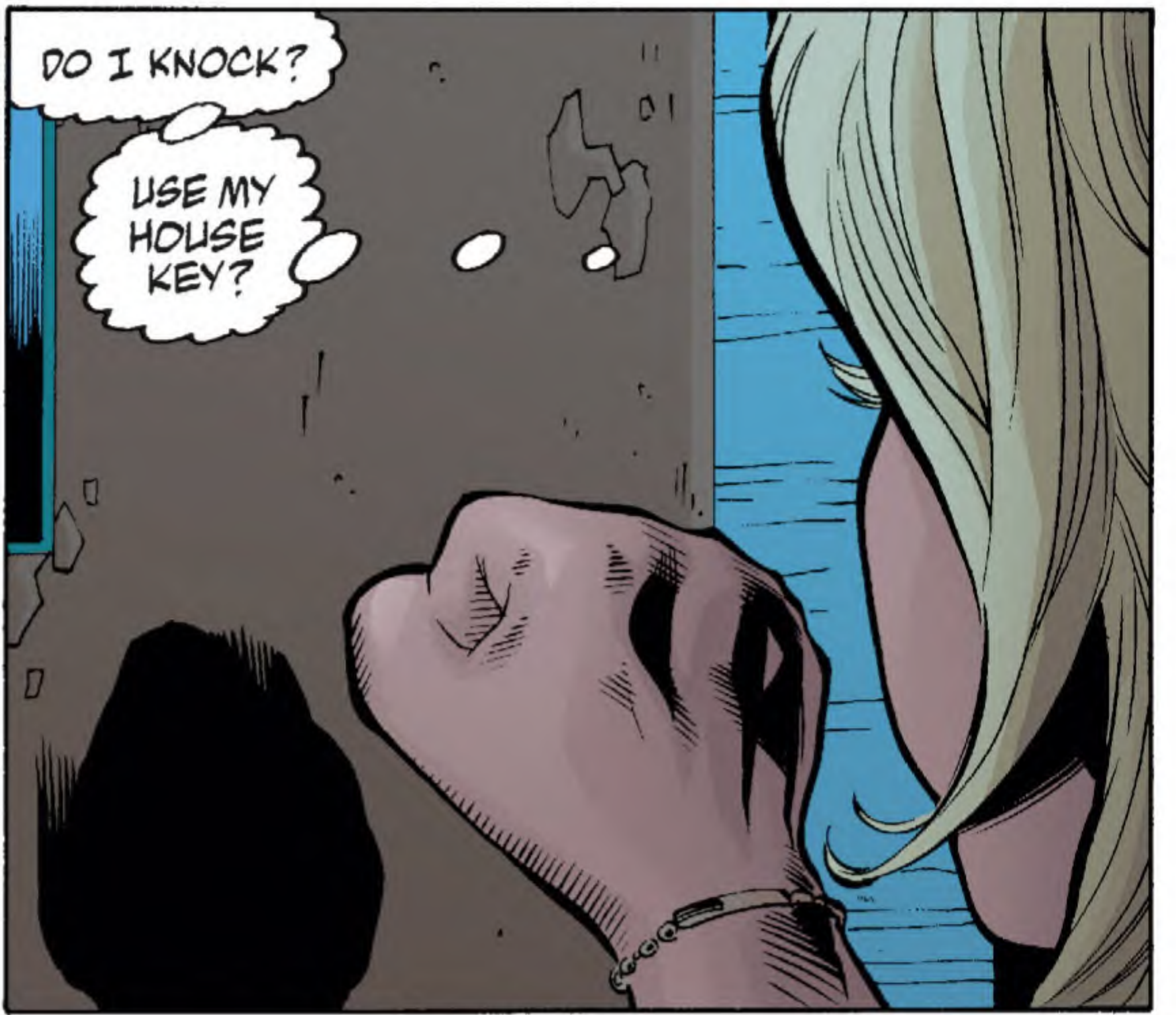
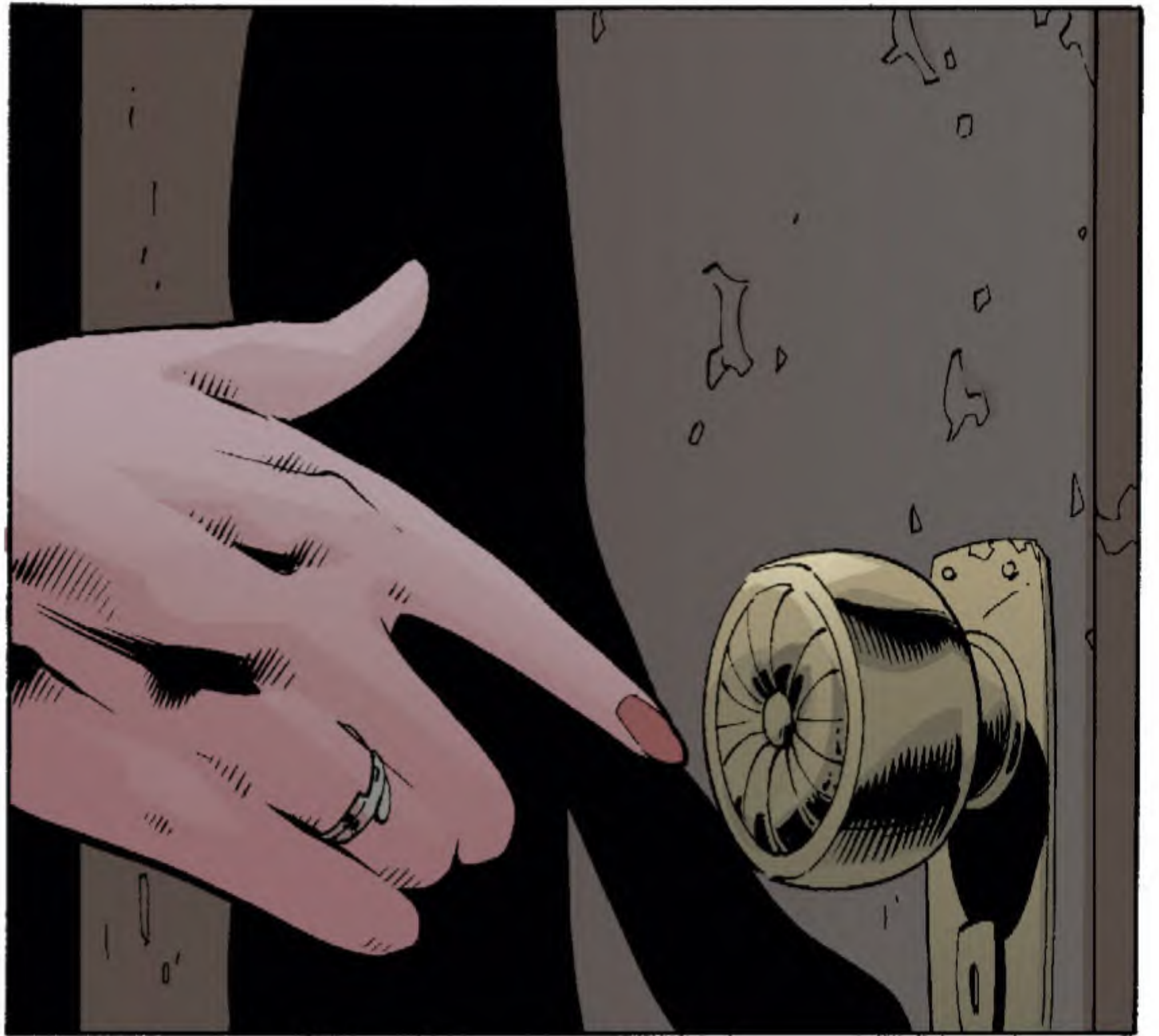
I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE PIKE AND I... YOU KNOW.

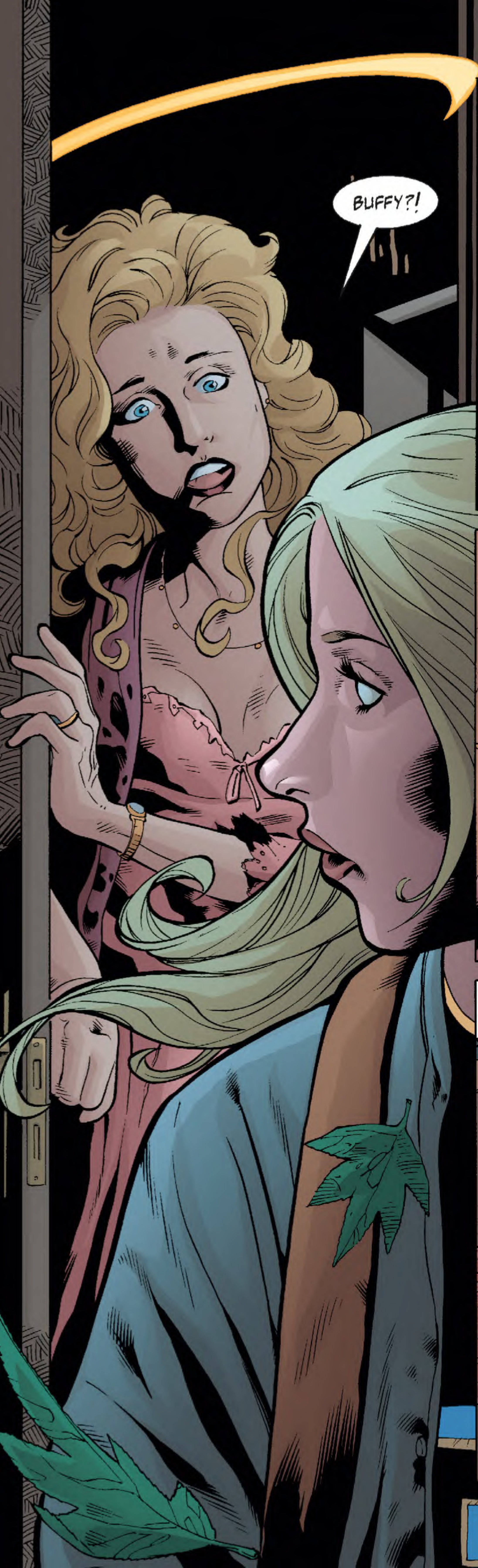
BUT THAT'S THE WHOLE REASON WE BROKE UP, ISN'T IT?

HE THOUGHT ME HAVING SOMEBODY TO LOVE--TO HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR--WAS ONLY GOING TO SLOW ME DOWN.

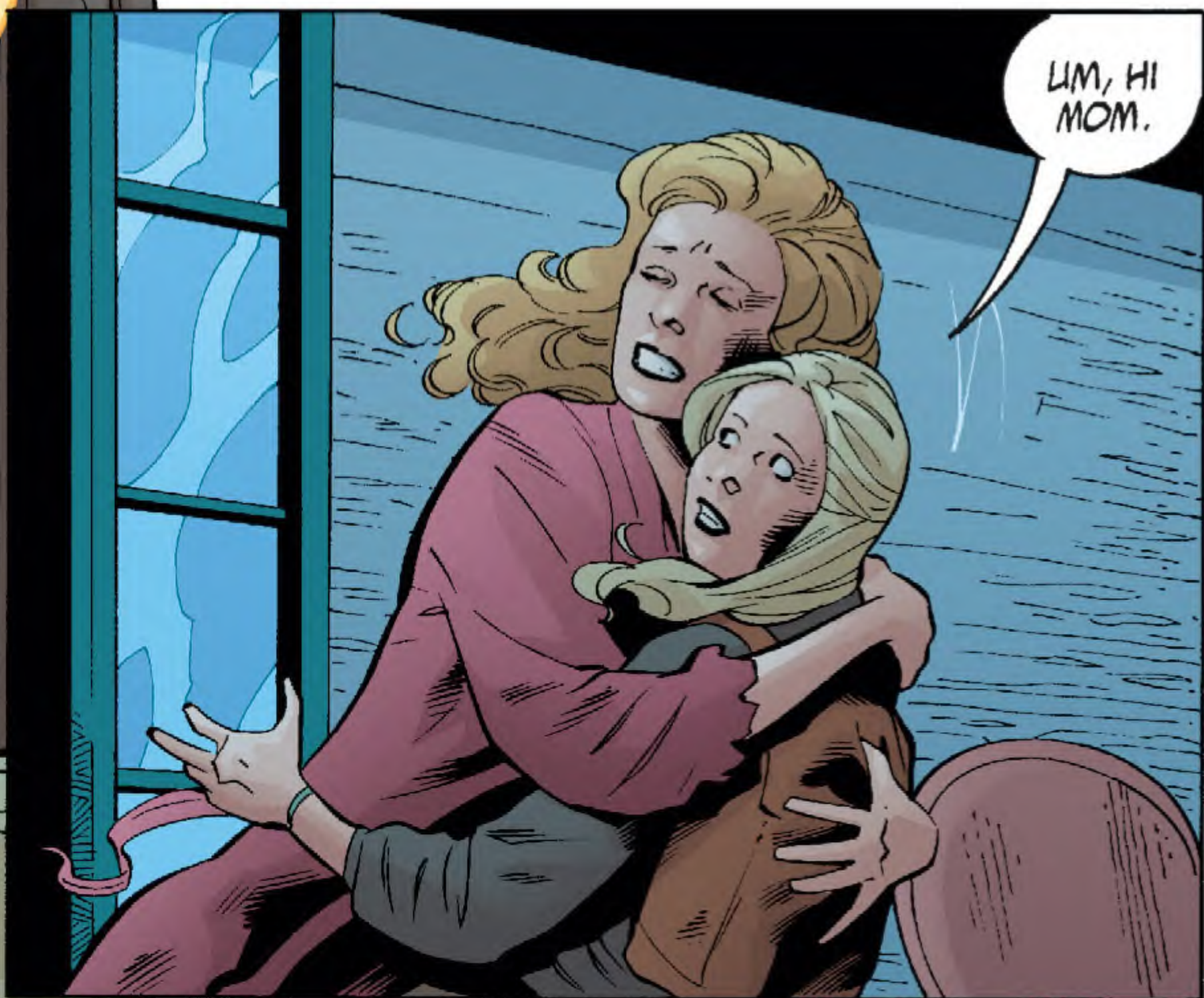
*SEE VIVA LAS BUFFY

MYSTERY MACHINE

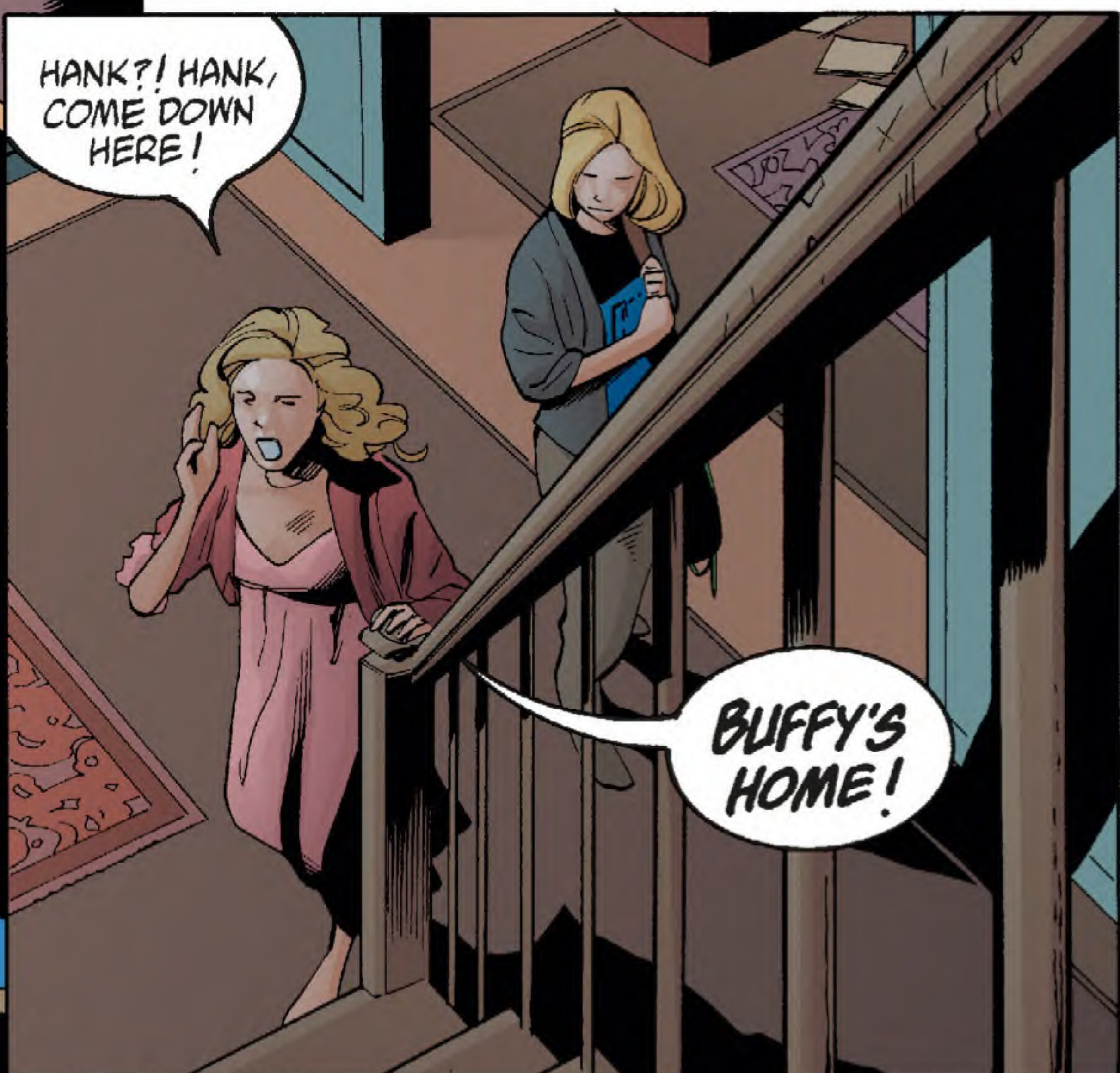




BUFFY?!

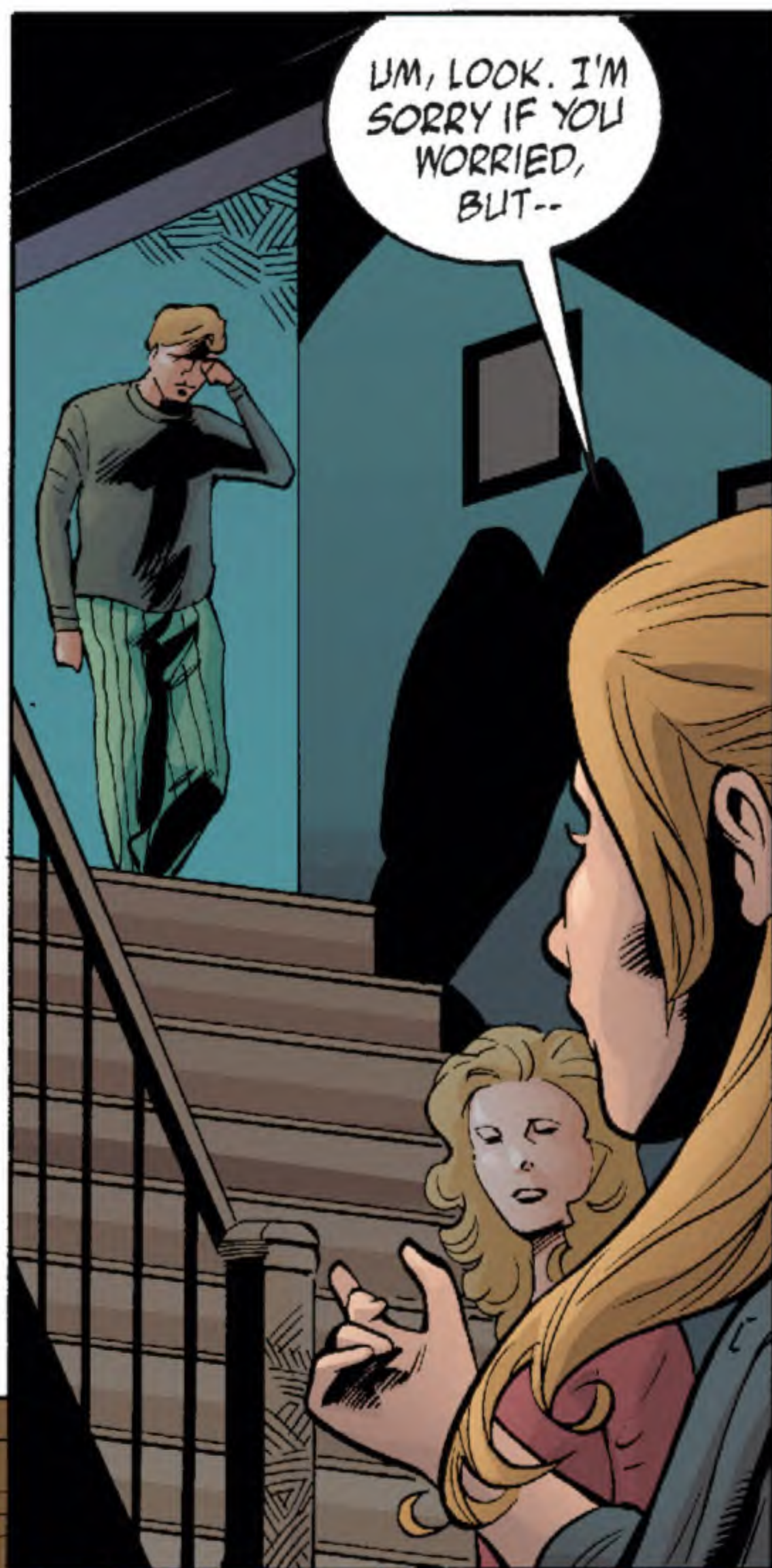


LIM, HI MOM.

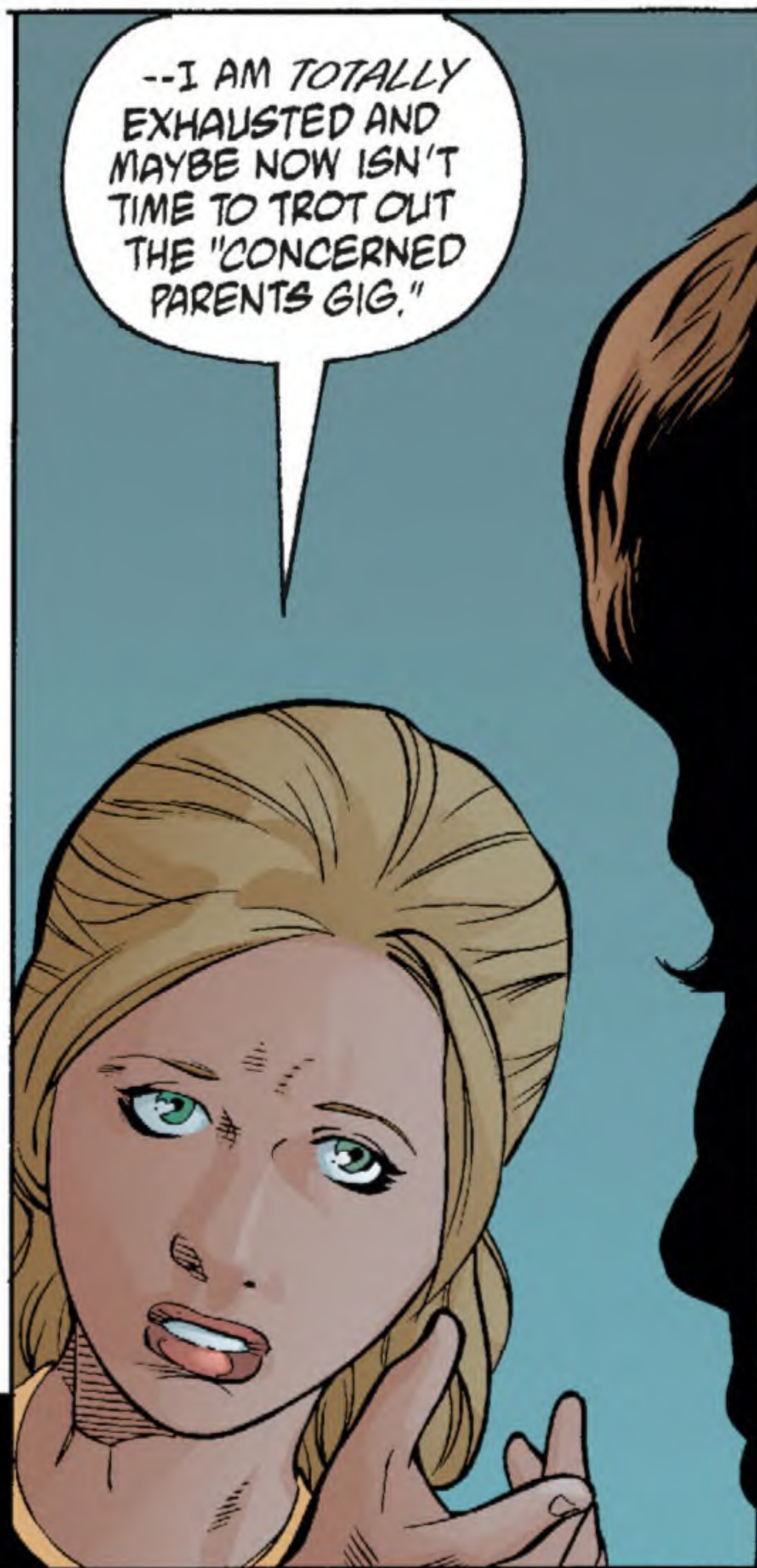


HANK?! HANK, COME DOWN HERE!

BUFFY'S HOME!



UM, LOOK. I'M
SORRY IF YOU
WORRIED,
BUT--

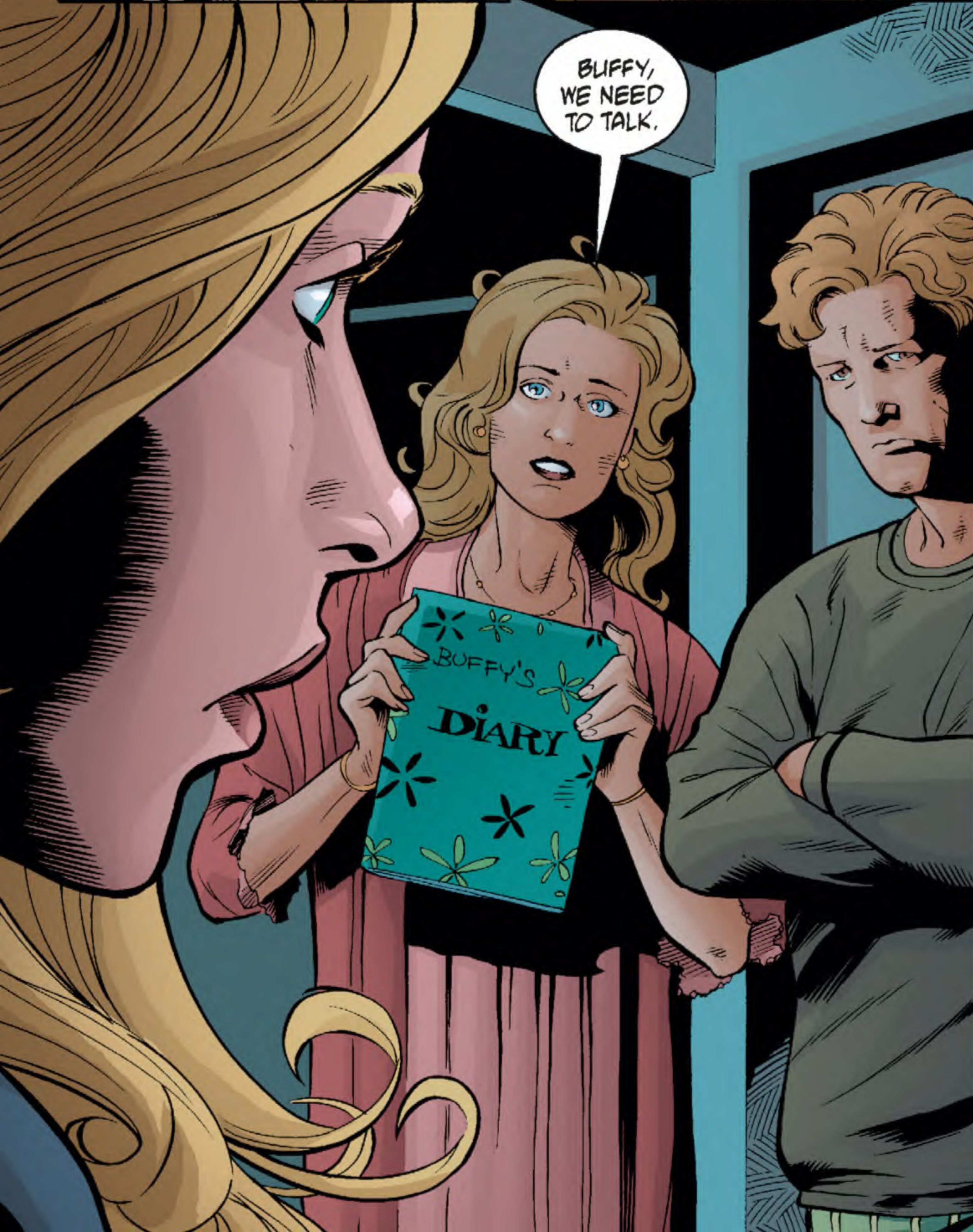


--I AM TOTALLY
EXHAUSTED AND
MAYBE NOW ISN'T
TIME TO TROT OUT
THE "CONCERNED
PARENTS GIG."



...HAAAH...

I'M SORRY.
WAS THAT TOO
HARSH?



BUFFY,
WE NEED
TO TALK.



NOW.

I.

WONDER.

WHERE.

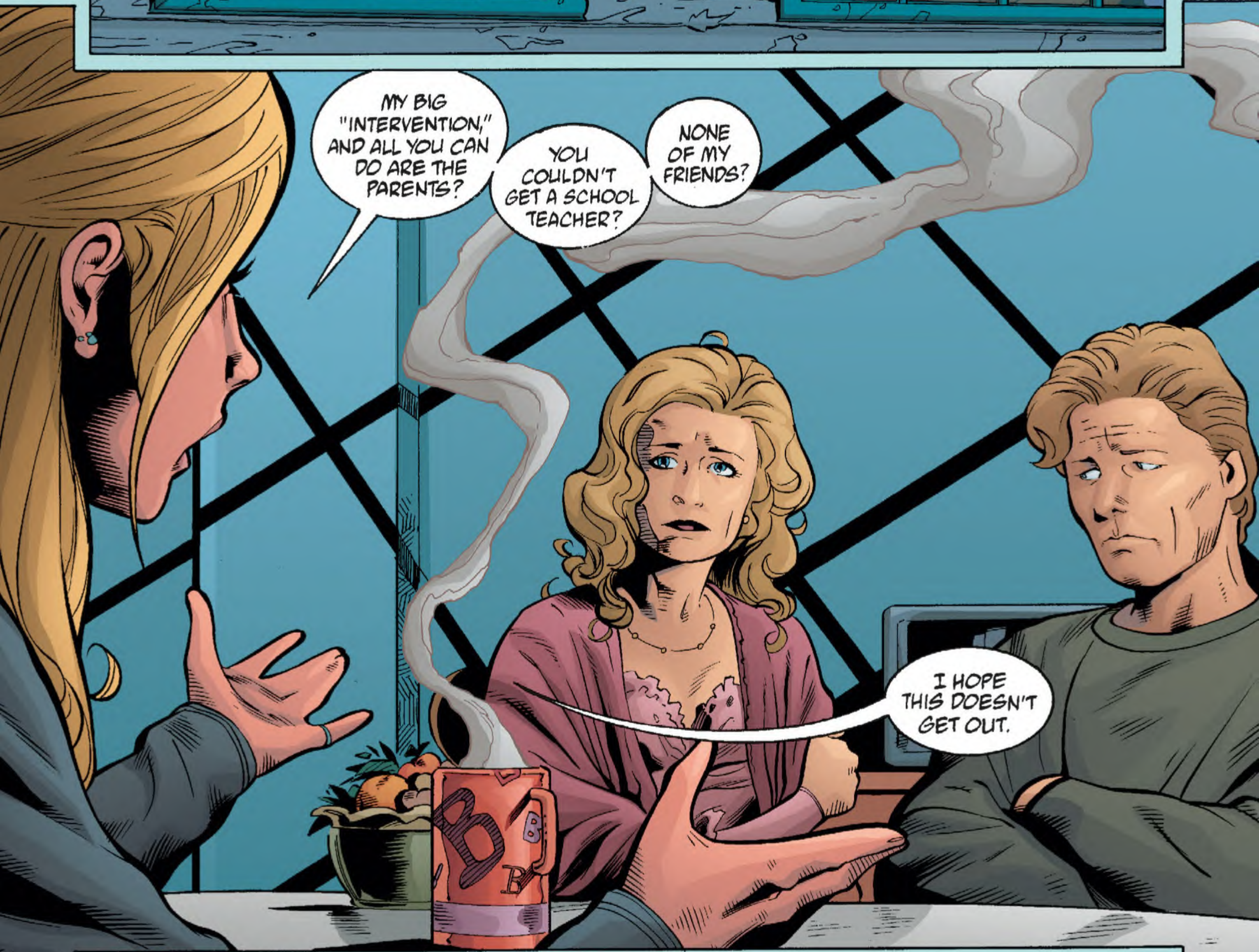
YOU.

FOUND.

THAT.



THIS IS IT?

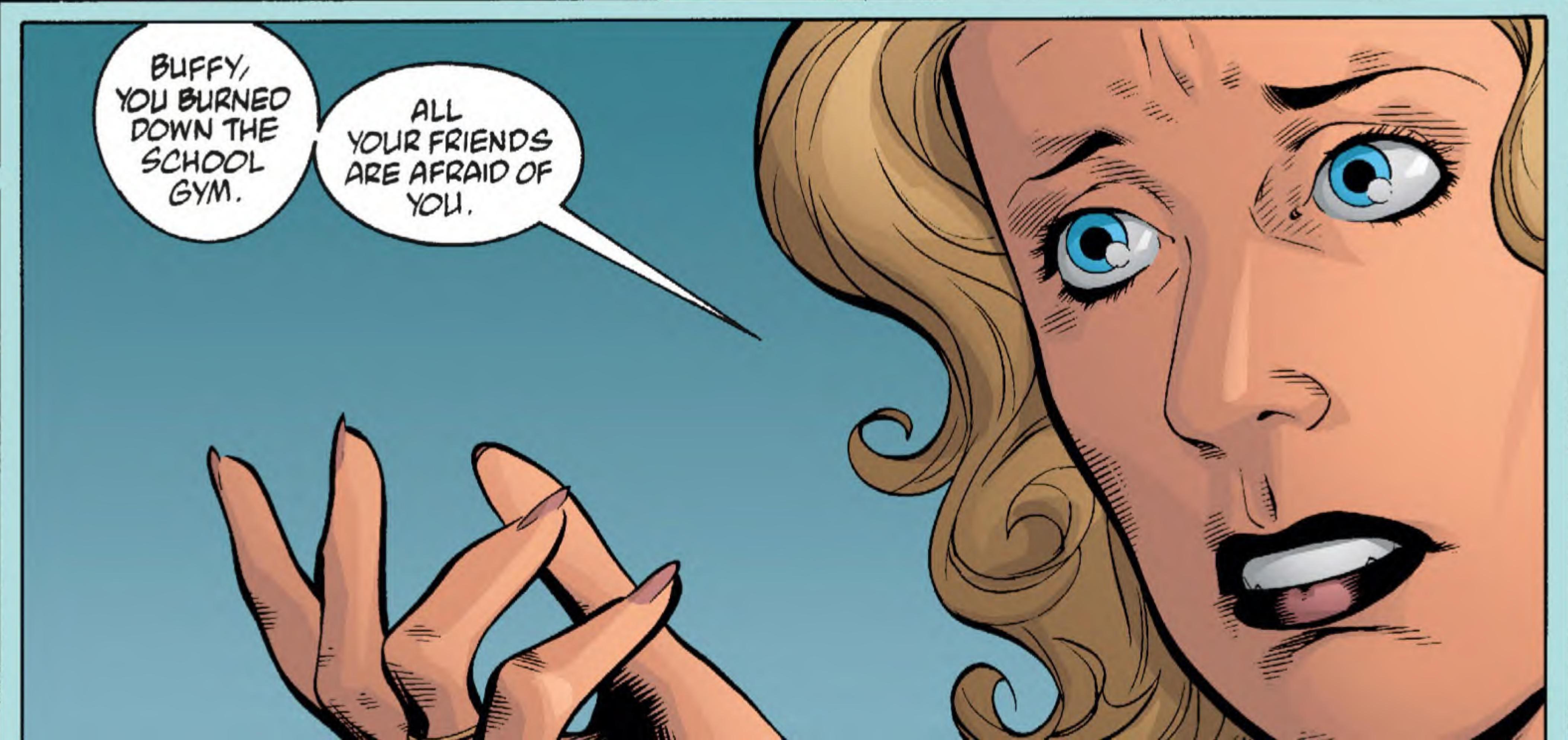


MY BIG "INTERVENTION," AND ALL YOU CAN DO ARE THE PARENTS?

YOU COULDN'T GET A SCHOOL TEACHER?

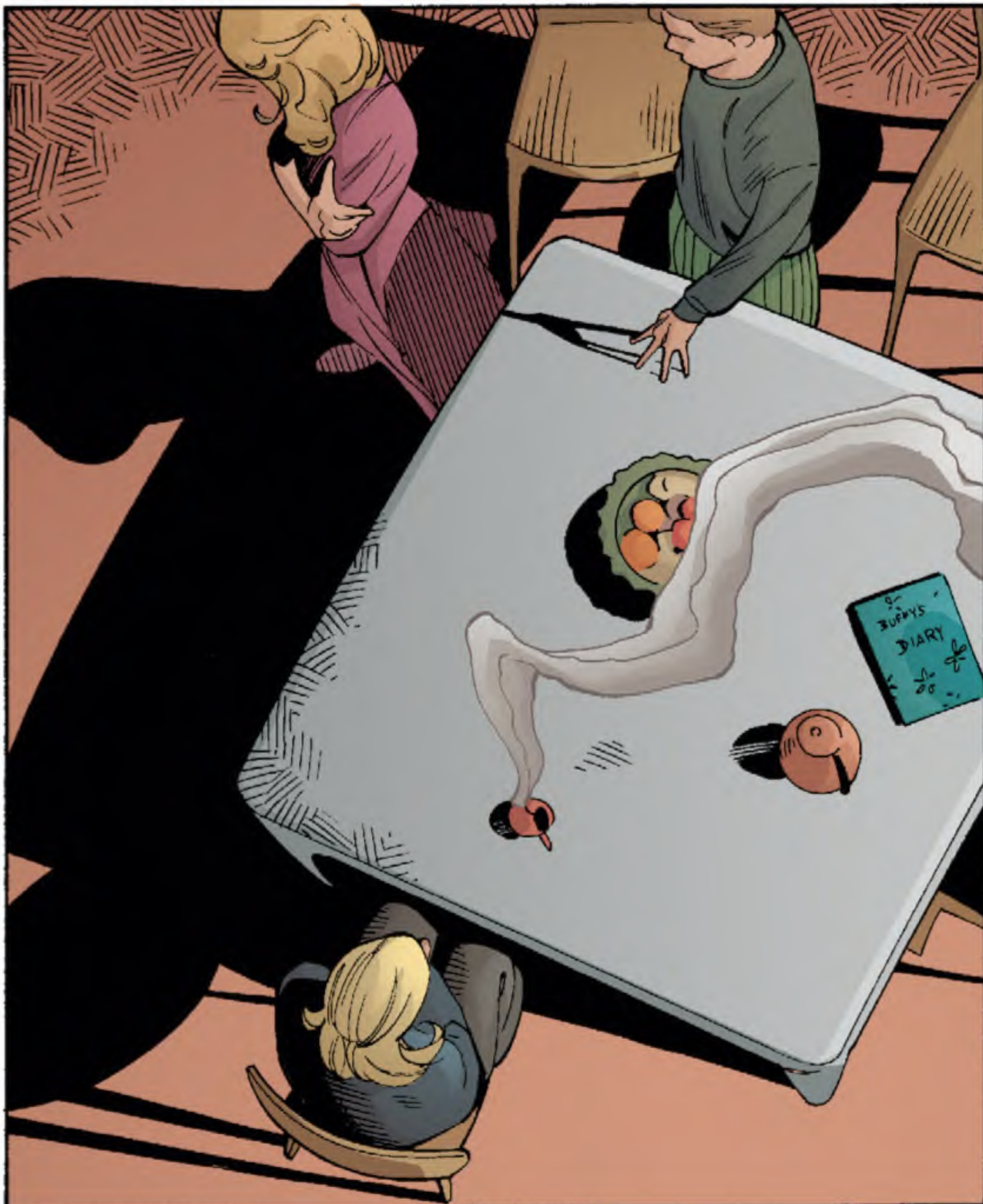
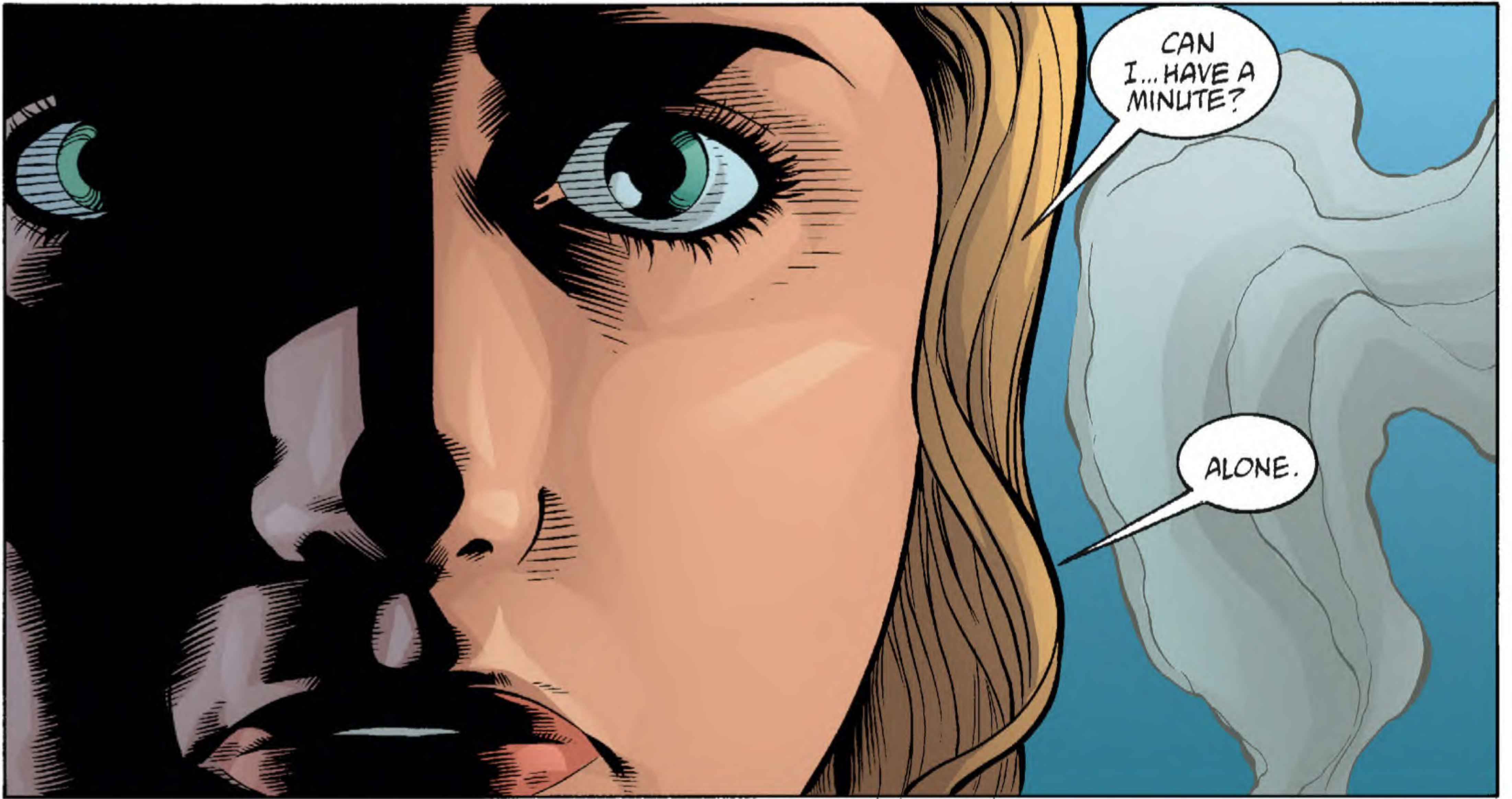
NONE OF MY FRIENDS?

I HOPE THIS DOESN'T GET OUT.



BUFFY, YOU BURNED DOWN THE SCHOOL GYM.

ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE AFRAID OF YOU.



IRELAND

ALONG THE SHOALS OF
SYNNE
HEAD, ON
THE NORTH
ATLANTIC
COAST--

--THE WATCHER'S
COUNCIL OWNS A
SMALL STRETCH
OF PROPERTY...

...THEY CALL THE
BLACKSHED.

THIS IS IT,
QUENTIN?

ARE
YOU READY,
RUPERT?

I AM.

WE WILL LEAVE
YOU ALONE THEN.
WE'LL BE JUST
OUTSIDE.

IN CASE I
NEED YOU?

IN CASE WE HAVE
TO RETRIEVE
YOUR BODY.



RUPERT GILES
WAS GOING TO
BE CALLED TO
SERVE AS THE
WATCHER FOR
A NEW SLAYER.

BUT WHILE TRYING
TO PROVE HE WAS
WORTHY OF THE JOB--

--HE SHOWED
HIMSELF TO BE
UNWORTHY.



AND NOW THE
COUNCIL HAS
TO KNOW--HE
HAS TO KNOW
--IF HE CAN
PUT HIS PAST
BEHIND HIM--

*Begone face
of foe, the one
I see in the
mirror,
Sown in soil of self,
my seeds of inner
fury
Repent for all
that I have
bled...*



*I open
the walls within
and enter the
Blackshed ...*



THAT
WASN'T SO
BAD...

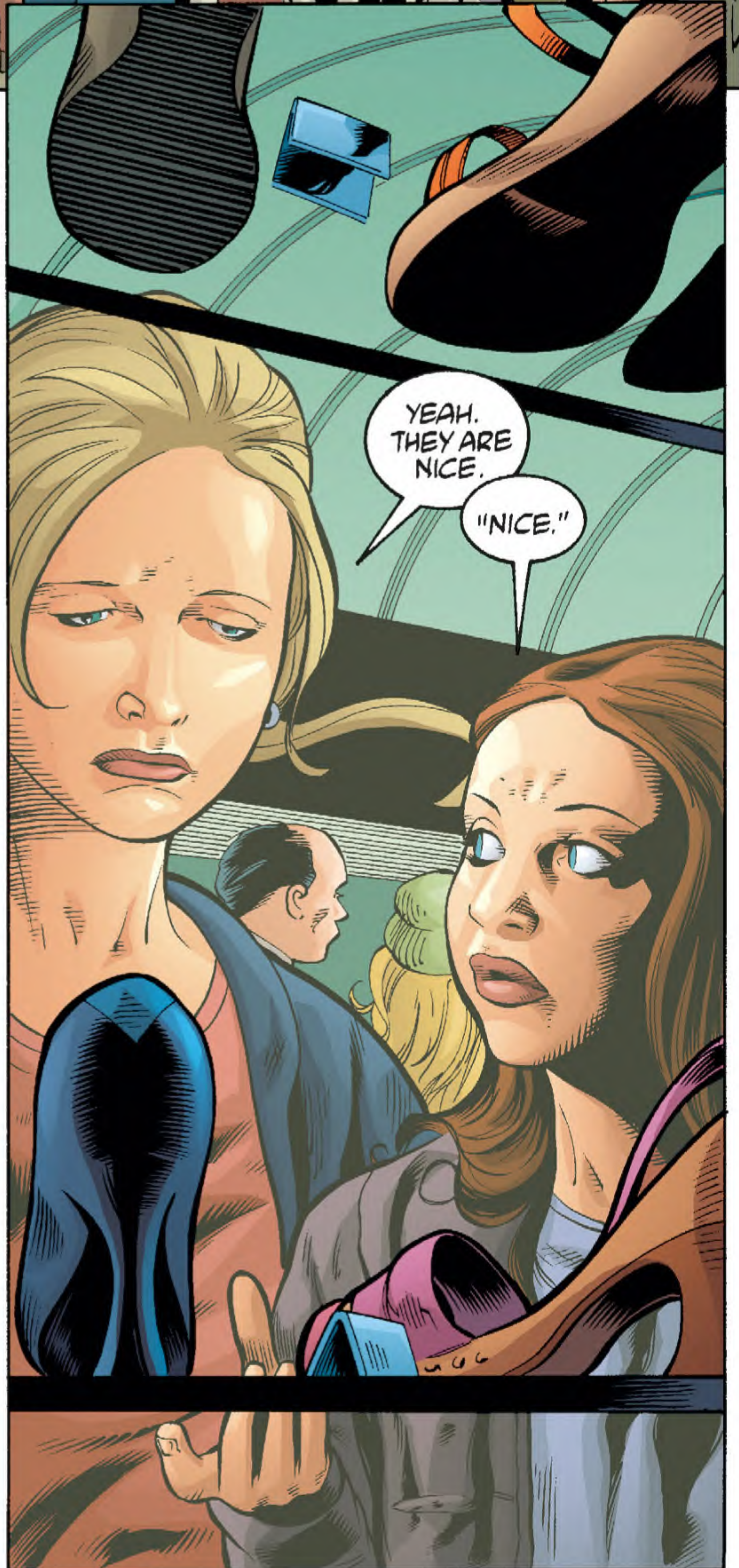


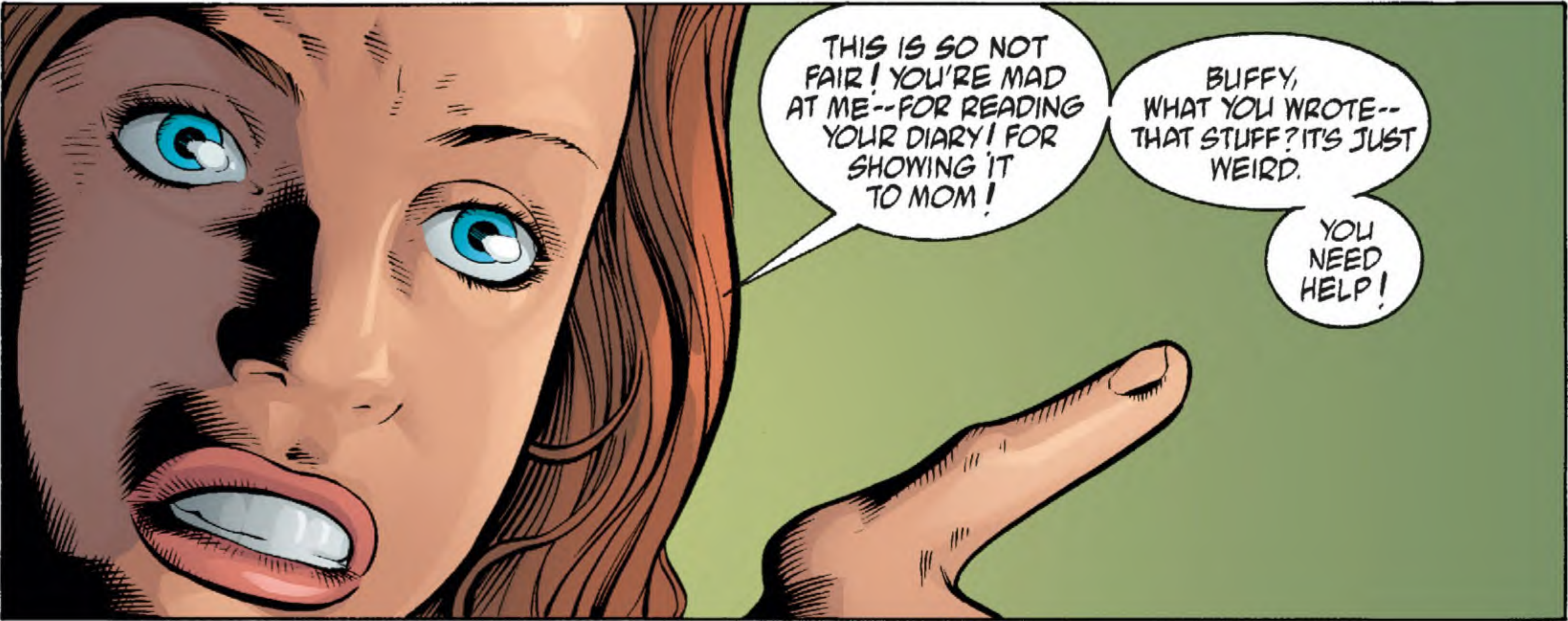
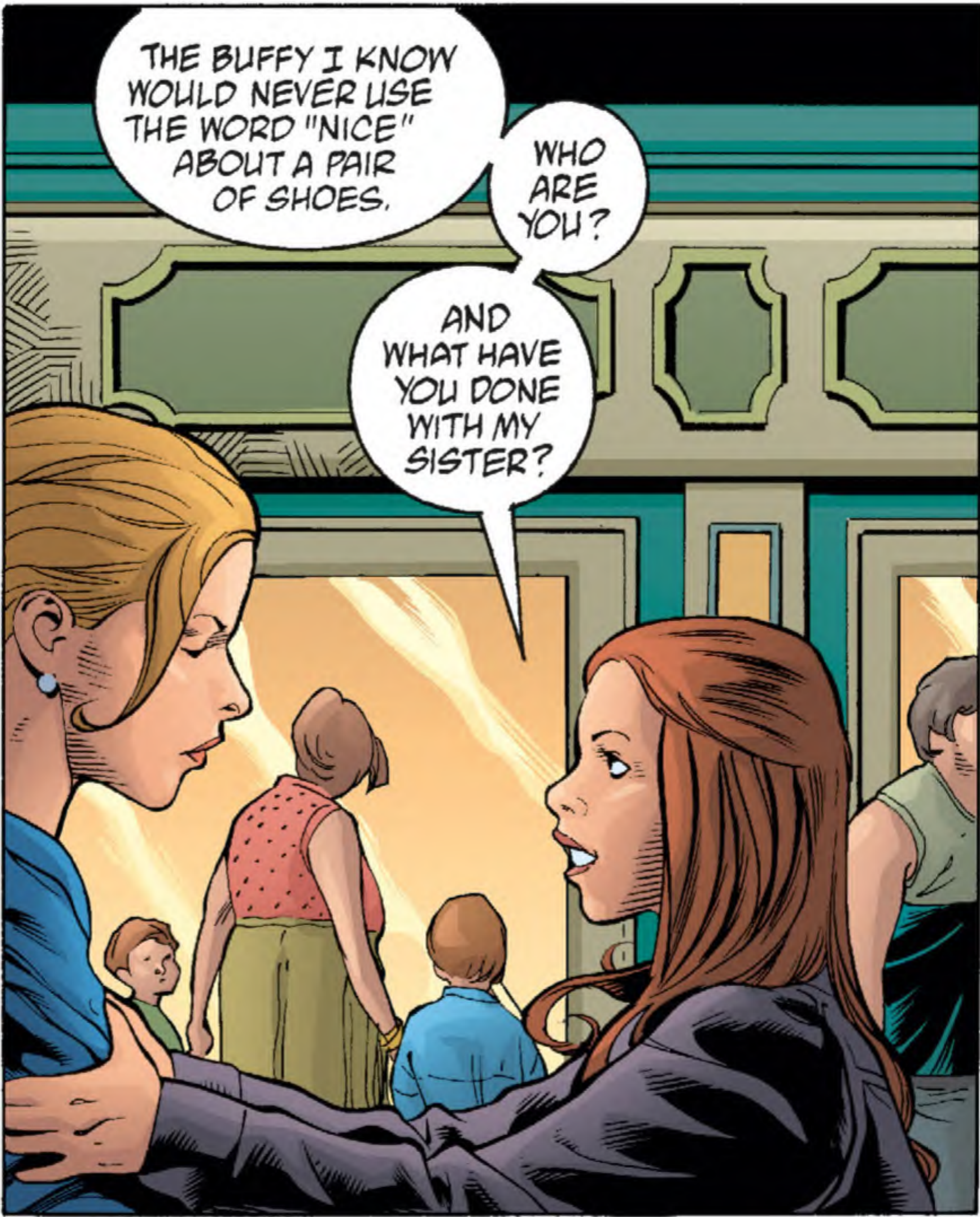
THWUNP

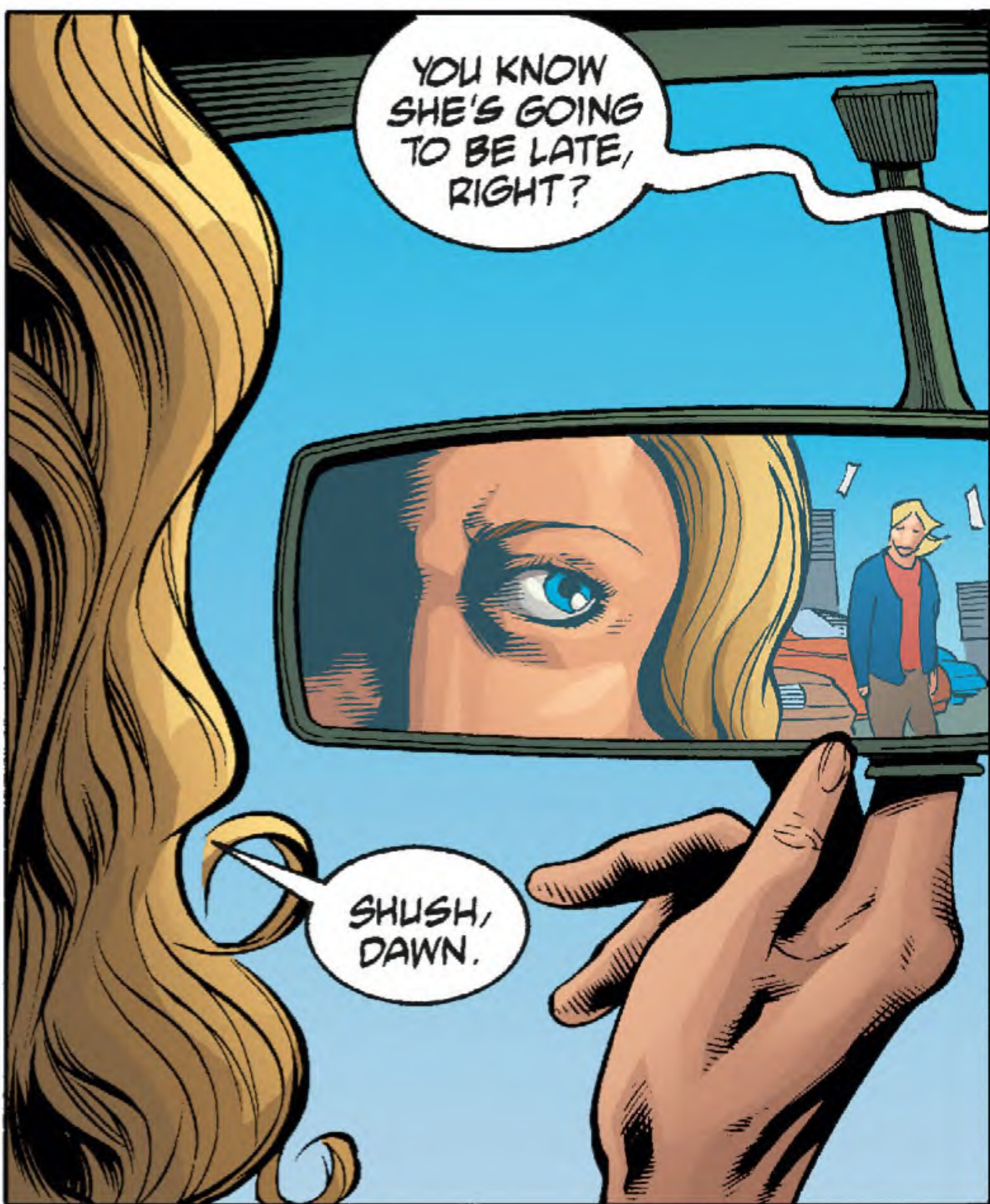


RIGHT
THEN, SODDEN
OLD GIT--

GET UP
SO THE RIPPER
CAN CLUB YOU
AGAIN!









YOU THERE, LITTLE GIRL!

RUN AND G-GET THE POLICE!

OR BETTER YET--WAIT YOUR TURN, LITTLE GIRL.

YEAH, WELL--



--LITTLE GIRL, BIG STAKE.



YOU'VE GOT TO BE JOKING.

YOU TELL ME, FANG...



KRAK!!

DOES IT FEEL LIKE I'M JOKING?



HERE, LAUGH YOURSELF ALL THE WAY TO HELL.

THRUST!



UM.

SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE GONE ALL "POOFY" BY NOW?



OW!

"OW"? THAT'S IT-- "OW"?

ARE YOU, LIKE, SOME SUPER VAMP OR SOMETHING?



DUH, HOW MANY VAMPIRES YOU KNOW HAVE A DAMNED TAIL?!

I'M A TORQUE DEMON. YOU DON'T **STAKE** A TORQUE DEMON, YOU CAN ONLY **SLAY** IT BY BEHEADING IT!

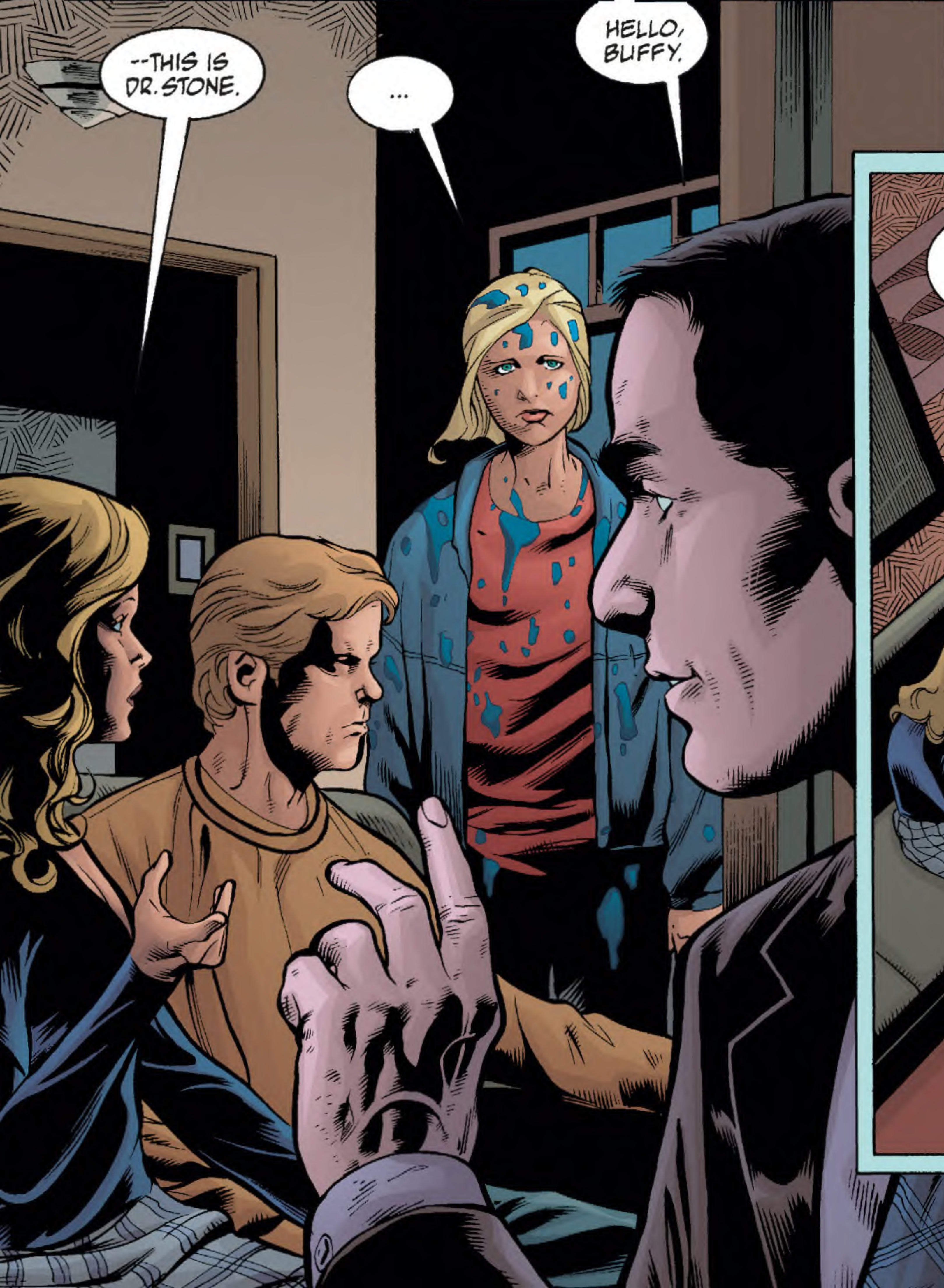


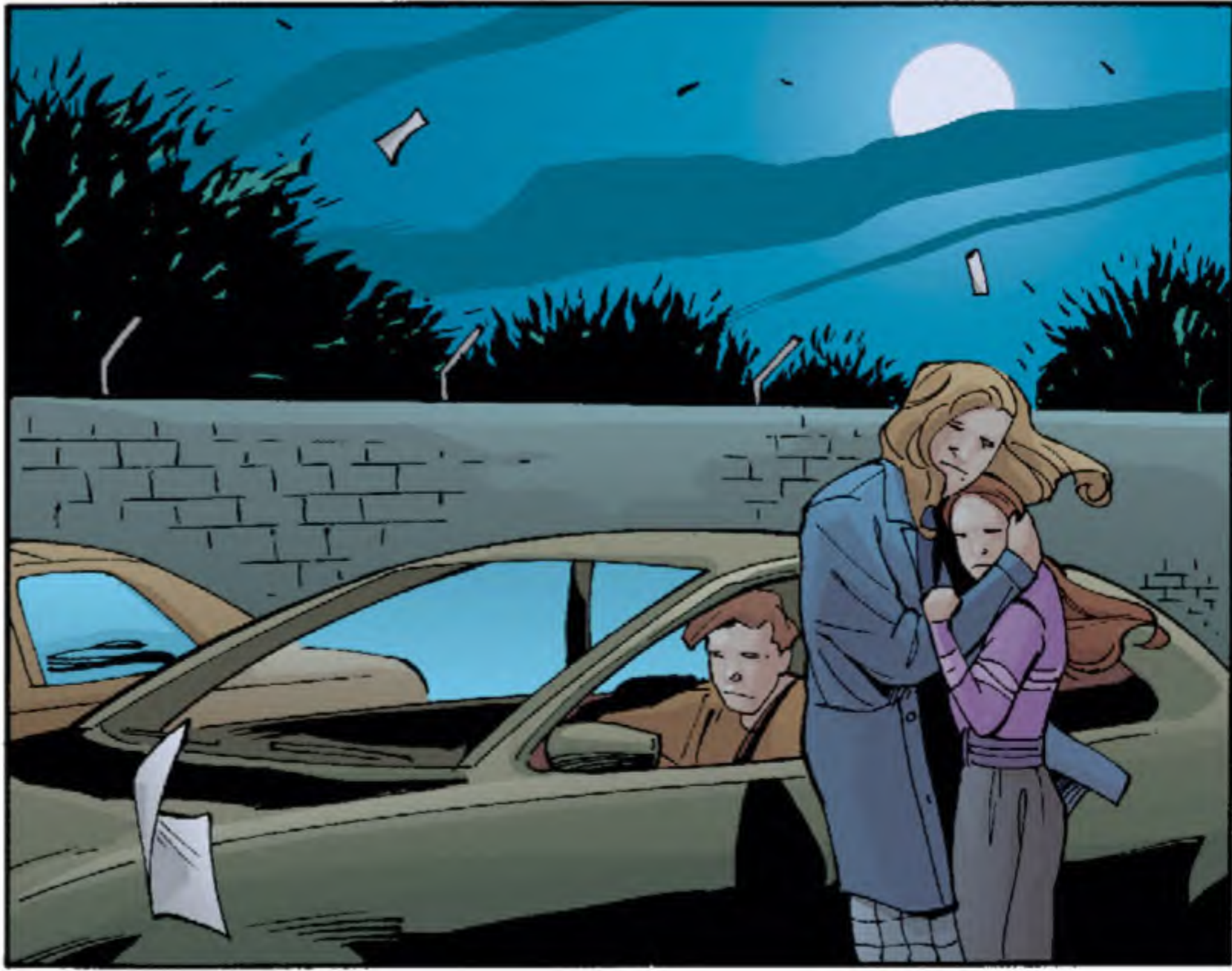
OULNPH!

YOU CALL YOURSELF A SLAYER?!

WHAK!







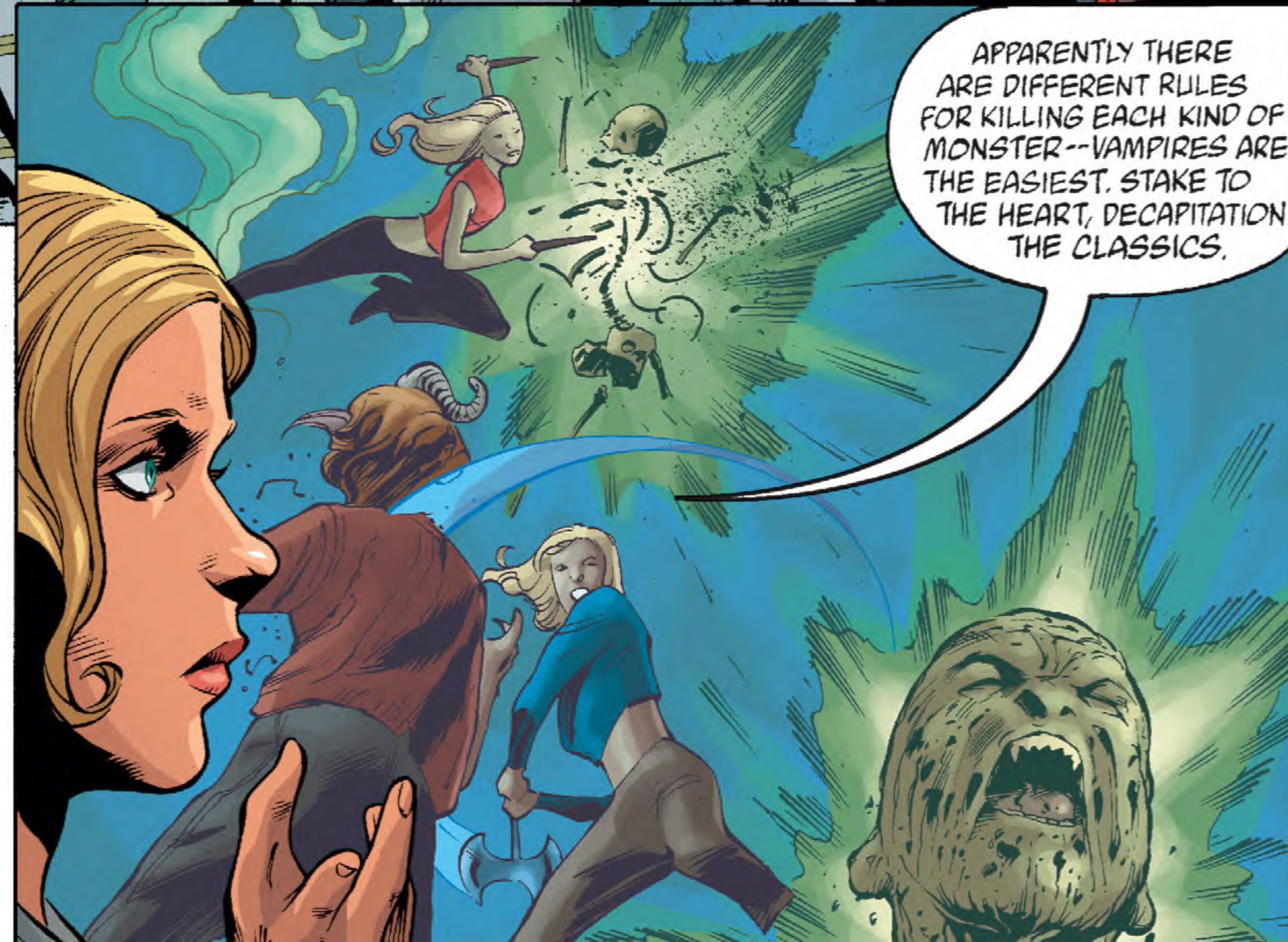
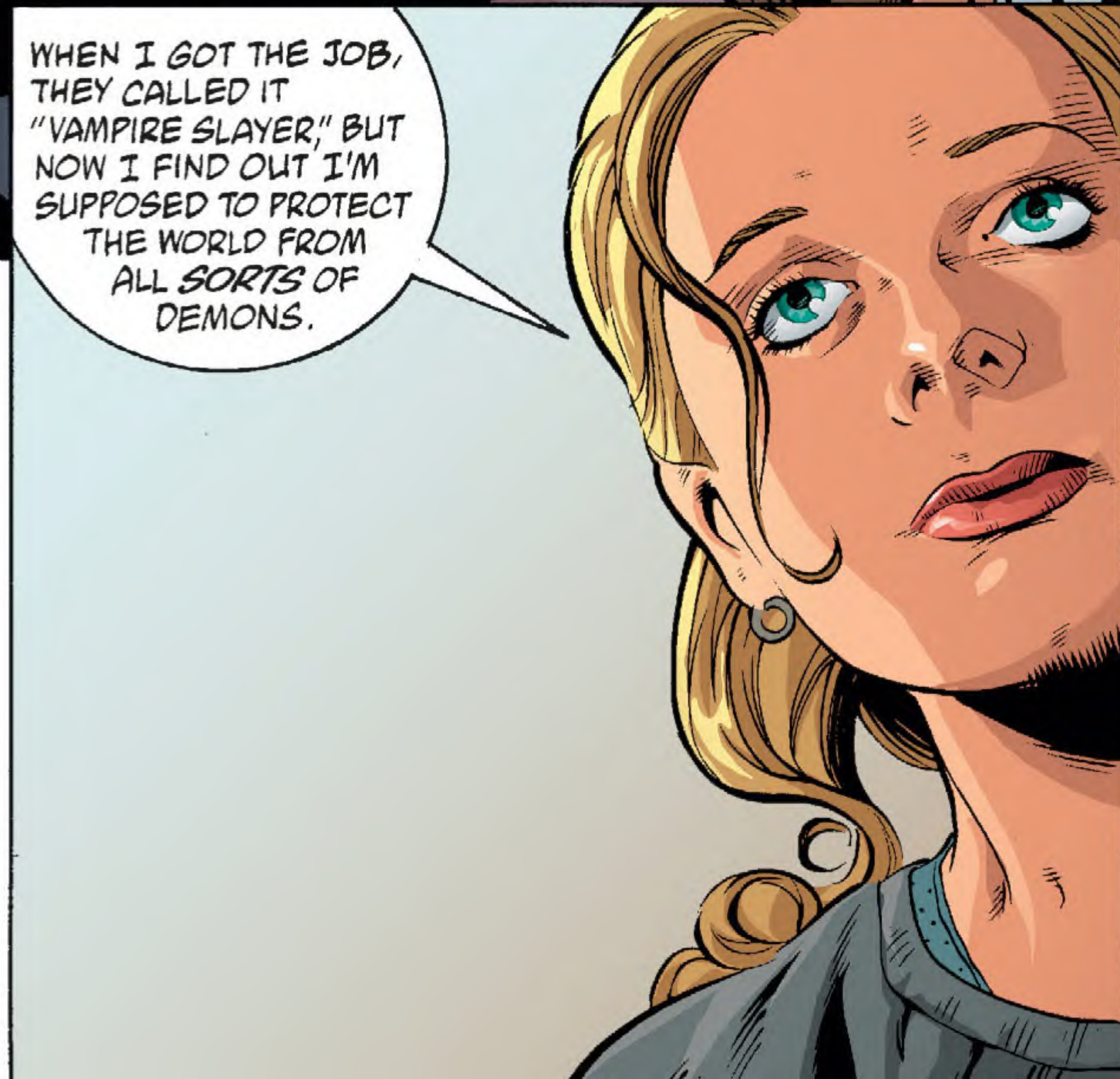


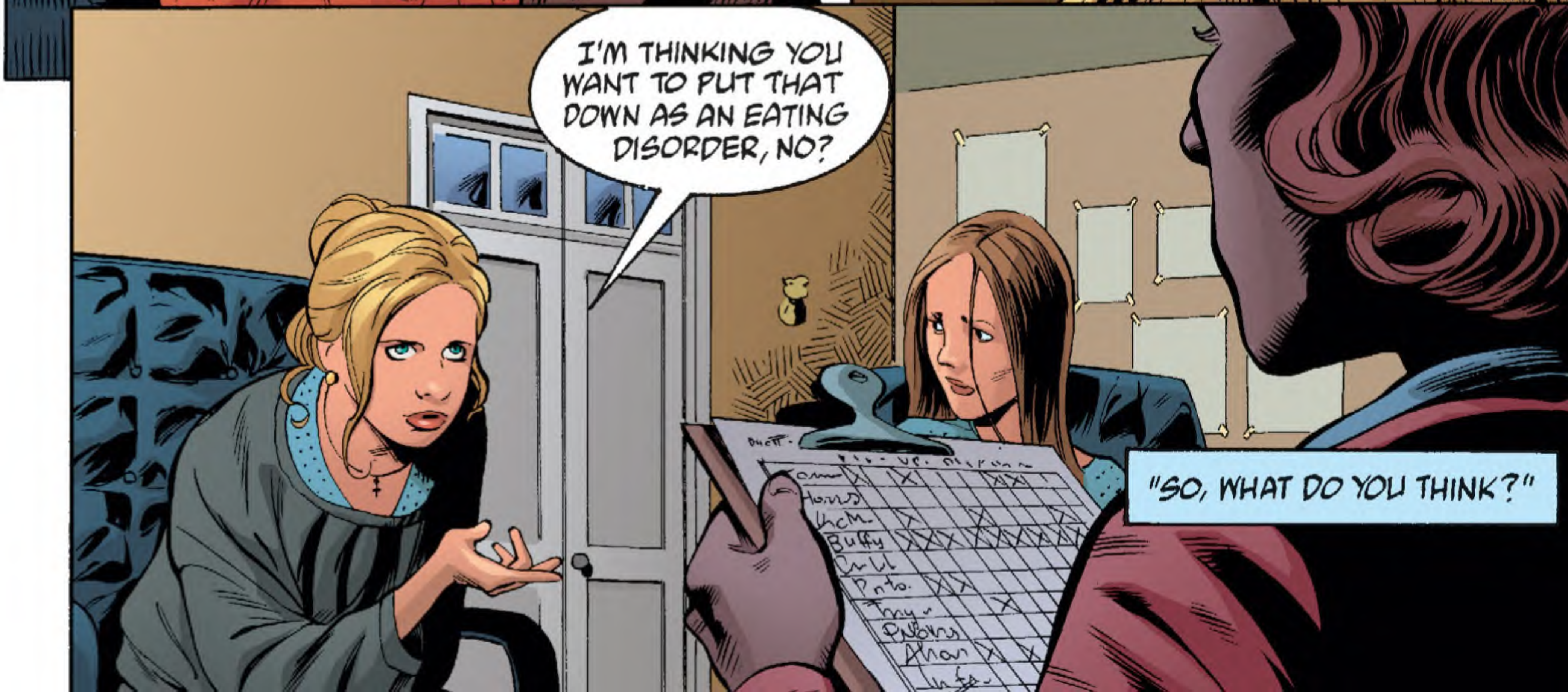
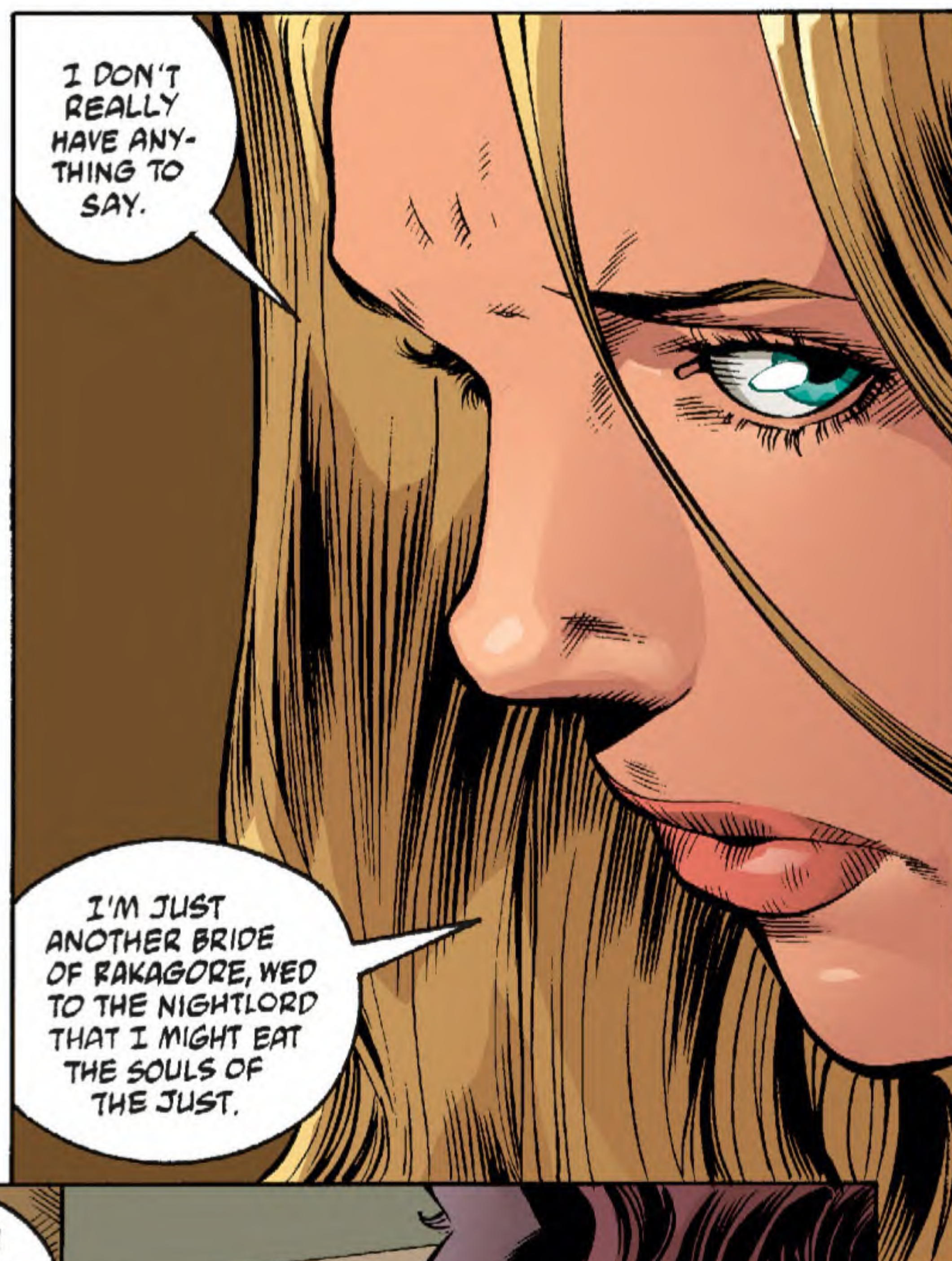




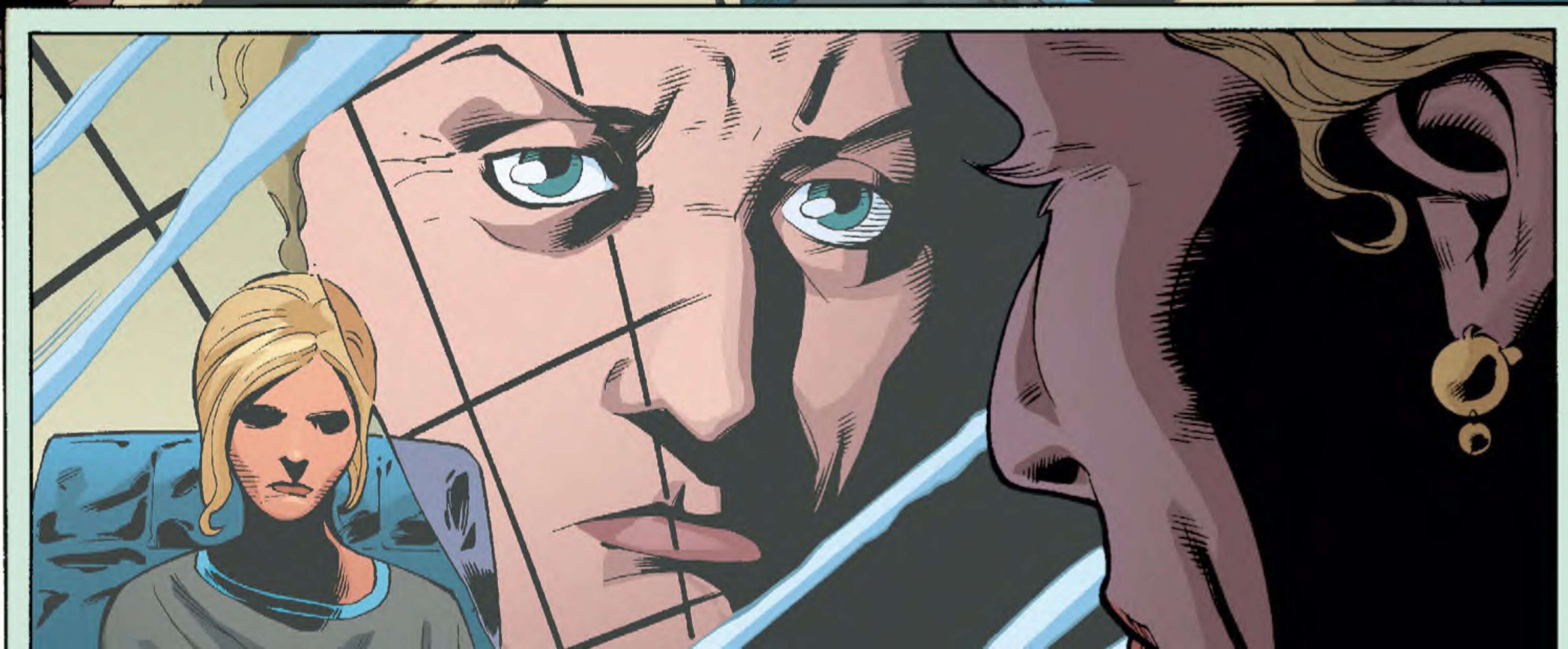
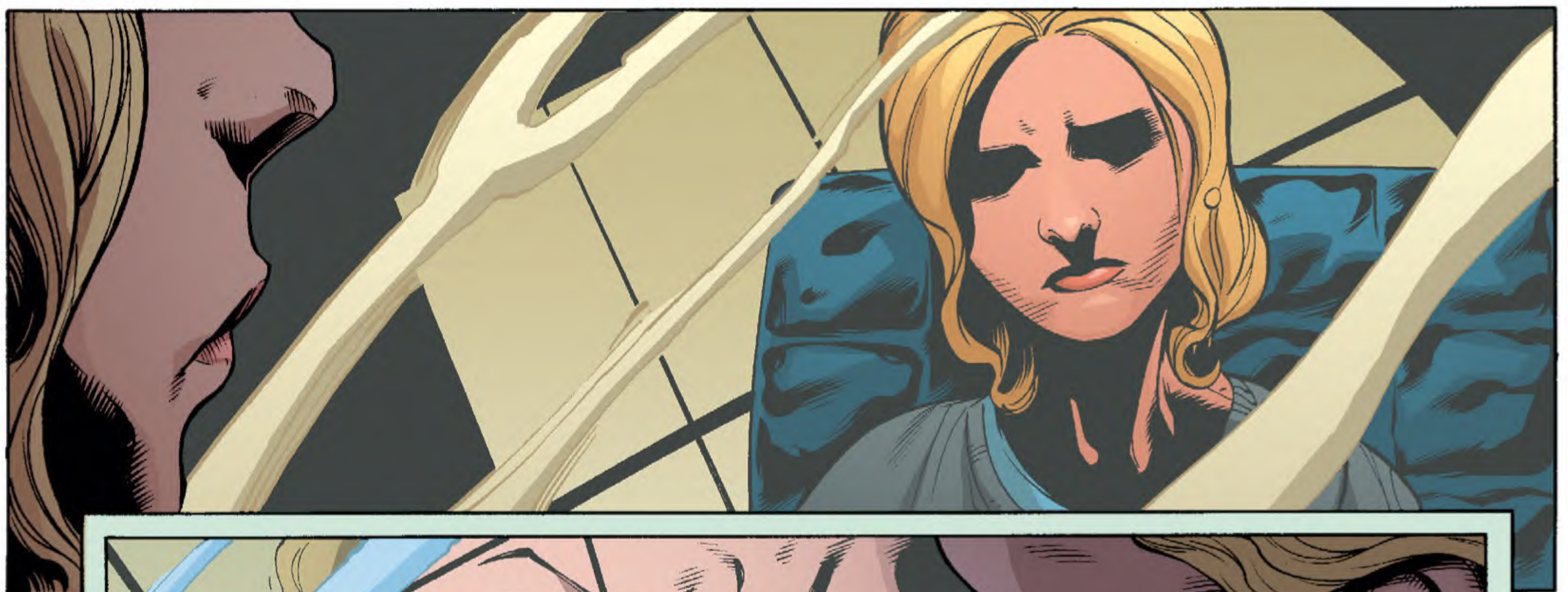
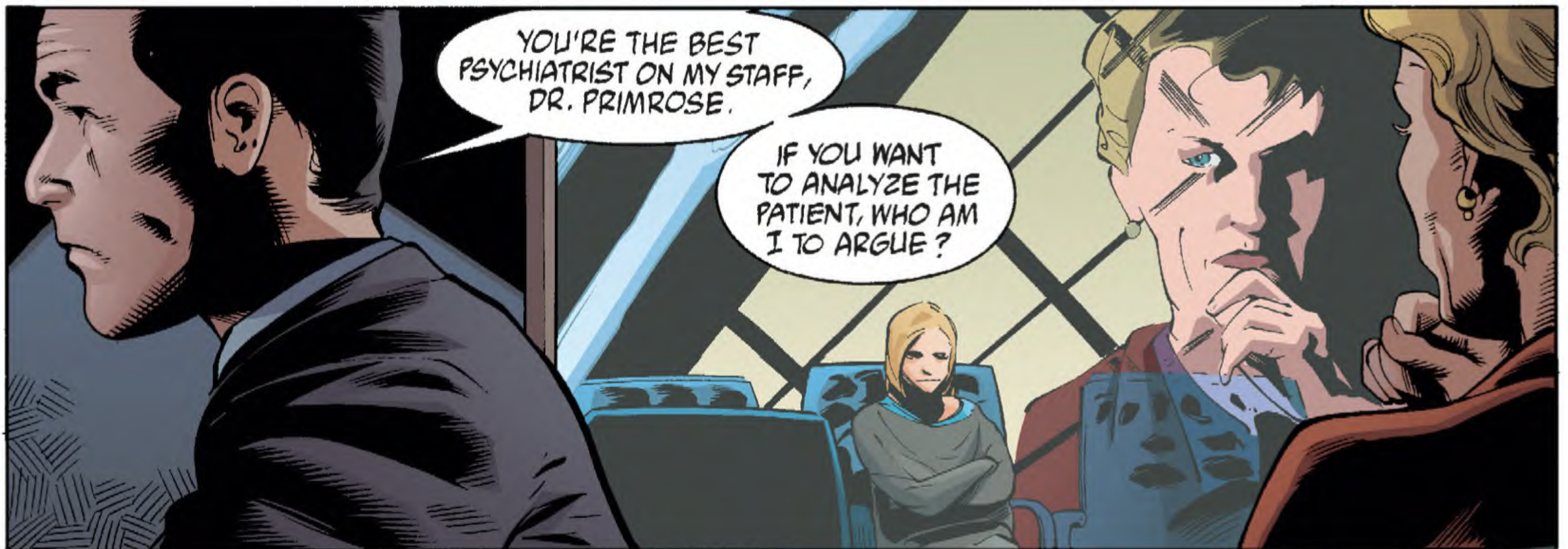
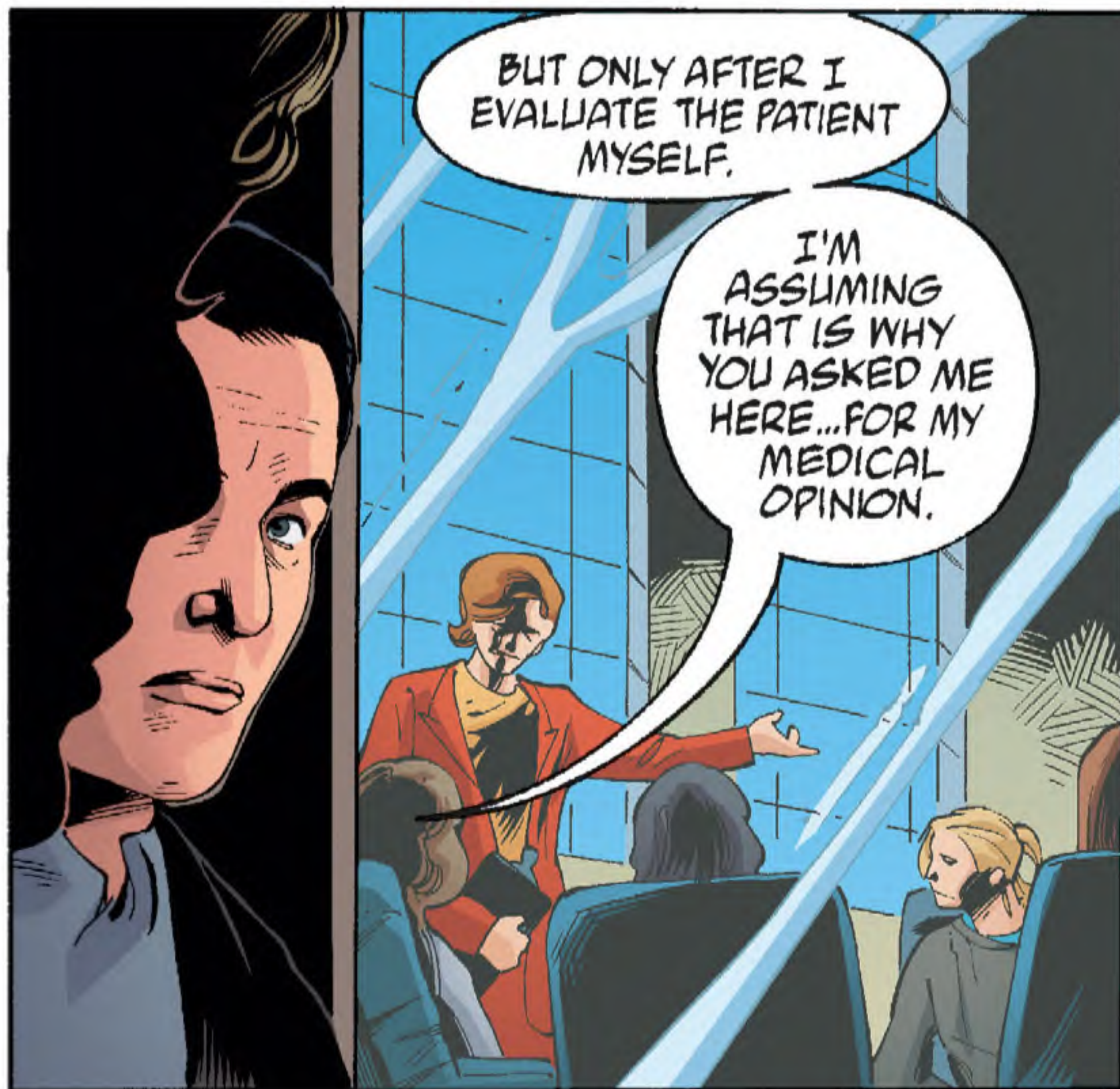
HELLO, MY
NAME IS BUFFY
SUMMERS.

I'M A
SLAYER.











NO FRUIT...
NO VEGETABLES...
IT'S ALL GREY...

KILL YOU.

DO THEY
REALLY THINK
WE CAN CUT THE
BUDGET ANY
TIGHTER?

SSH!

OW!

YOU
OKAY?

DEAD.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT IT
IS, HONEY, JUST
EAT IT.

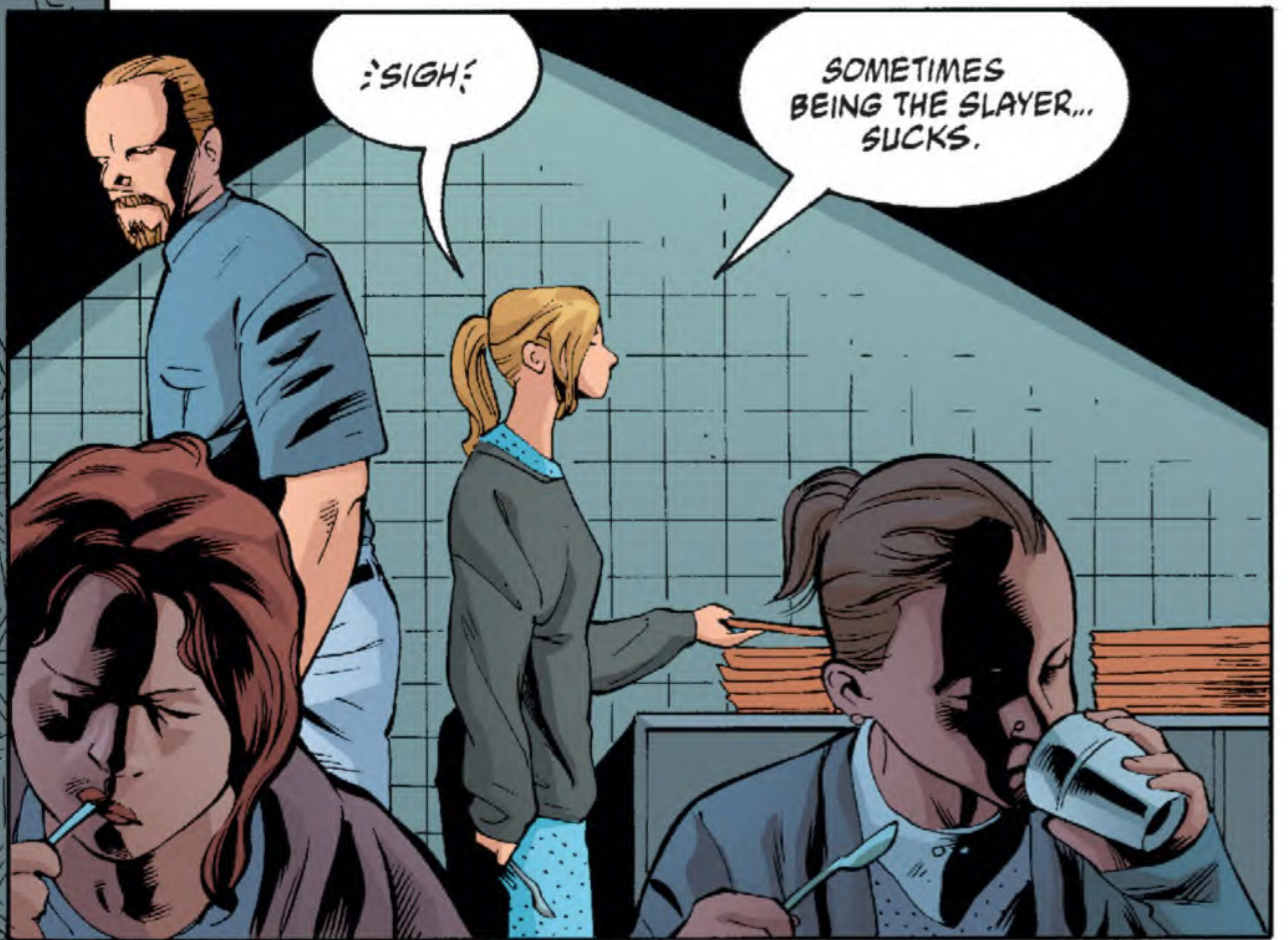


I HAVE
TO BE CRAZY
TO STAY
HERE.



THIS TIME
LAST YEAR I
WAS ONE OF THE
IT GIRLS.

NOW
I'M JUST
AN IT.



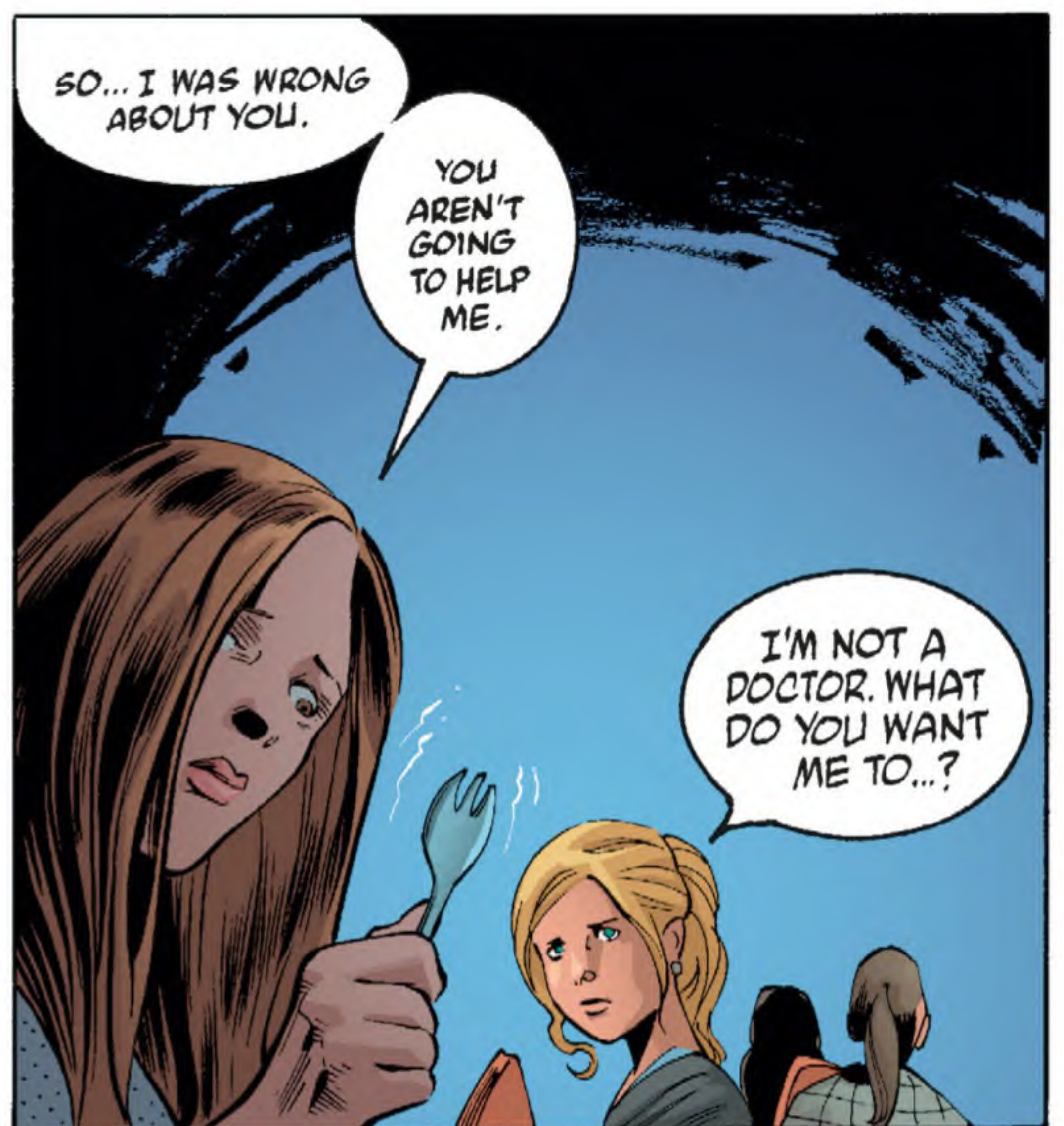
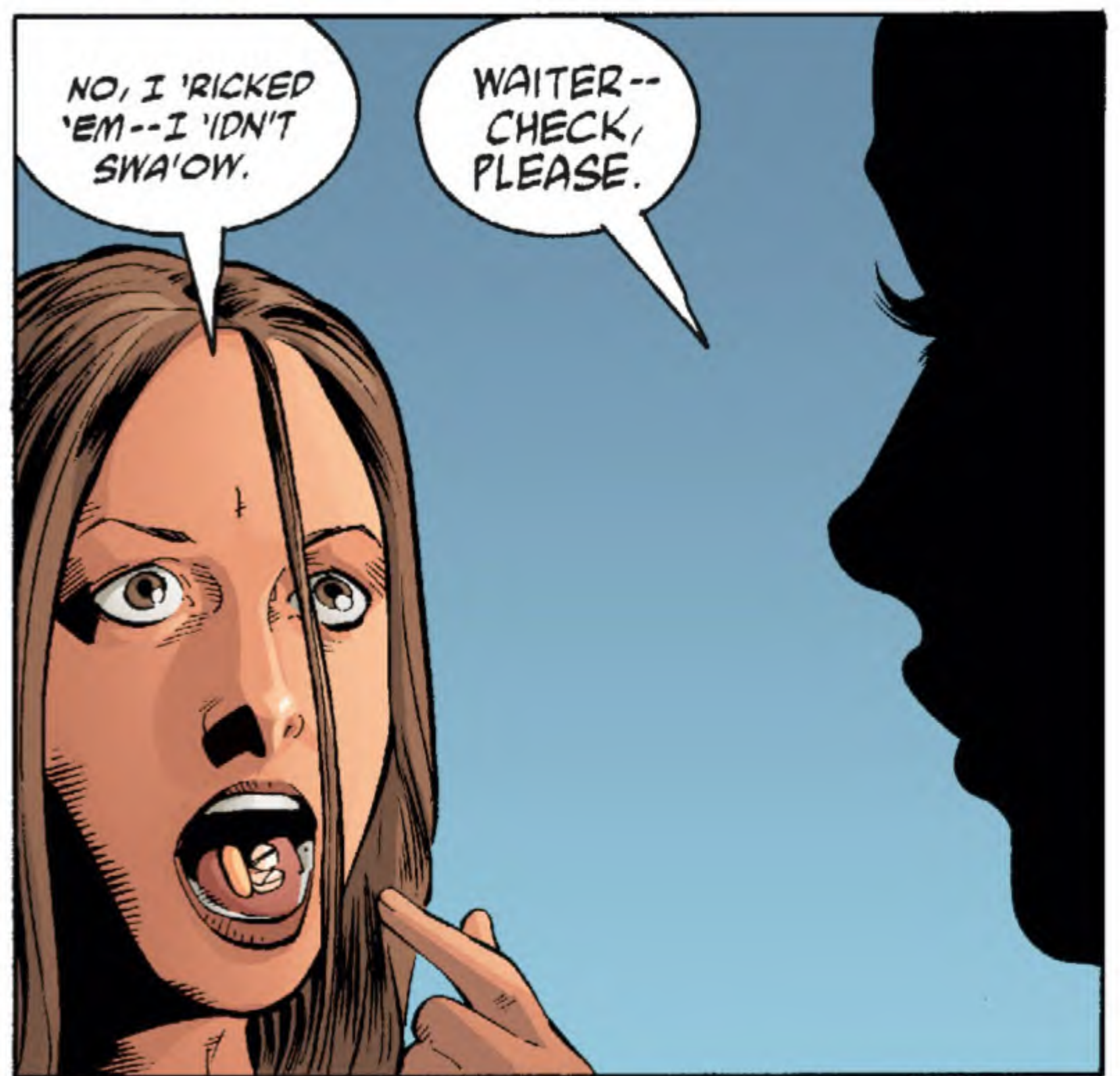
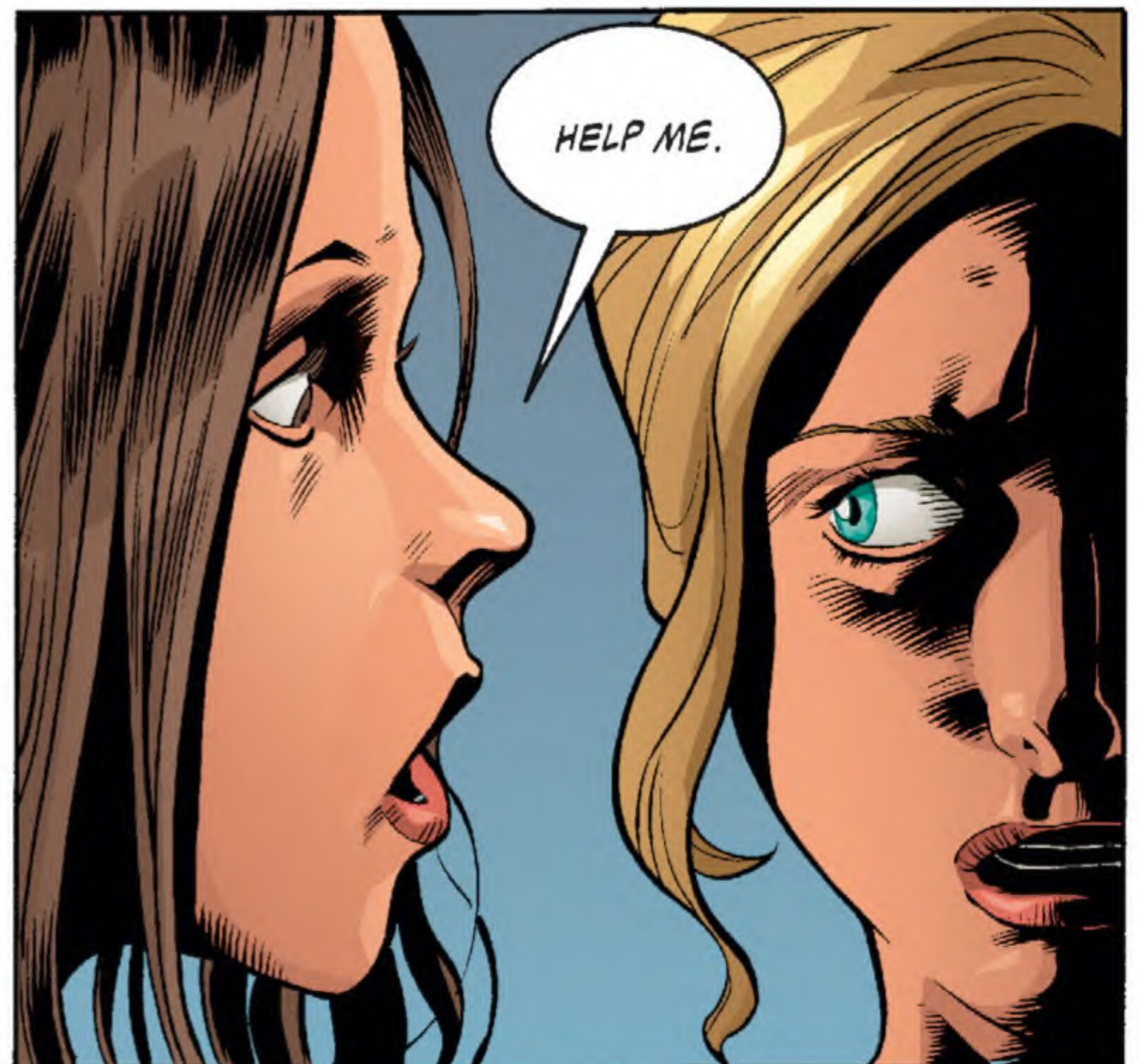
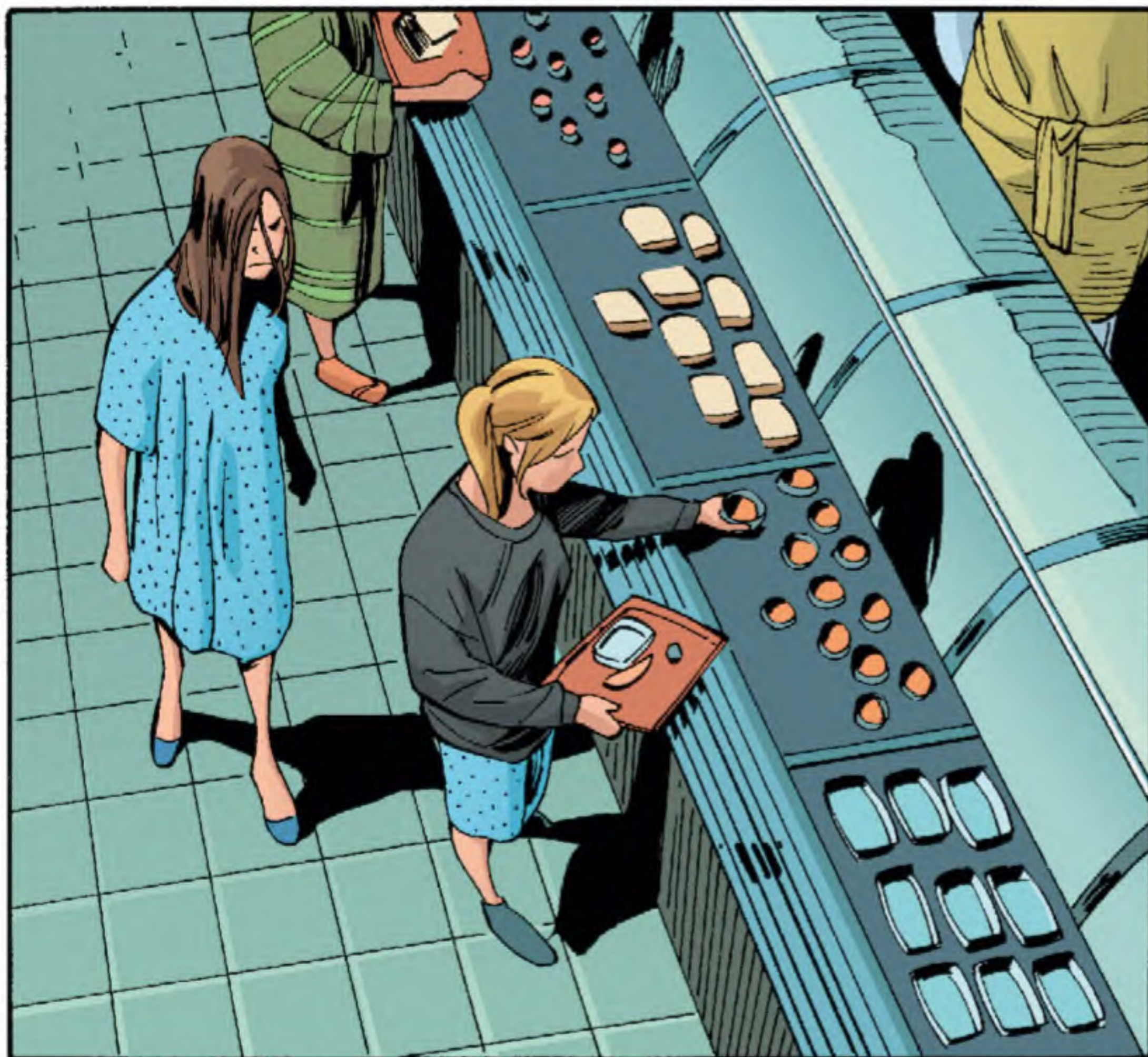
SIGH

SOMETIMES
BEING THE SLAYER...
SUCKS.

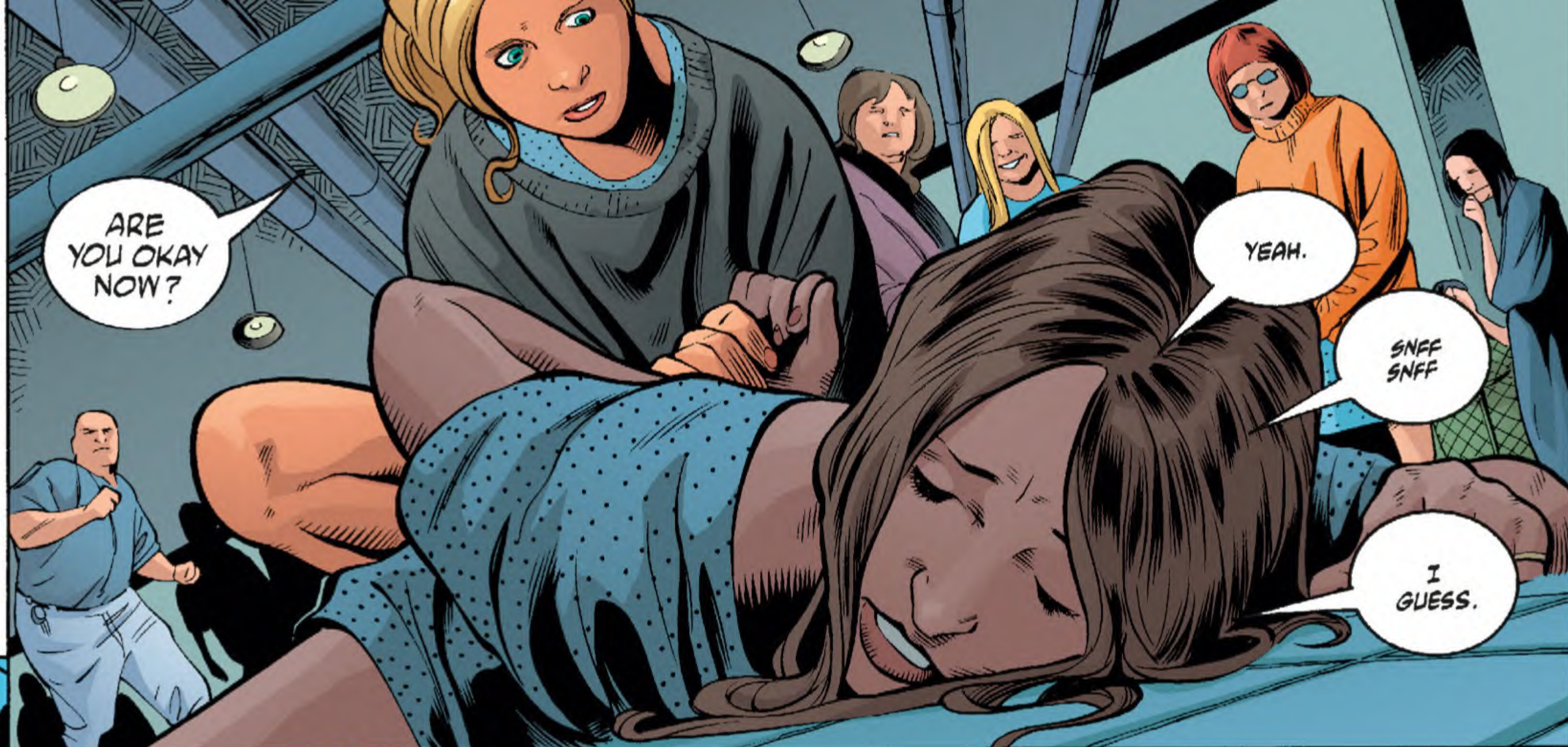


I WONDER IF YOU
CAN SLAY A VAMP
WITH A SPOON?

AND WHY
AM I TALKING
TO MYSELF?







ARE YOU OKAY NOW?

YEAH.

SNFF
SNFF

I GUESS.



YO, KONG--
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING.

YOU CAN LET MISS SUMMERS GO--I SAW THE ENTIRE, UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT.

SHE WAS MERELY DEFENDING HERSELF.

:SIGH:



I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT, MISS SUMMERS.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

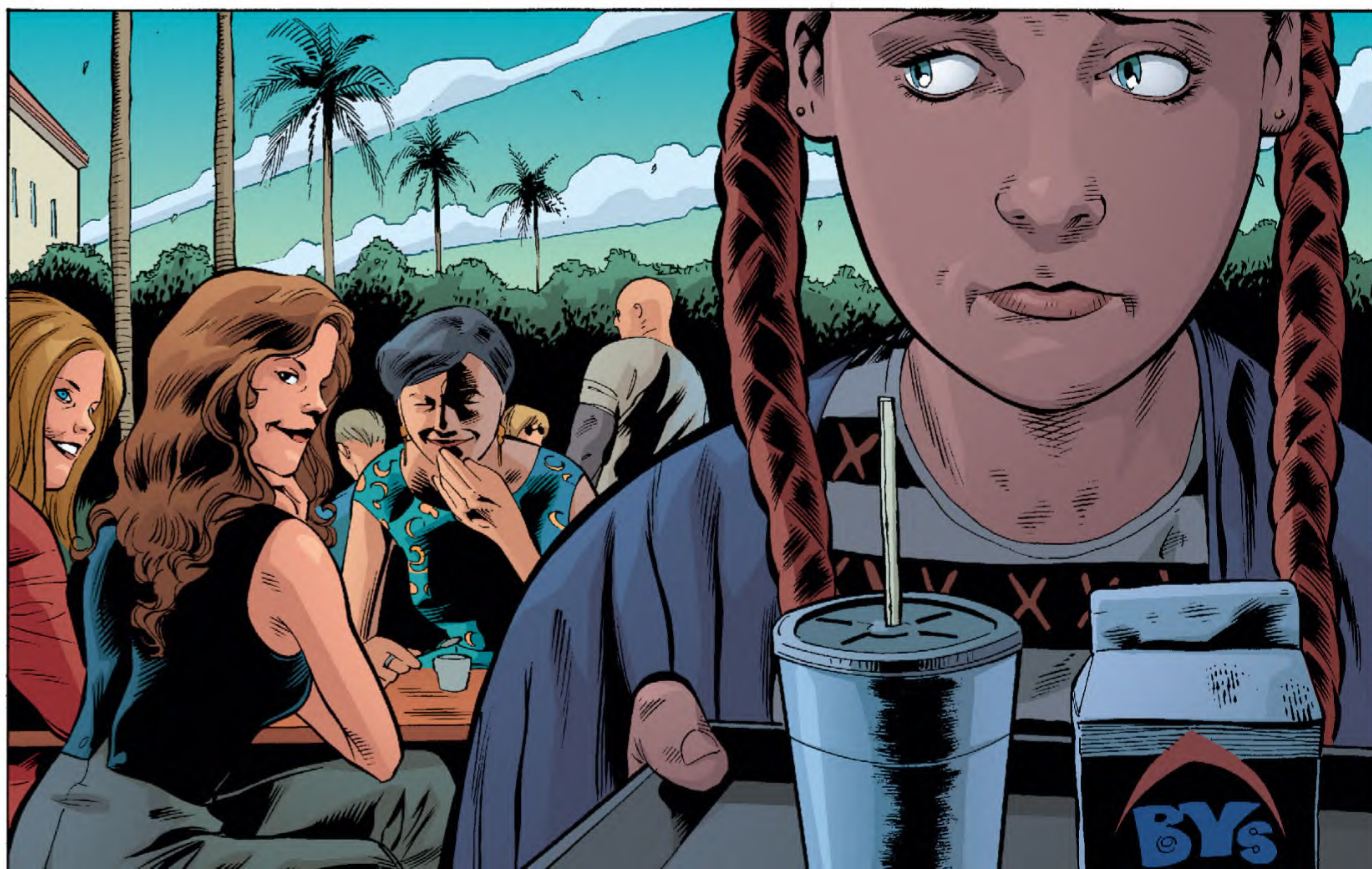
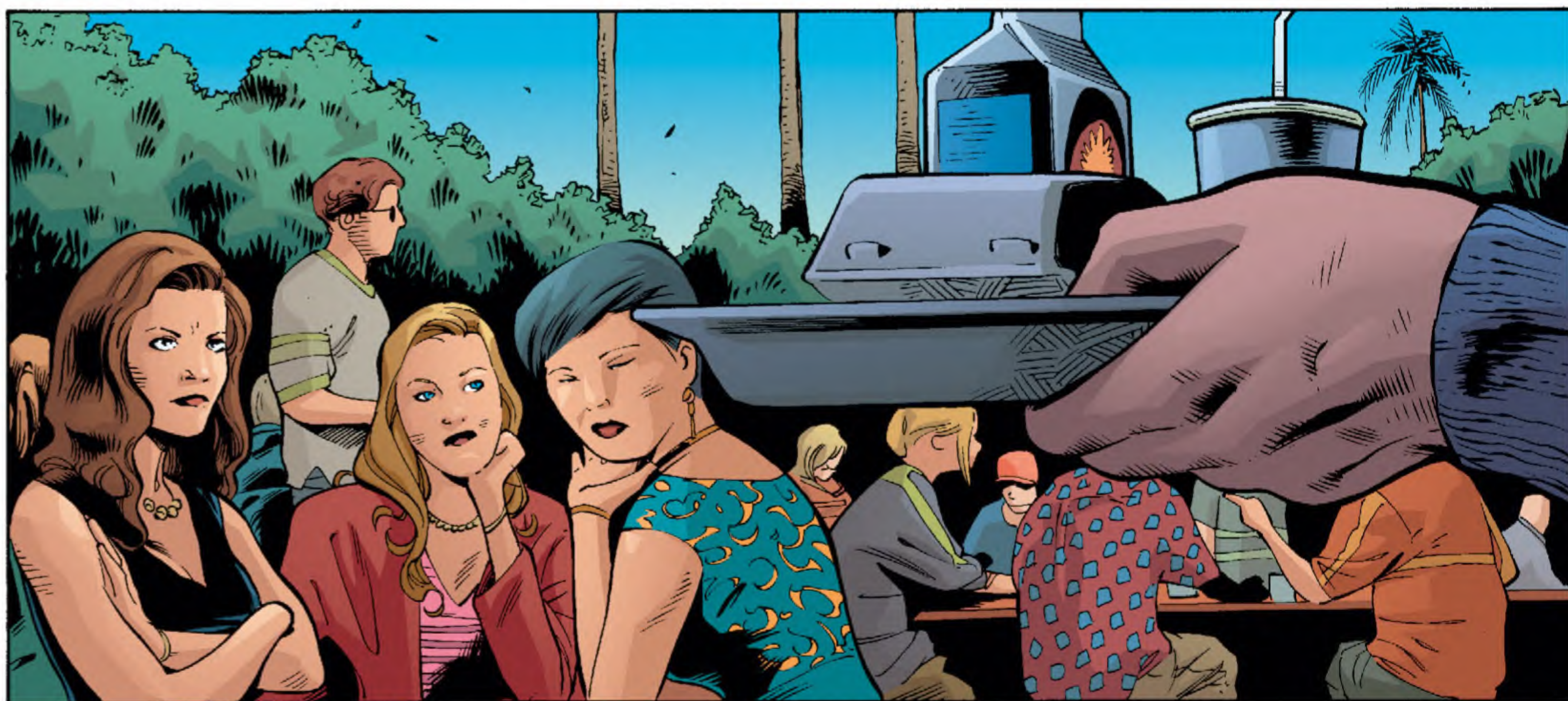
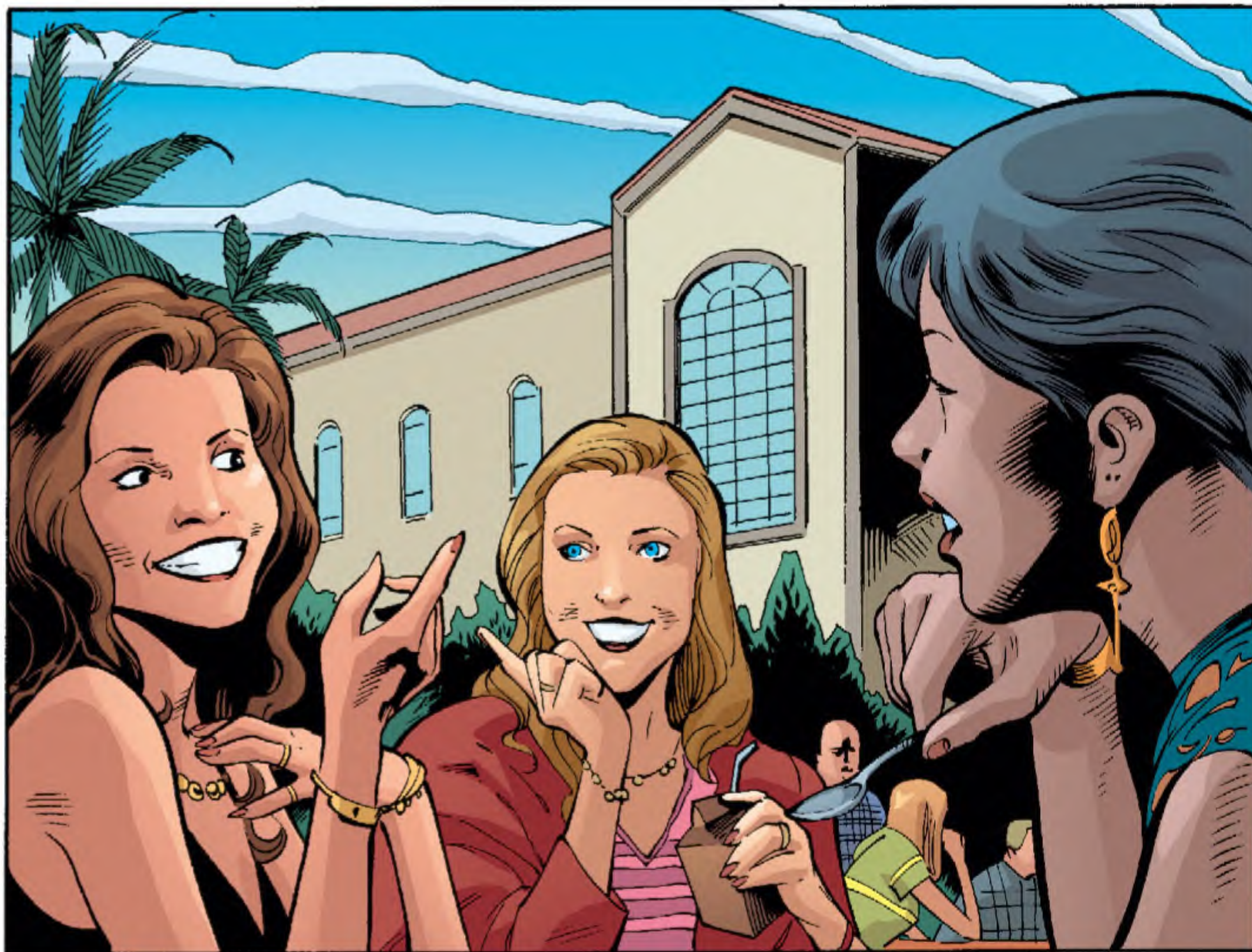
MISS SUMMERS?



OH, YEAH. I'M FINE. THANKS.

THAT'S GOOD. THERE'S SOMEONE I'D LIKE YOU TO TALK TO-- A SPECIALIST.

SURE, DOC... WHATEVER YOU SAY.



ALONG THE SYNNE HEAD
COAST OF NORTHERN IRELAND
RESTS A CAVE OWNED BY THE
WATCHER'S COUNCIL...

HOW DO
YOU THINK
GILES
IS DOING,
QUENTIN?

HE IS
STILL ALIVE,
HAVERSHAM.
THAT IS ALREADY
MORE THAN I
EXPECTED.

YOU WANT
T'DIE ON YER
BACK, OLD
MAN?

PREFERABLY
NOT, THOUGH
AT THIS
POINT...

...IT'S
LOOKING
RATHER
LIKELY.

YOU SAID
YOUR NAME
WAS RIPPER,
DID YOU?

WOT'S IT
T'YOU?

WELL,
QUITE A BIT, I
MUST ADMIT, SINCE
YOU ARE ME--
SEPARATED BY
TWENTY YEARS
OR SO.

HAH!



I GUESS I
WOULDN'T HAVE
BELIEVED ME
EITHER, BACK
THEN...



BULLOCKS--



AAGH!

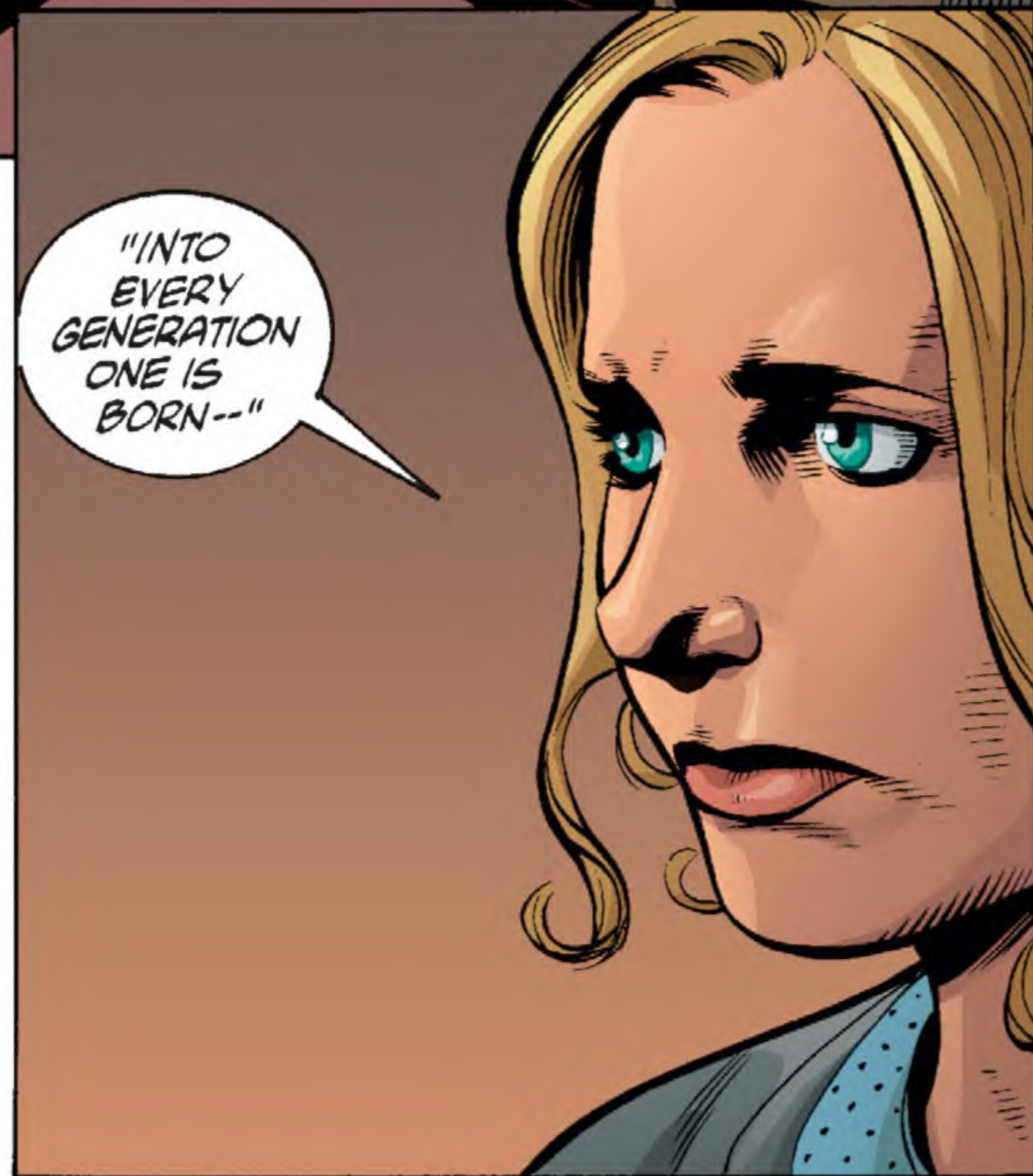


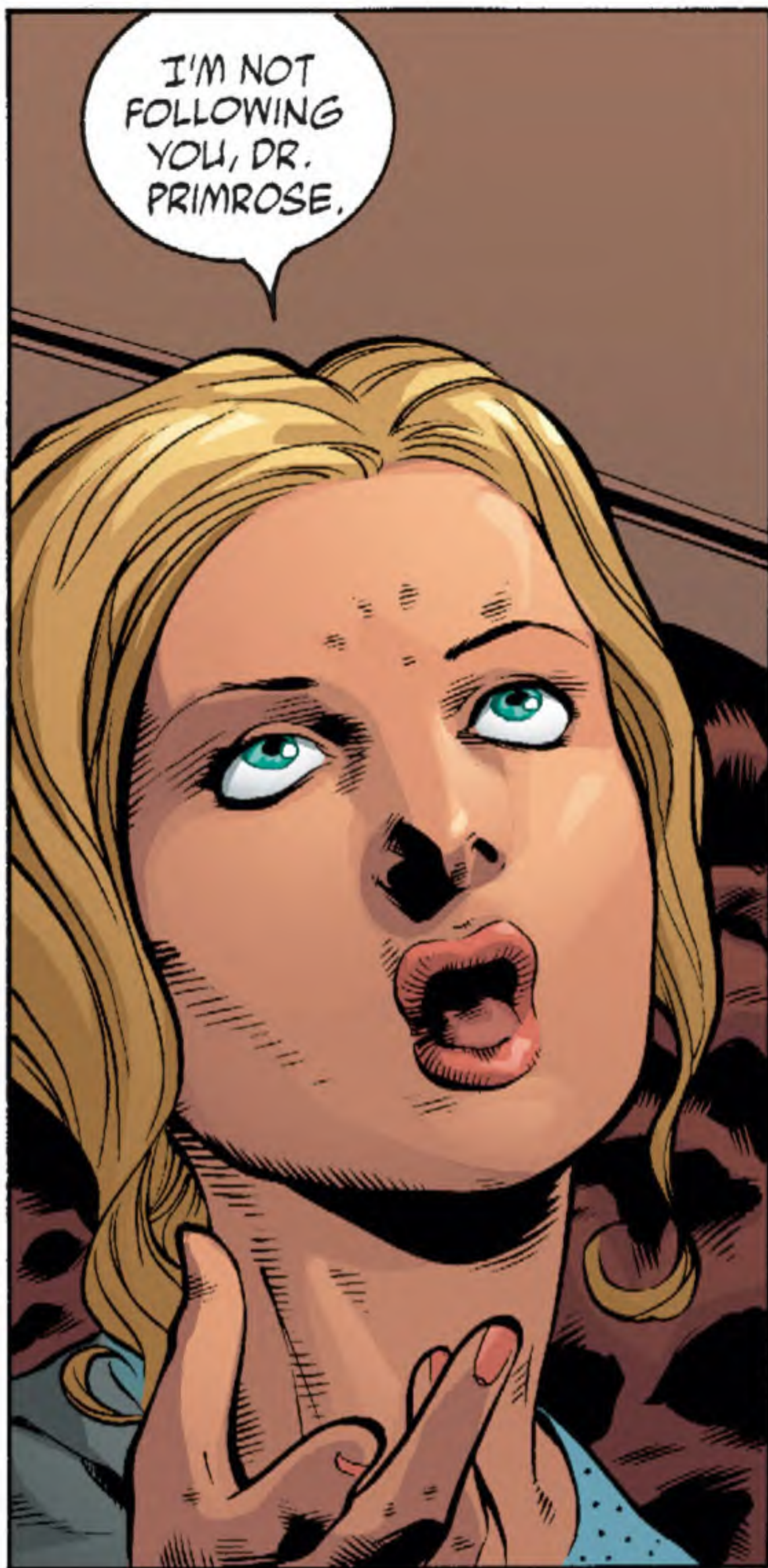
YOU--I--
WAS STRONG--
I'LL GIVE YOU--
ME--THAT
MUCH--

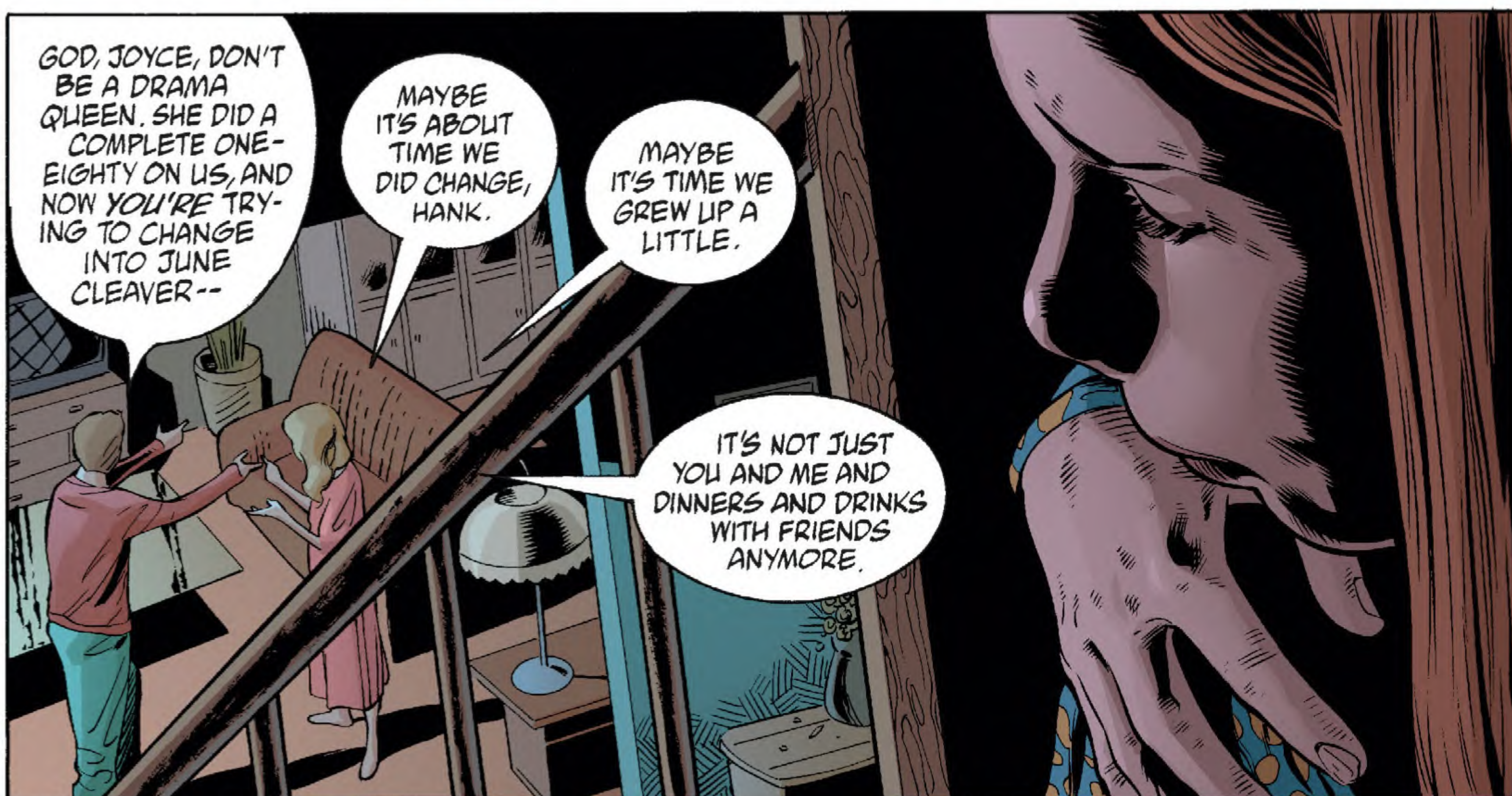
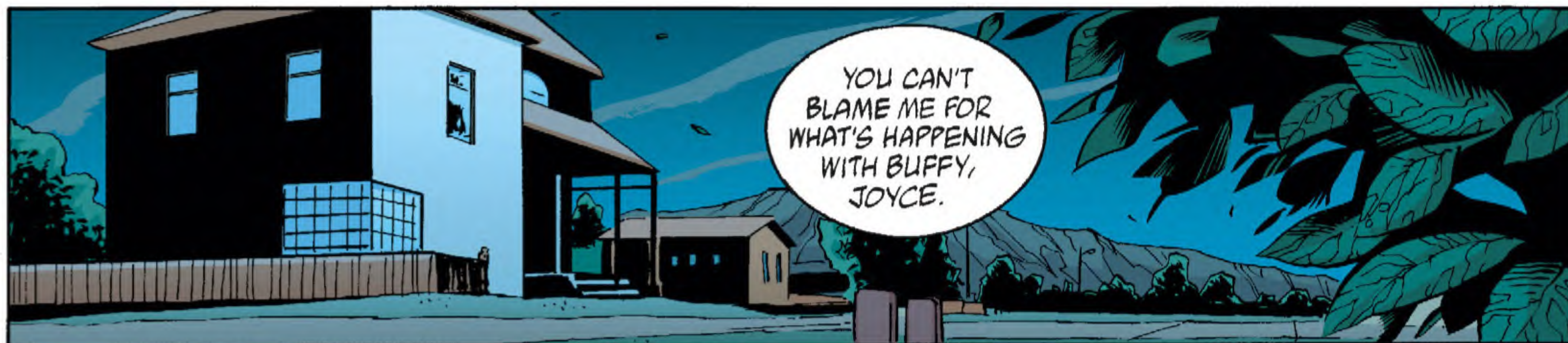
--BUT WHAT YOU
GAIN IN STAMINA
YOU LOSE IN
EXPERIENCE.

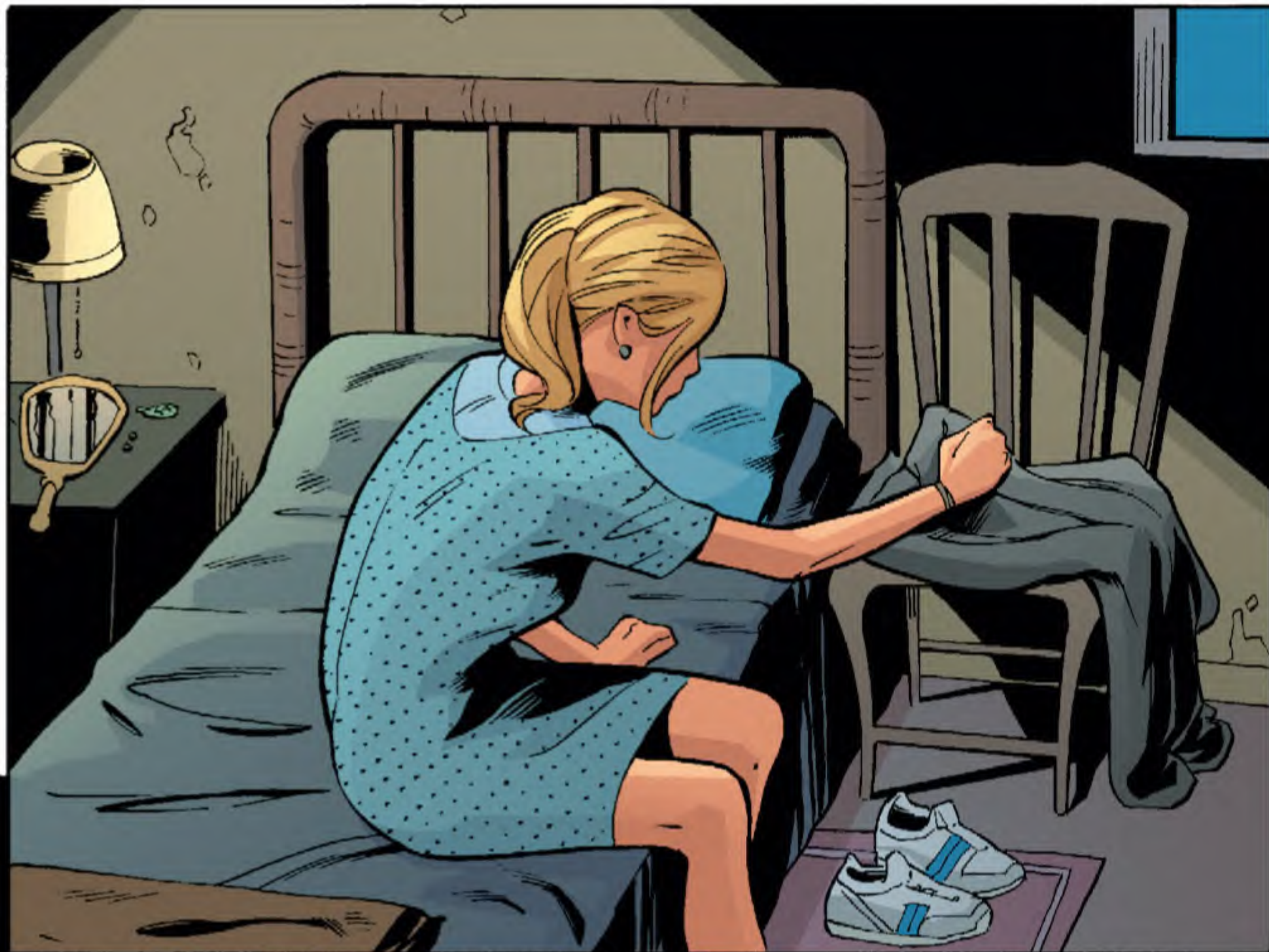
WHATEVER,
RUN IT UP MARGARET
THATCHER'S BLOOM-
ERS, YOU TWEED
PONCE.











I HATE TO ADMIT, BUT
IT IS KIND OF NICE TO BE
ABLE TO GO TO SLEEP
WITHOUT HAVING TO KILL
SOMETHING UNDEAD--

--OR TRYING
NOT TO BE
KILLED BY
SOMETHING
UNDEAD--

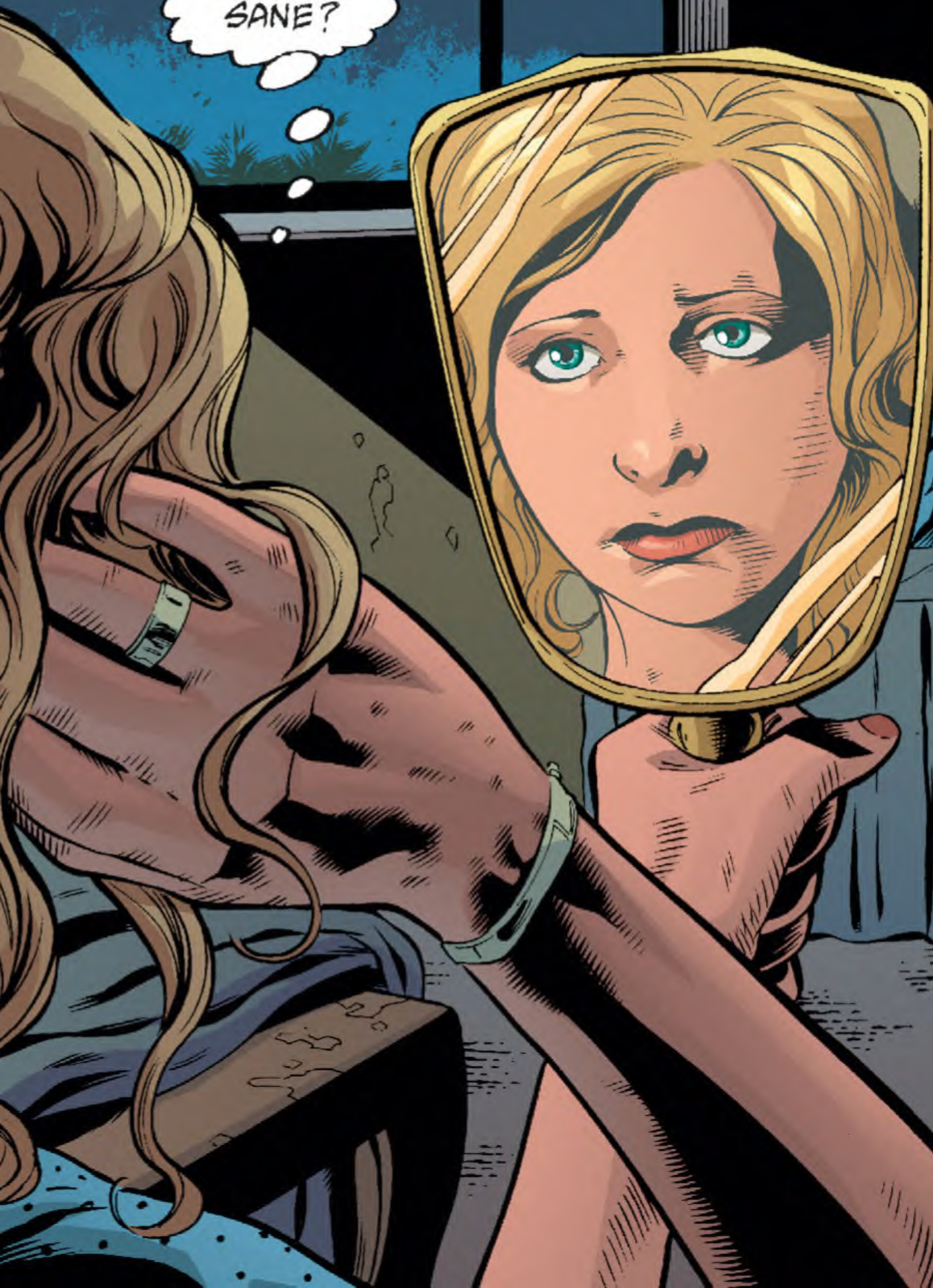
DOES
THAT MAKE ME
SELFISH?

--OR TO HAVE
TO BE RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE FATE OF ALL
HUMANITY.

OR JUST
SANE?

AT LEAST
I STOPPED
TALKING TO
MYSELF.

UR...
MOSTLY.





OKAY, I'M LOST.

SHE'S THE SLAYER. SO WHY ISN'T SHE, YOU KNOW ...SLAYING?

WHERE'S HER WATCHER?

WHY ISN'T SHE BEING TRAINED?

SINCE WHEN DO SLAYERS GO TO... REHAB?



LET ME JUST SAY THIS, ANGEL.

THERE ARE FORCES AT WORK HERE THAT ARE HELPING TO FORGE A SLAYER UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

ONE WHO'S GONNA DO THINGS A BIT DIFFERENT.

ONE WHO'S MAYBE CAPABLE OF SLAMMING SHUT THE HELLMOUTH ONCE AND FOR ALL.

IS THAT POSSIBLE, WHISTLER?



ASKS THE TWO-HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-YEAR-OLD VAMPIRE WITH A SOUL?

YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW--

--ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE.

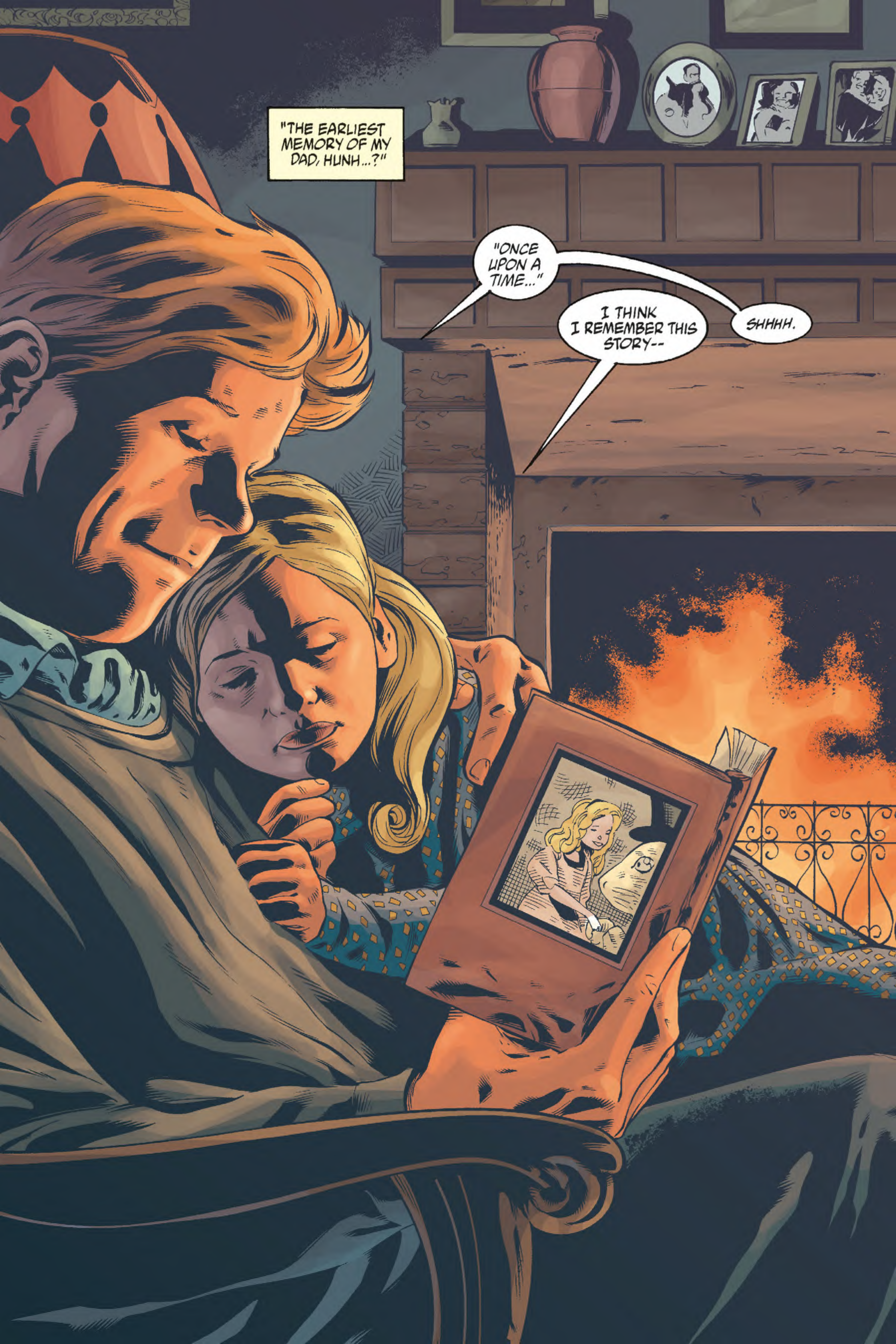


IT'S SO
UNBECOMING
FOR A BRIDE OF
RAKAGORE.







A man with blonde hair and a mustache is lying down, holding a young girl with blonde hair. They are both looking at a book the man is holding. The book has a picture of a girl on its cover. In the background, there is a wooden cabinet with various items on top, including a vase and framed pictures. A window shows a sunset or fire scene.

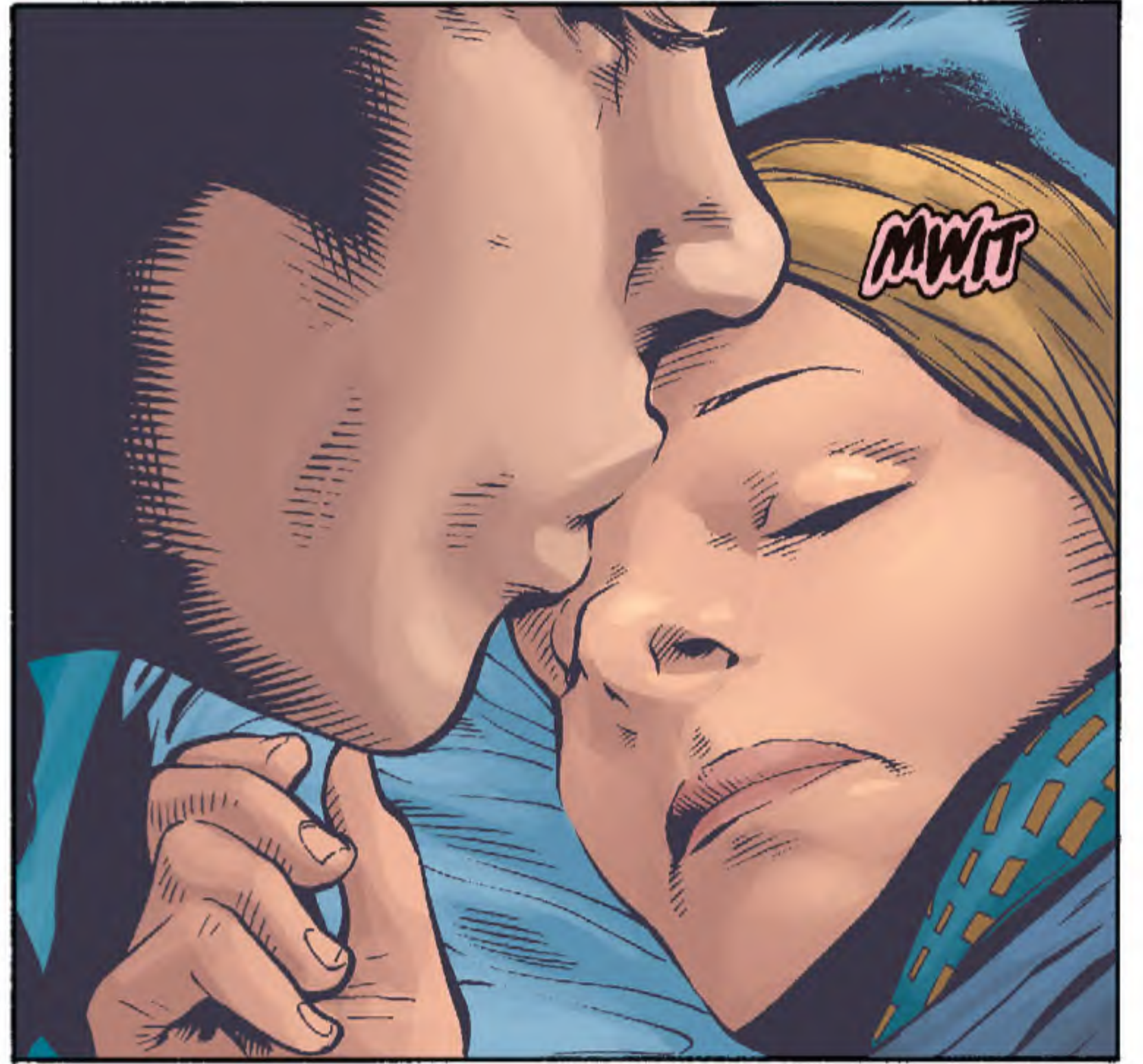
"THE EARLIEST
MEMORY OF MY
DAD, HUNH...?"

"ONCE
UPON A
TIME..."

I THINK
I REMEMBER THIS
STORY--

SHHHH.





"FUNNY,
ISN'T IT?"

"TO THINK
THERE
WAS A TIME
I ACTUALLY
FELT SAFE
IN THE DARK."

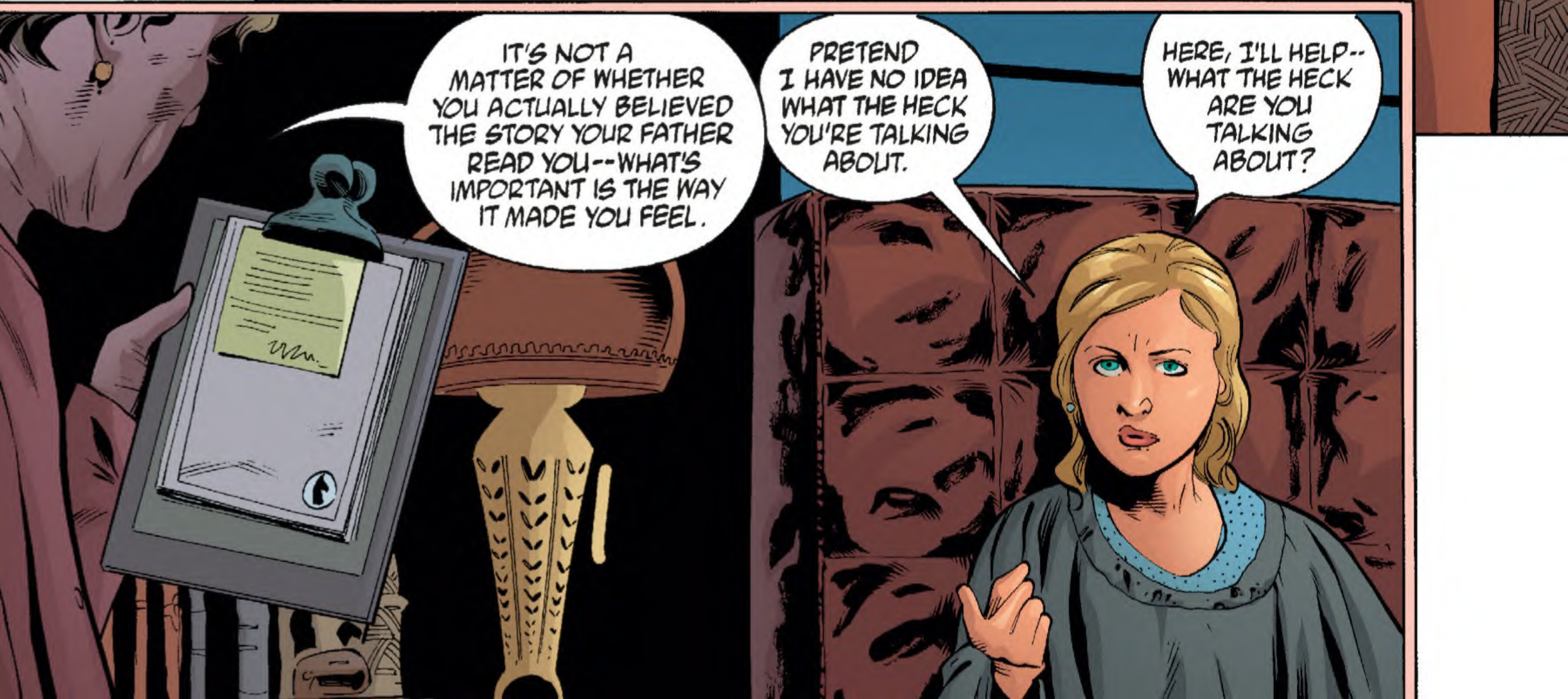


BUT
THAT WAS A
LONG TIME AGO
--WASN'T
IT?



IT
DOESN'T
FEEL THAT
WAY.

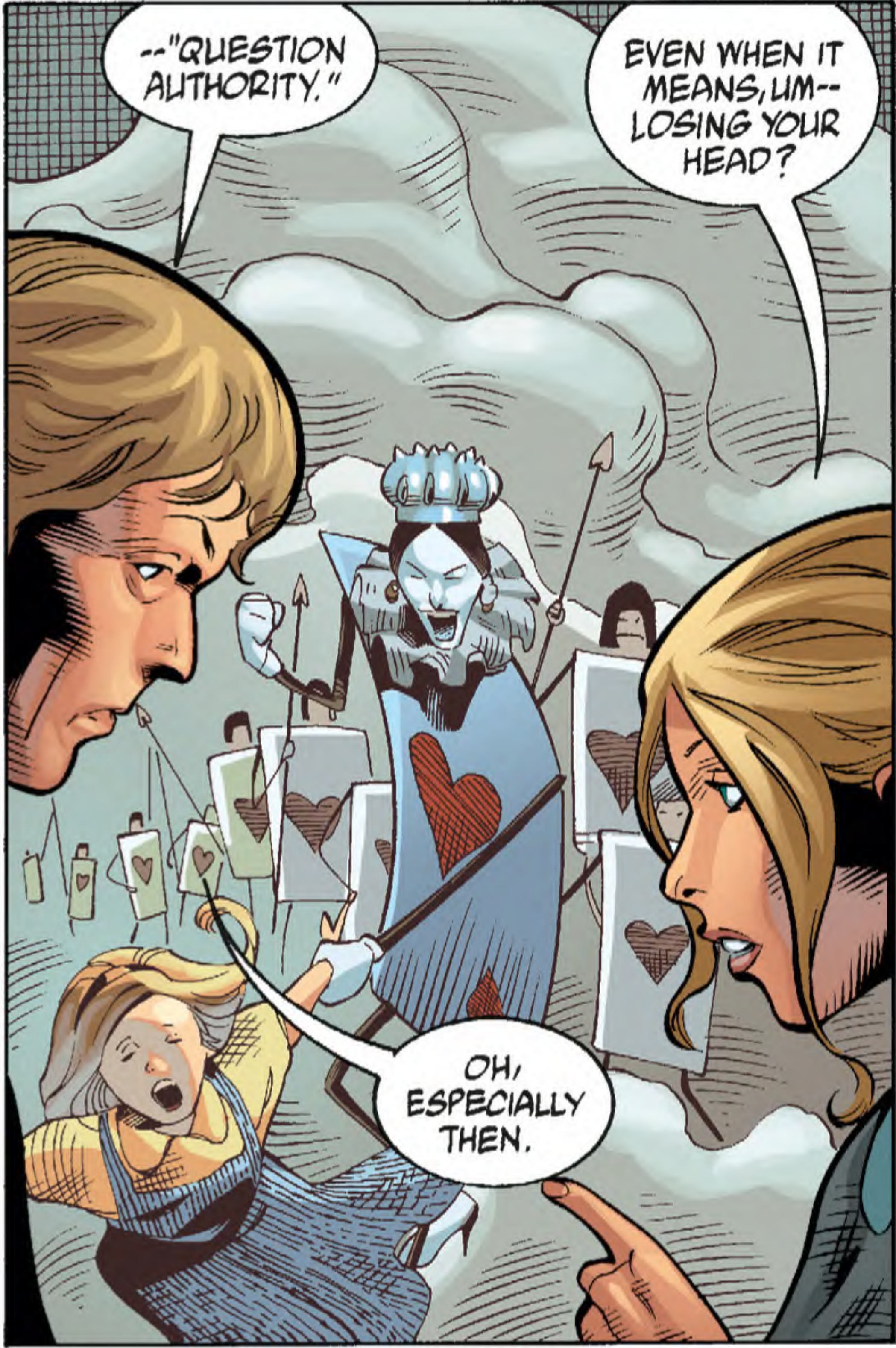
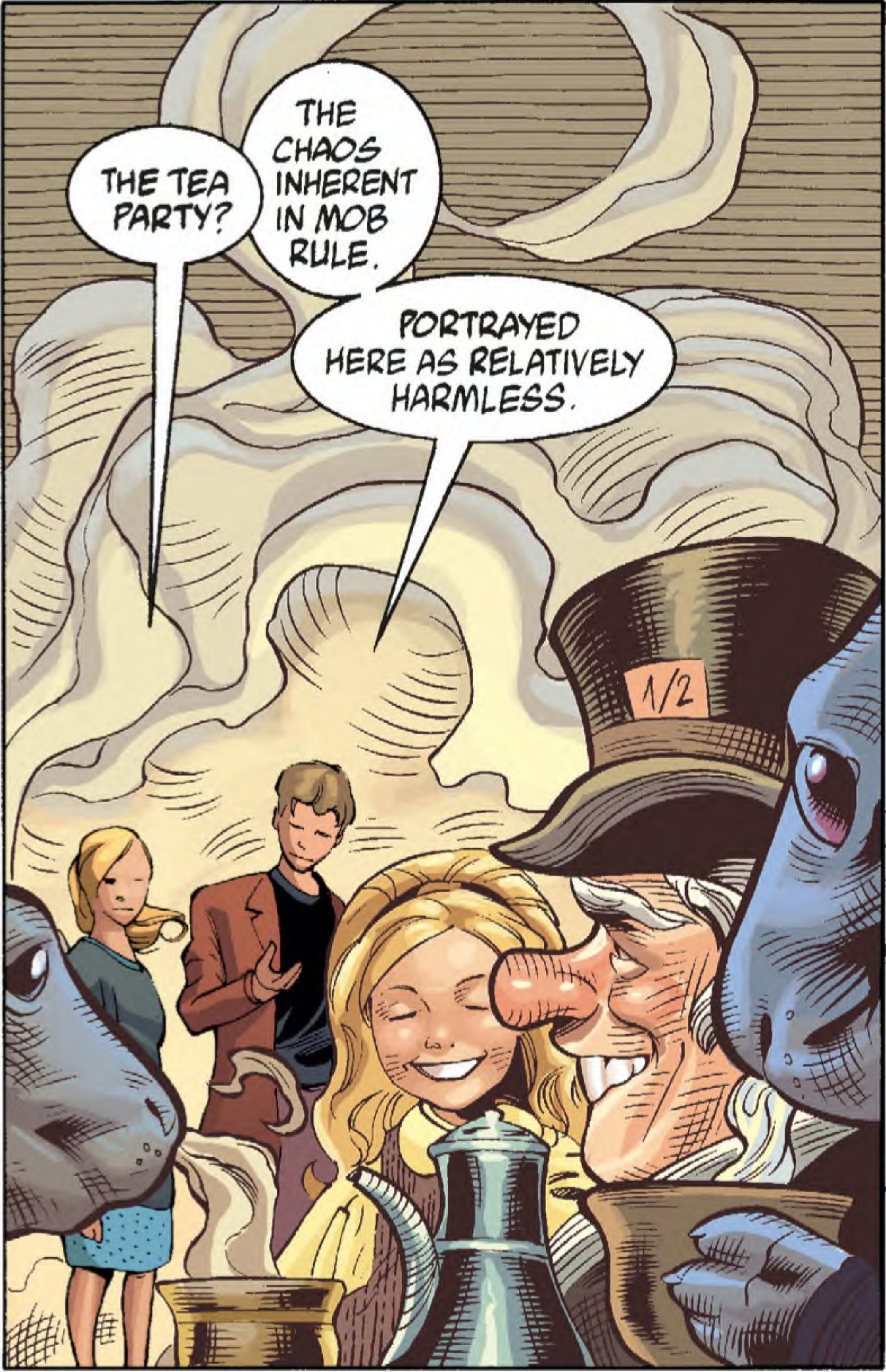
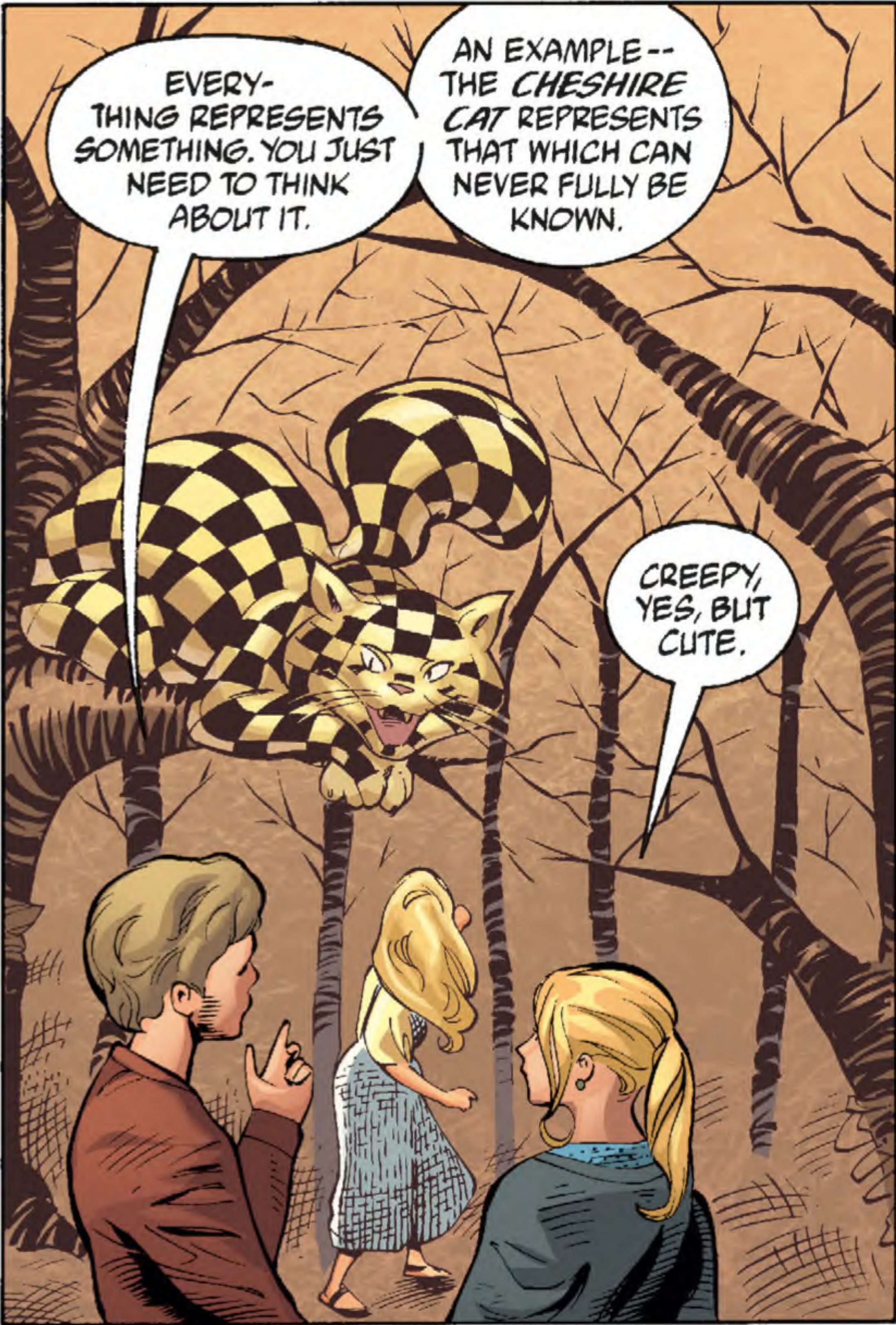
DOESN'T
IT?

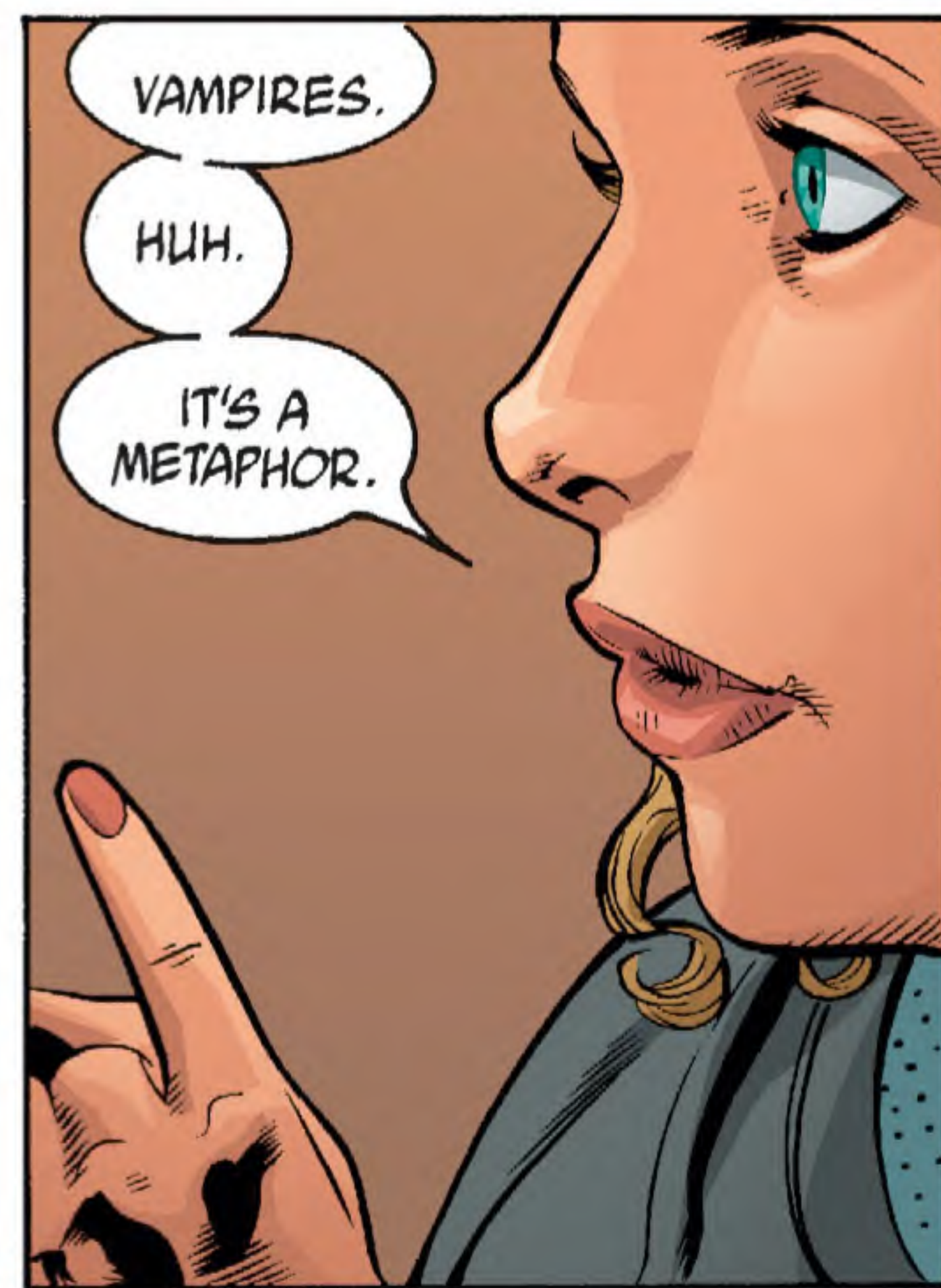
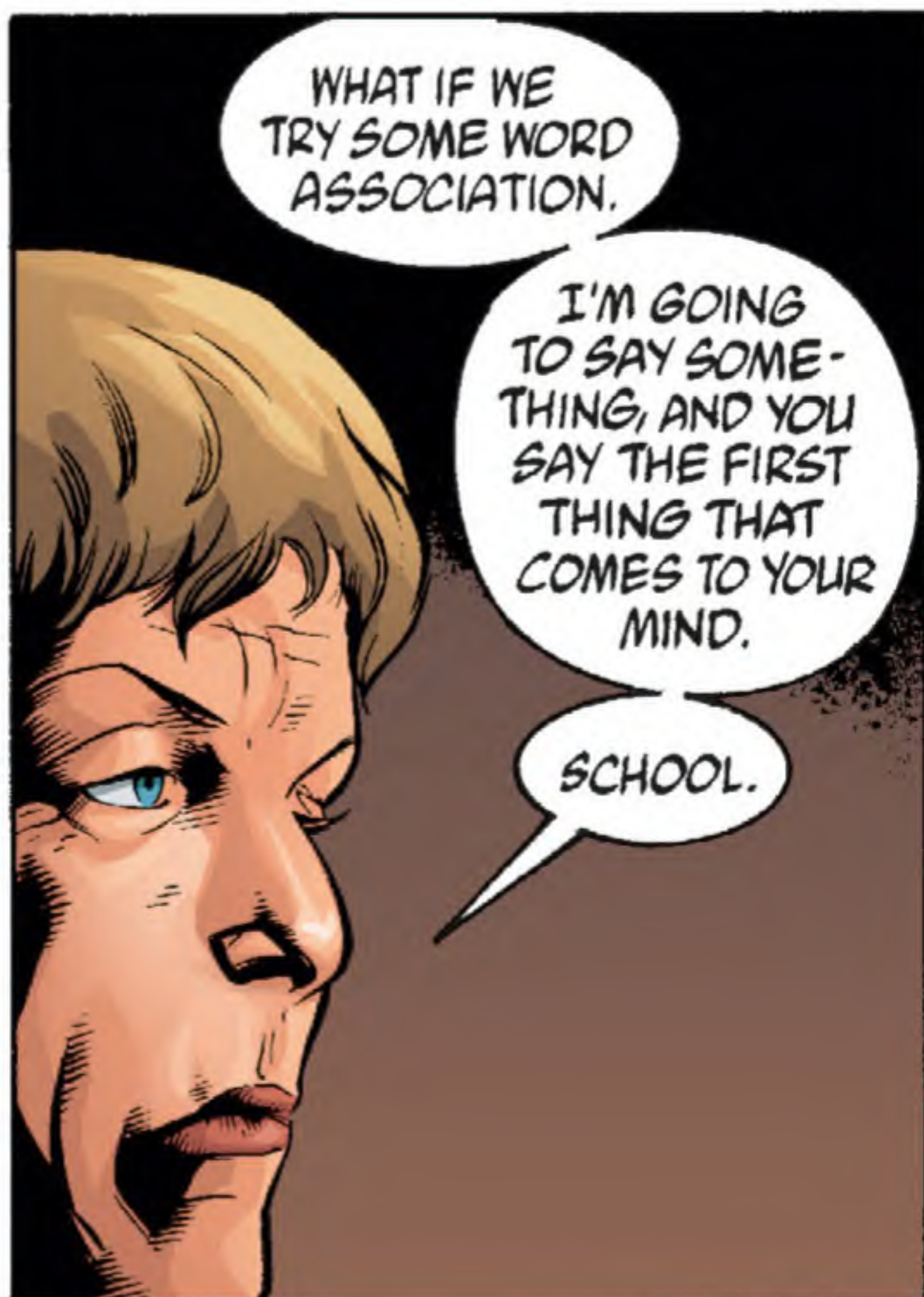


IT'S NOT A
MATTER OF WHETHER
YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVED
THE STORY YOUR FATHER
READ YOU--WHAT'S
IMPORTANT IS THE WAY
IT MADE YOU FEEL.

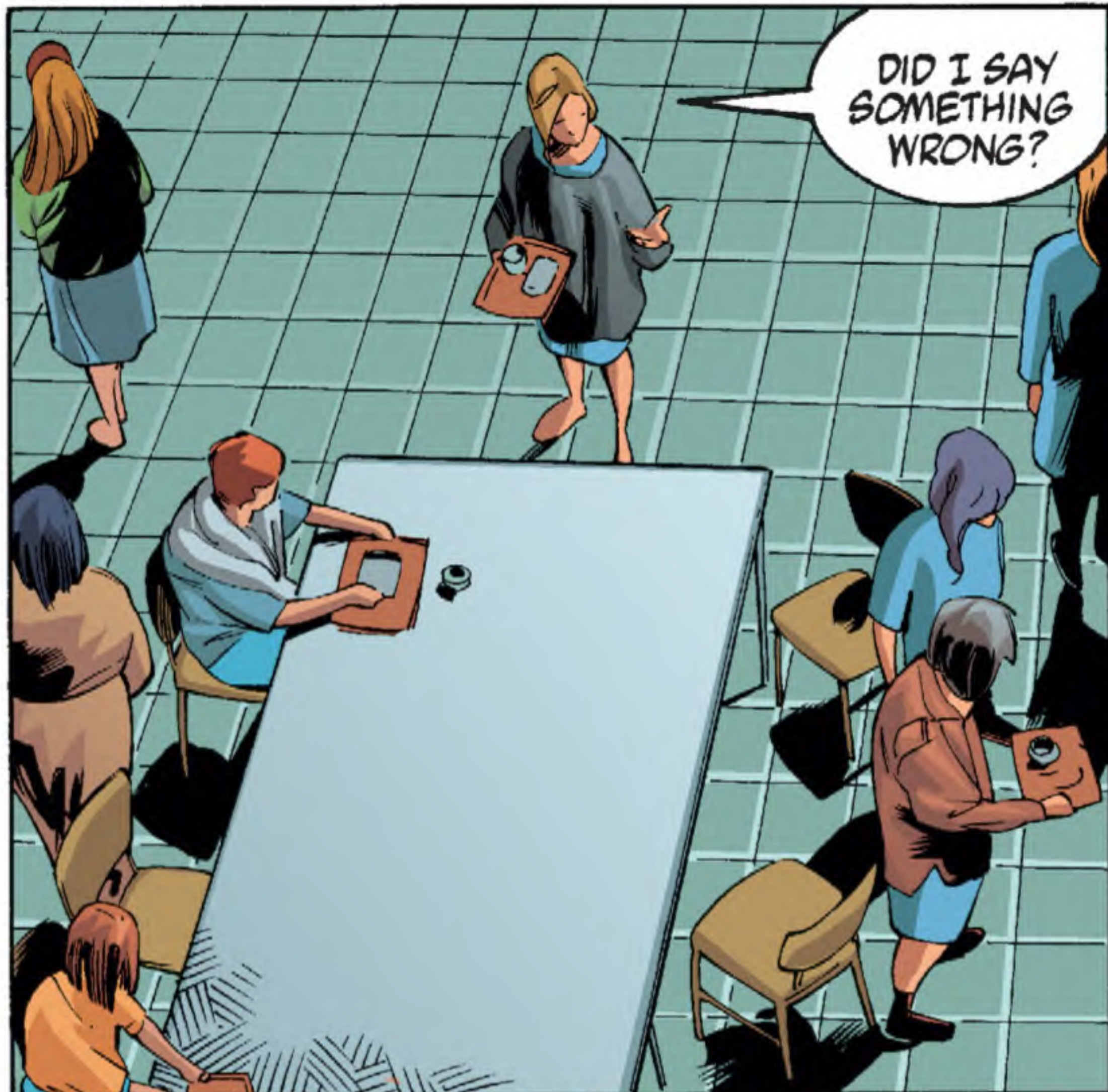
PRETEND
I HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT THE HECK
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT.

HERE, I'LL HELP--
WHAT THE HECK
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?









DID I SAY
SOMETHING
WRONG?



NOW THAT
SHE'S GONE,
MAYBE YOU
CAN JOIN
OUR
COVEN.

COVEN?



OKAY, MORE
LIKE A SECT.
YOU KNOW,
"THE BRIDES OF
RAKAGORE."

WE'RE, LIKE, THE HARBINGERS
OF THE END OF THE WORLD. IT'S
LIKE WE AGREE TO CARRY HIS
DEMON SEED AMONG
THE UNSUSPECTING
POPULACE.

UM, YEAH, WELL--
--I'M KIND OF THE
SEEDLESS TYPE,
BUT, THANKS FOR
ASKING.



TAKE YOUR
TIME. RAKAGORE IS
GOING TO RULE FOR
ALL ETERNITY.

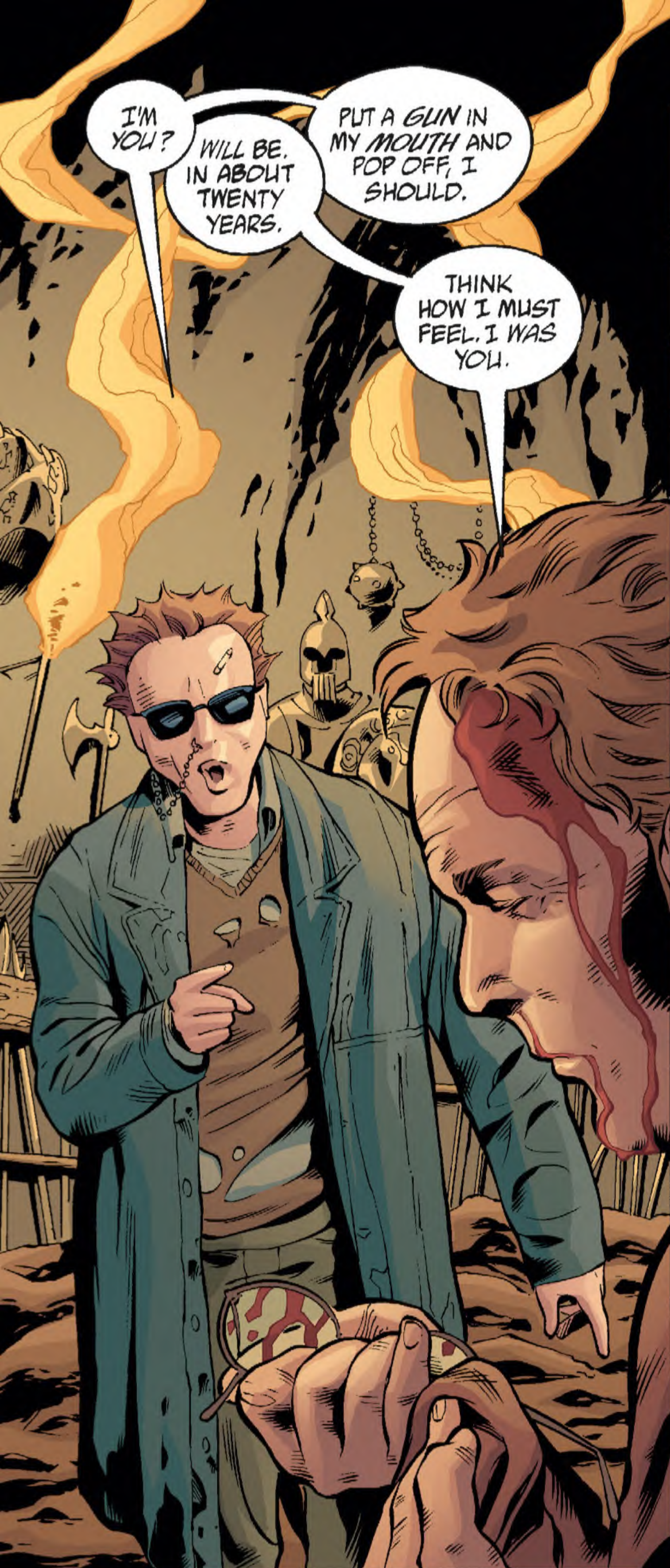
WE CAN
WAIT FOR YOU
TO COME
AROUND.



APRIL IS
"CURED."

HMPH.





I'M
YOU?

WILL BE.
IN ABOUT
TWENTY
YEARS.

PUT A GUN IN
MY MOUTH AND
POP OFF, I
SHOULD.

THINK
HOW I MUST
FEEL. I WAS
YOU.



THE ENTIRE
NATURE OF THE
BLACKSHED TEST
IS TO CONFRONT
AND EXORCISE ONE'S
OWN INNER
DEMONS.

IN MY
CASE, THAT WOULD
BE YOU. **THE
RIPPER.**

MY
REBELLIOUS
PHASE. BLACK
MAGIC AND
BOURBON.

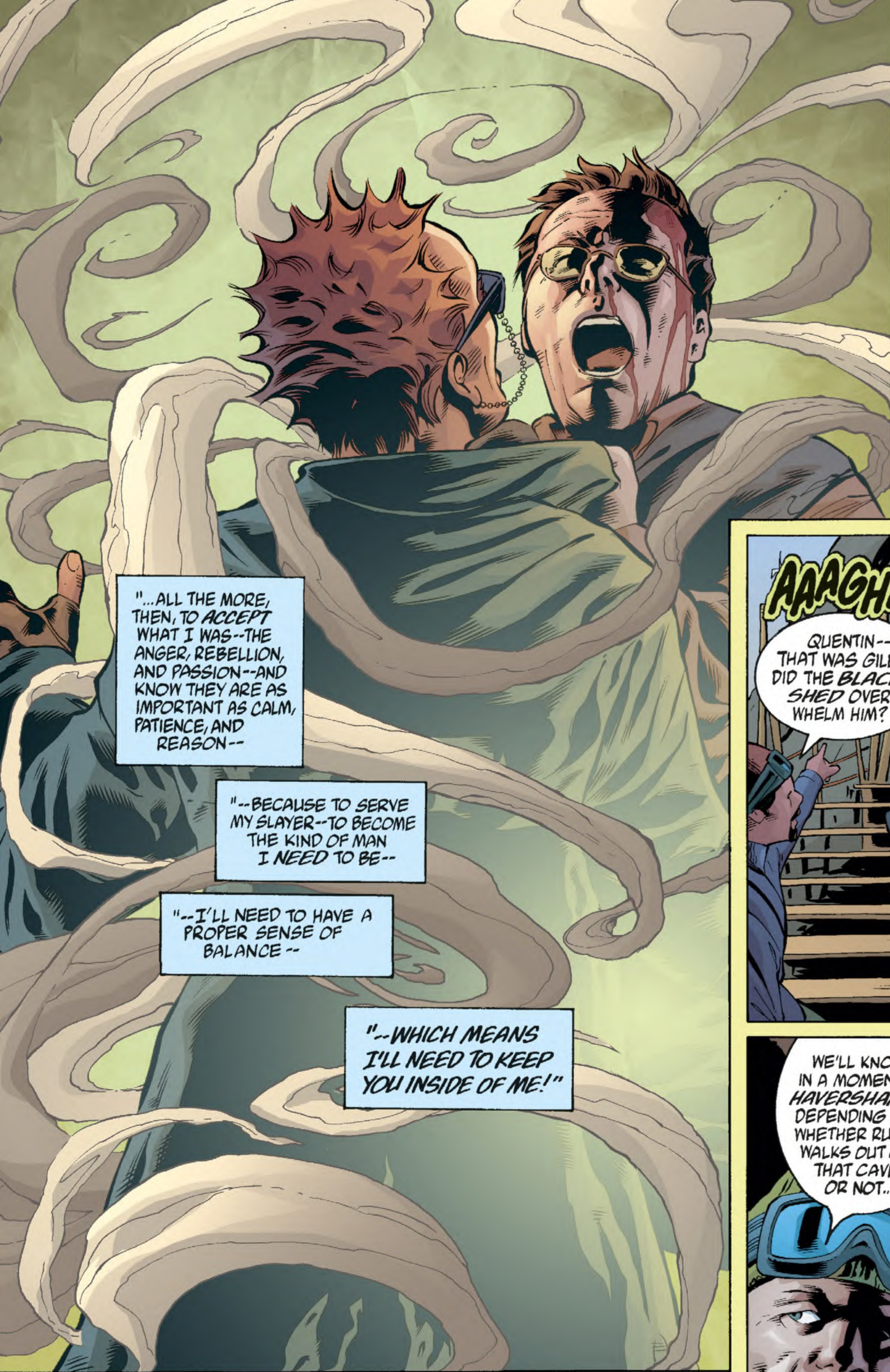


BUT THE THING
OF IT IS, THE TEST
IS **FLAWED--**
I DON'T WANT
TO DENY
WHO I
WAS--

--I ONLY WANT
TO ASSURE I HAVE
CONTROL OVER MY
OWN **BASER...**
IMPULSES.



JUST BECAUSE I WANT
TO CONTROL WHAT I WAS,
DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T
REMEMBER EXACTLY
WHAT I WOULD HAVE
DONE IN THIS
SITUATION...



"...ALL THE MORE,
THEN, TO ACCEPT
WHAT I WAS--THE
ANGER, REBELLION,
AND PASSION--AND
KNOW THEY ARE AS
IMPORTANT AS CALM,
PATIENCE, AND
REASON--

"--BECAUSE TO SERVE
MY SLAYER--TO BECOME
THE KIND OF MAN
I NEED TO BE--

"--I'LL NEED TO HAVE A
PROPER SENSE OF
BALANCE --

"--WHICH MEANS
I'LL NEED TO KEEP
YOU INSIDE OF ME!"

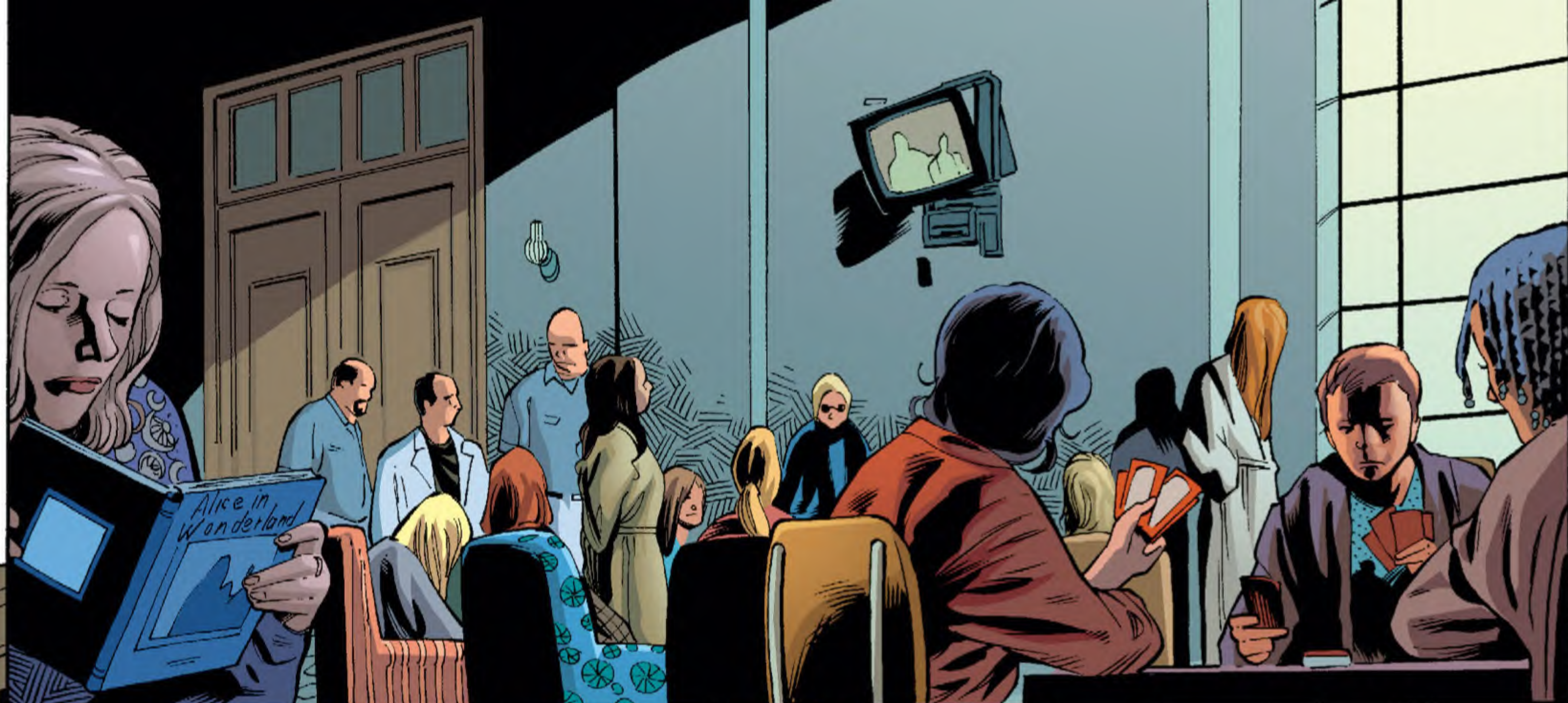


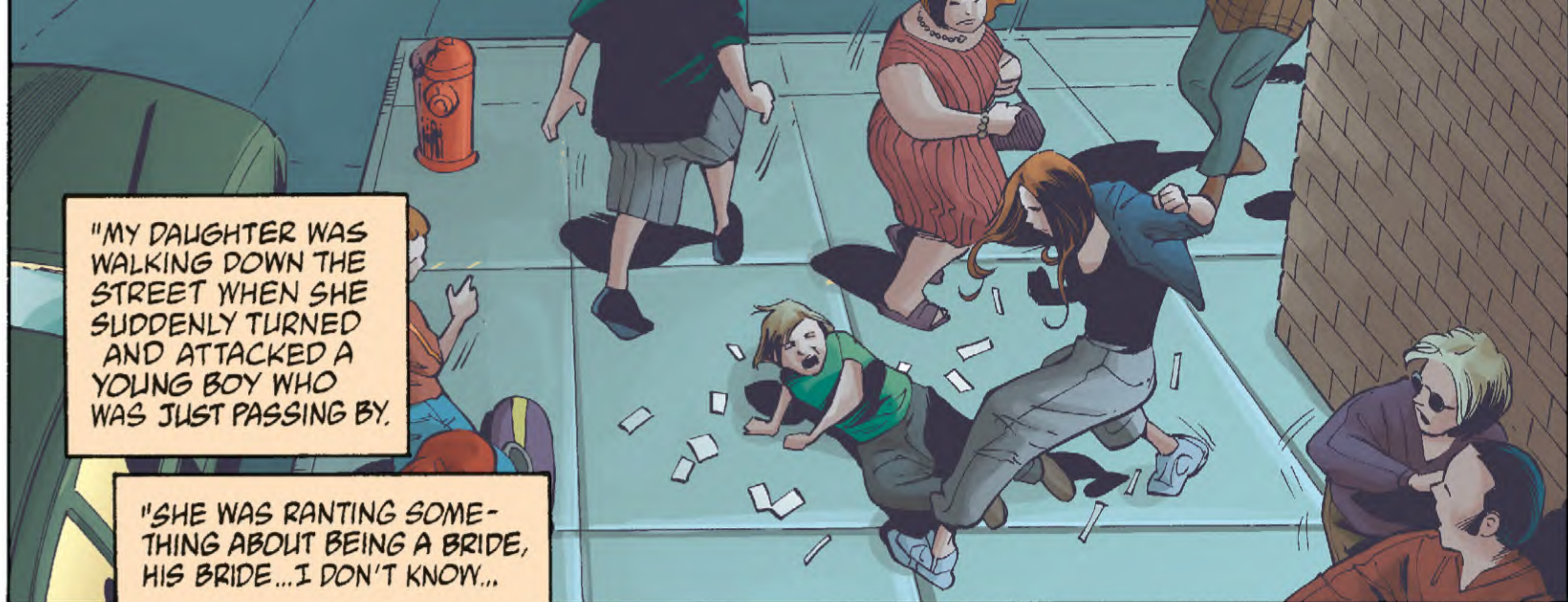
AAAGHHH

QUENTIN--
THAT WAS GILES!
DID THE BLACK-
SHED OVER-
WHELM HIM?



WE'LL KNOW
IN A MOMENT,
HAVERSHAM,
DEPENDING ON
WHETHER RUPERT
WALKS OUT OF
THAT CAVE
OR NOT...





"MY DAUGHTER WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET WHEN SHE SUDDENLY TURNED AND ATTACKED A YOUNG BOY WHO WAS JUST PASSING BY.

"SHE WAS RANTING SOMETHING ABOUT BEING A BRIDE, HIS BRIDE...I DON'T KNOW..."



"NO SOONER HAD SHE ASSAULTED HIM, HOWEVER, THAN SHE SUDDENLY CAME TO HER SENSES.

"SHE WAS NATURALLY DEVASTATED BY WHAT SHE'D DONE.



"SHE WAS DETERMINED NOT TO HURT ANYONE ELSE--

"--EVEN IF IT MEANT HURTING HERSELF."



BUT I DON'T UNDER-
STAND.

WHY DID YOU SEND HER HOME? IF SHE WASN'T CURED YET--WHY DID YOU SEND HER HOME?



PLEASE, LET'S GO TO MY OFFICE AND DISCUSS THIS.

SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE PROTECTED HER.

EVEN FROM HER-
SELF.

YEAH.

SOMEONE.



WHAT
IF...

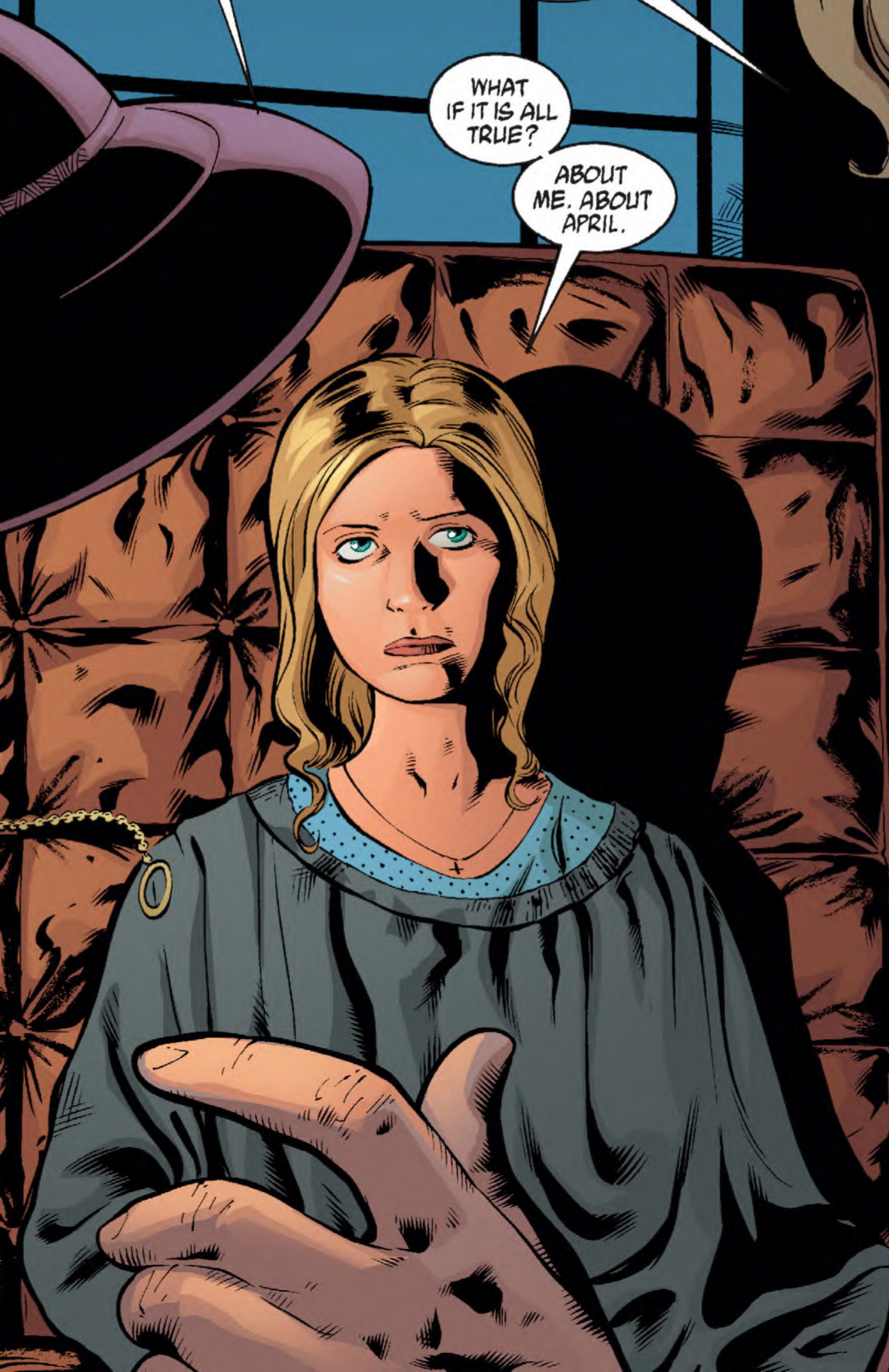
...IT'S
TRUE?

BUFFY,
PLEASE--YOU
STARTLED
ME!

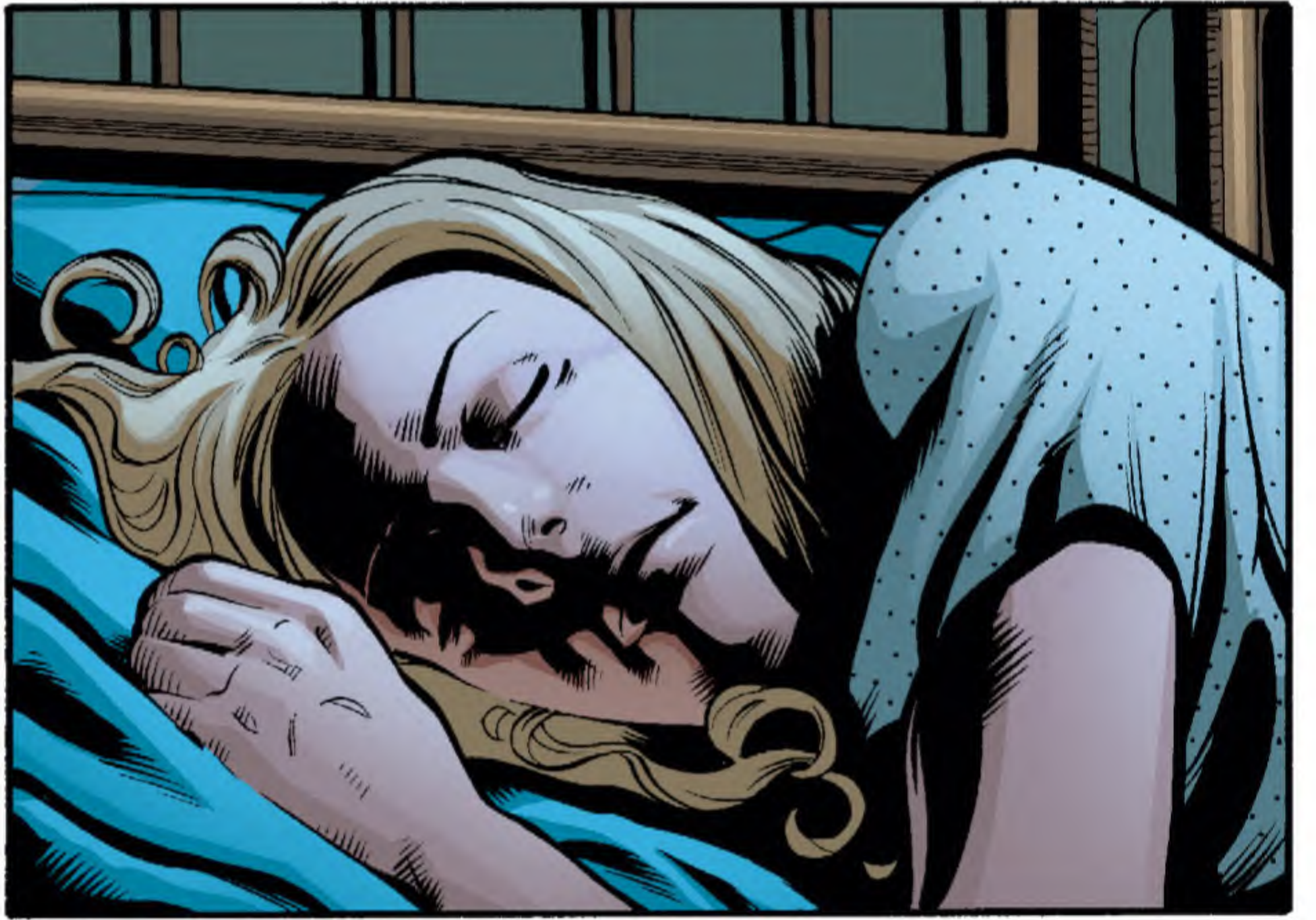
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING IN MY
OFFICE?

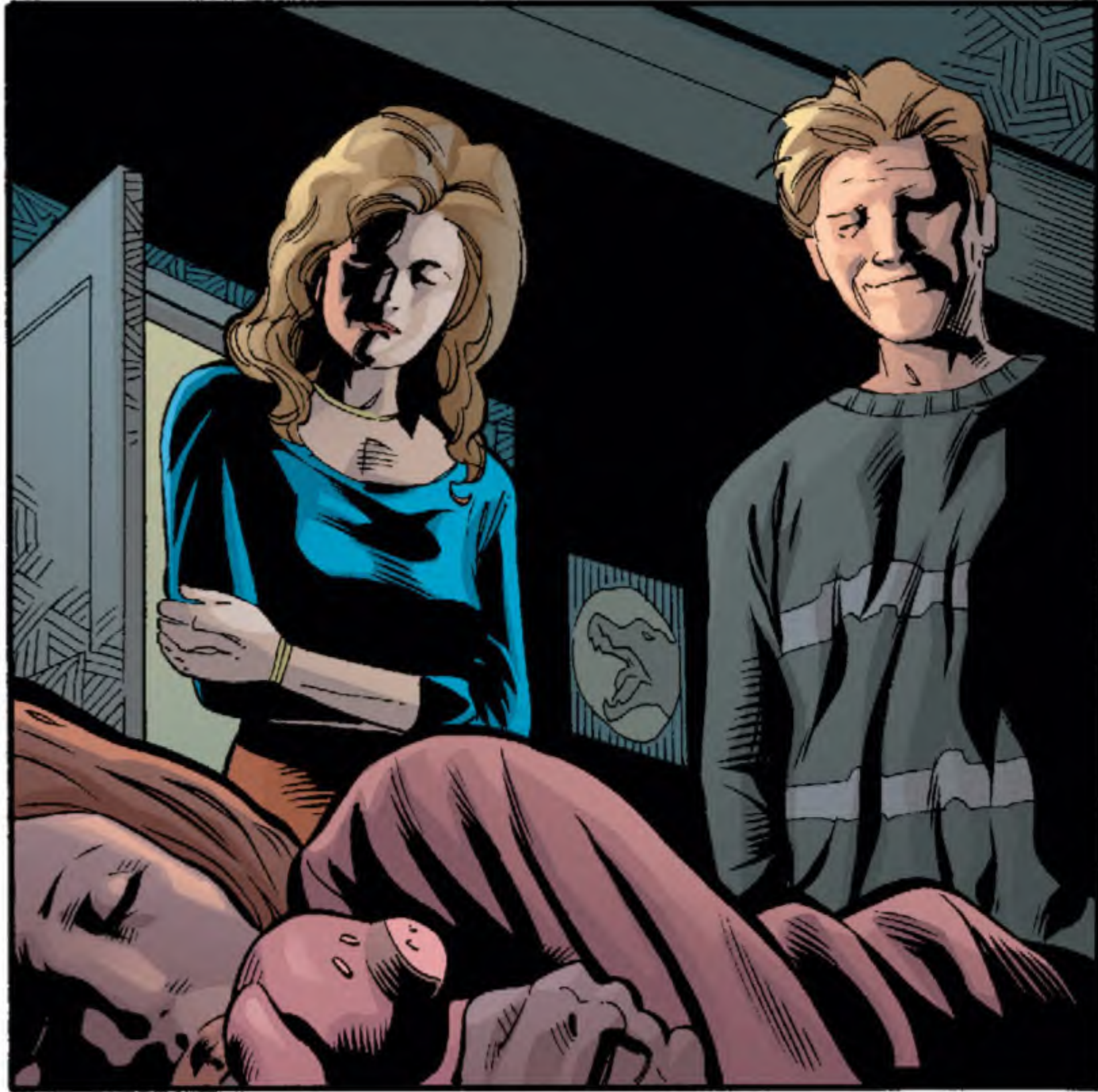
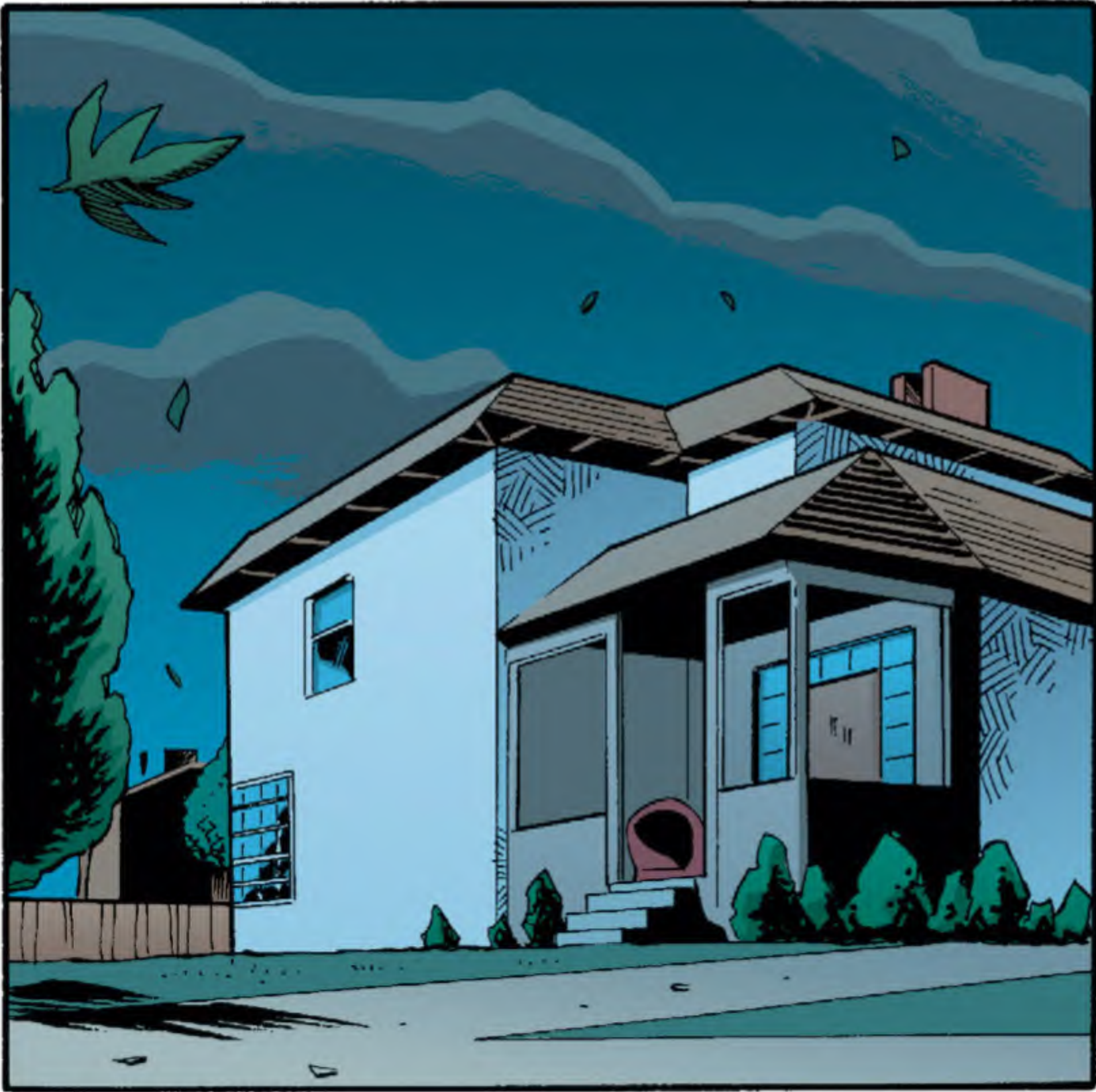
WHAT
IF IT IS ALL
TRUE?

ABOUT
ME. ABOUT
APRIL.











DEARLY
BELOVED...WE
ARE GATHERED
HERE THIS EVENING
IN THE EYES OF
THE DARK
LORD--

--TO GATHER THIS
MAN AND THESE WOMEN
IN THE UNHOLY BONDS
OF MATRIMONY!

COME DAWN,
YOU--THE BRIDES OF
RAKAGORE--WILL GO
OUT AND SLIP UPON THE
SOULS OF THE
UNJUST...

...AND MY DARK
AGE WILL REIGN FOR
A **HUNDRED
THOUSAND
YEARS!**



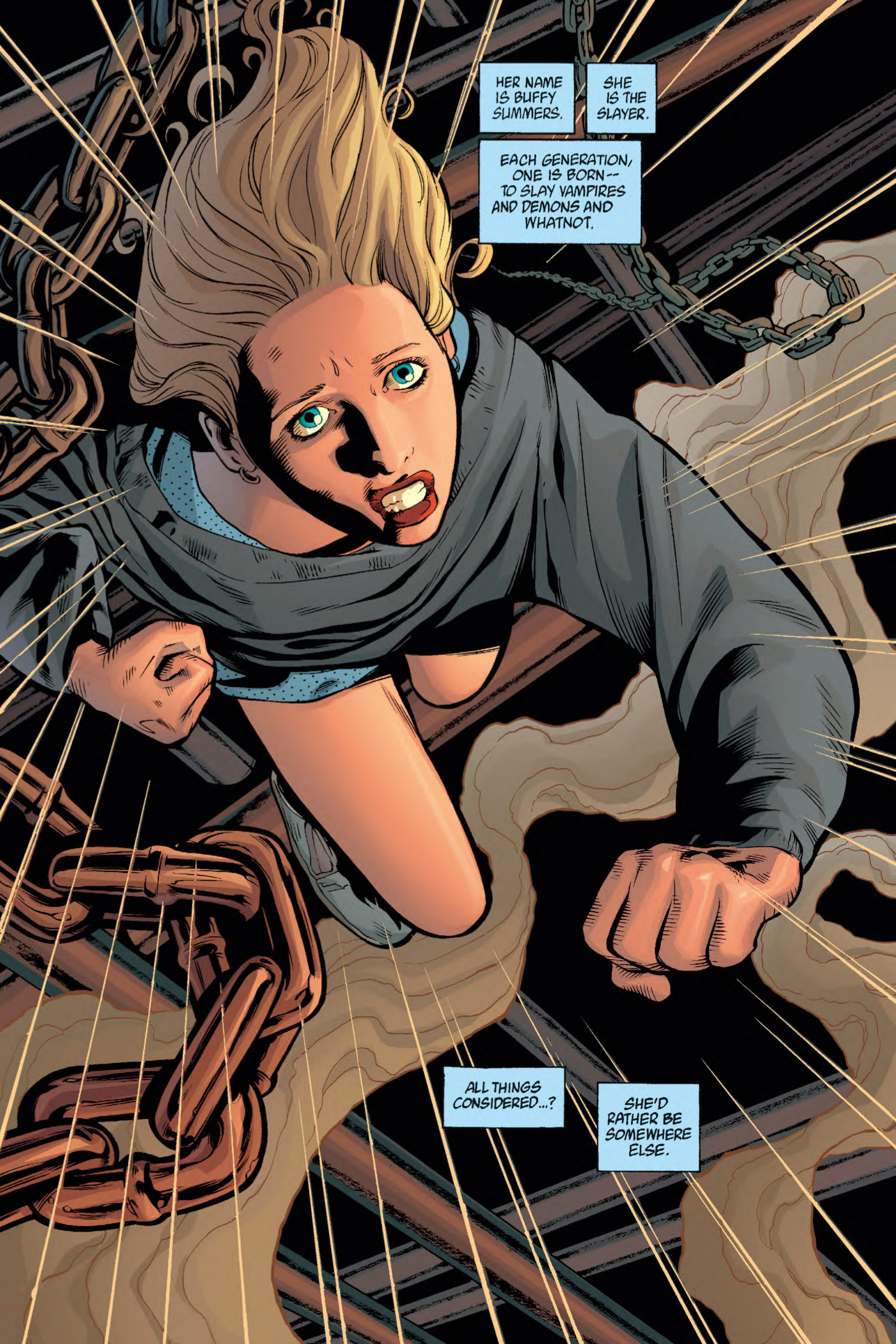


DAMMIT.

I AM
THE SLAYER,
HUH?







HER NAME
IS BUFFY
SUMMERS.

SHE
IS THE
SLAYER.

EACH GENERATION,
ONE IS BORN--
TO SLAY VAMPIRES
AND DEMONS AND
WHATNOT.

ALL THINGS
CONSIDERED...?

SHE'D
RATHER BE
SOMEWHERE
ELSE.



PHEW.

I WAS AFRAID
THAT I WAS GOING TO
MISS THAT PART WHERE YOU
SAID, "IF ANYONE HERE CAN
SHOW JUST CAUSE --

"--WHY THESE
INNOCENT WOMEN
AND THIS SOUL-SUCKING
DEMON SCUM CANNOT
BE WED..."

"...SLAY NOW,
OR FOREVER
HOLD YOUR
PEACE."

SO, MISS
SUMMERS --
IT'S TRUE?

EVERY-
THING THEY SAID
ABOUT THE
SLAYER?

WHAT'S
THAT, DR. STONE --
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID,
NEVER A
BRIDE?



I HADN'T HEARD THAT ONE, NO.

I WAS REFERRING TO THE VERY EXISTENCE OF SLAYERS.

I HAVE TO ADMIT, I WAS SKEPTICAL.

YOU? IMAGINE HOW I FELT.

AT LEAST YOU'RE A DEMON-- YOU'RE USED TO THIS WEIRD STUFF.



"YES, FOR SEVERAL CENTURIES NOW.

"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME DURING THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

I THINK I ACTUALLY CALLED MYSELF **GLORICUS** BACK THEN.

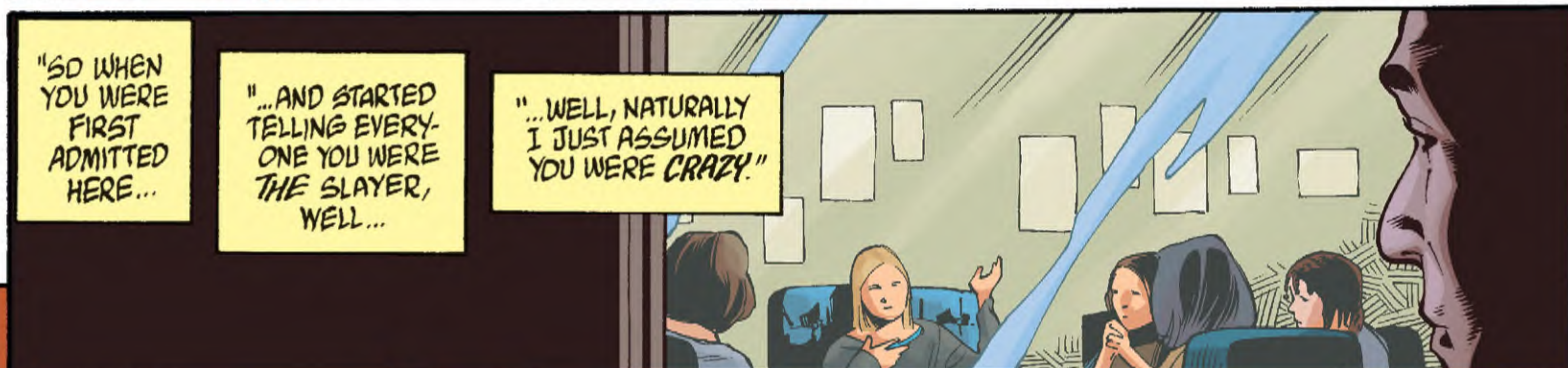
"THE THINGS WE DO IN OUR YOUTH, eh?"



"BUT AS I HAD NEVER ACTUALLY SEEN A SLAYER, I HAD ALWAYS DISMISSED IT AS SOMETHING OF A MYTH.

"THE DEMON

EQUIVALENT OF A BOOGIE MAN-- SOMETHING TO FRIGHTEN CHILDREN TO SLEEP AT NIGHT.



"SO WHEN YOU WERE FIRST ADMITTED HERE...

"...AND STARTED TELLING EVERYONE YOU WERE **THE SLAYER**, WELL...

"...WELL, NATURALLY I JUST ASSUMED YOU WERE **CRAZY**."



KRACK

I'D EXPECT A LITTLE MORE SENSITIVITY FROM YOU, DOC.

NO ONE SAYS "CRAZY" ANY MORE-- THE TERM IS "SANITY CHALLENGED."

AND APPARENTLY I WAS MIS-DIAGNOSED.





DONE.

HAVEN'T...

...EVEN...

...GOTTEN...

...STARTED.

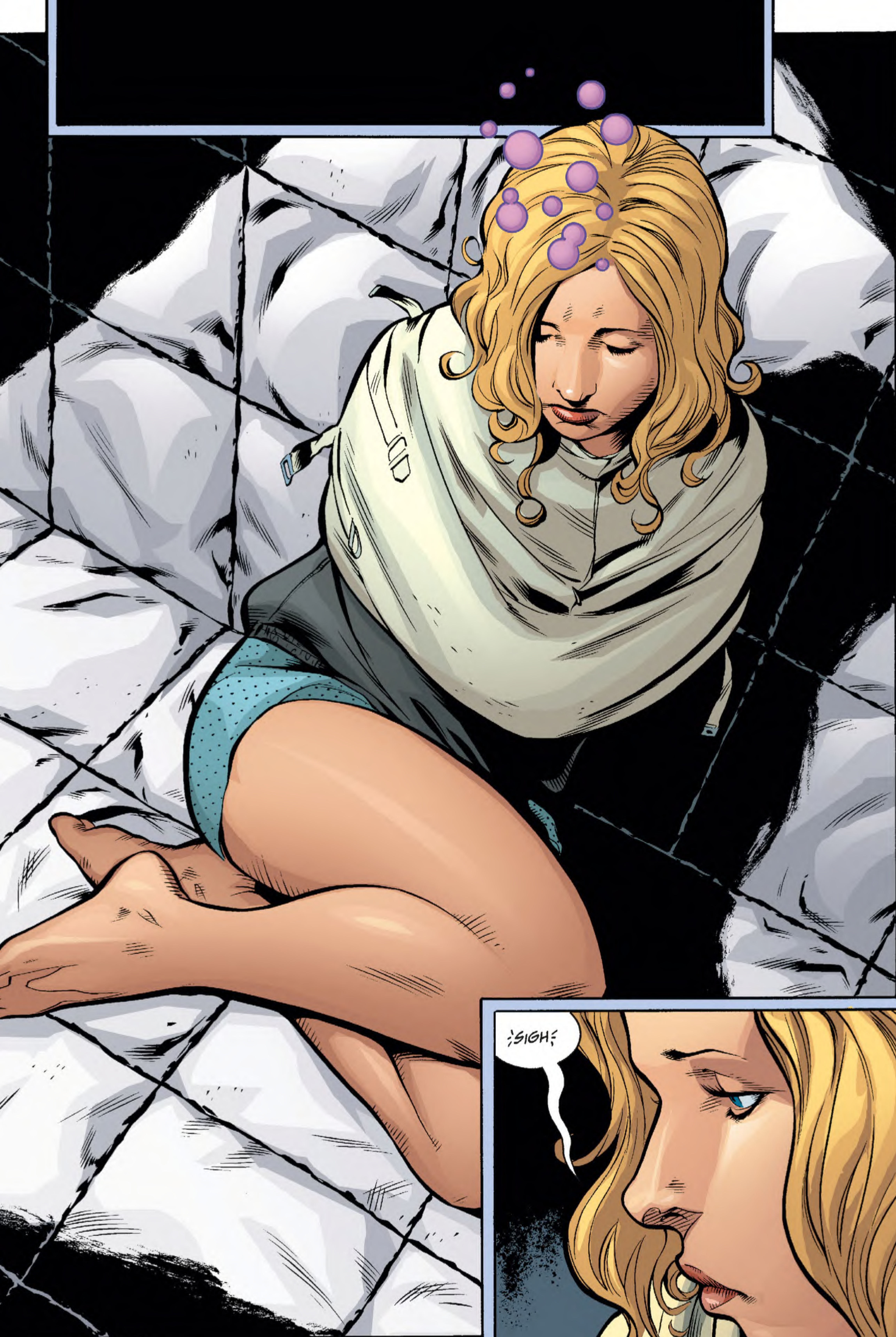


YOU MISUNDER-
STOOD.

I WASN'T
ASKING.



SLAM!





DR. PRIMROSE?

YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE ME-- IT TURNS OUT I'M NOT CRAZY AFTER ALL! I *REALLY* *AM* THE SLAYER!

IT TURNS OUT DR. STONE IS A DEMON WHO HAS BEEN USING THE INSTITUTION AS A FRONT--

--TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE WEAK AND DEPRESSED AND TURNING THEM INTO HIS MINIONS--

--AND RELEASING THEM INTO SOCIETY WHEN THEY ARE "CURED" ...AND...



...AND...

...AND YOU WOULD THINK I AM NUTS...

...EXCEPT...



EXCEPT... YOU KNEW THIS ALL ALONG, DIDN'T YOU?

YES.

I KNEW
ALL ALONG.

AND IF YOU
WERE BEING HONEST
WITH YOURSELF, BUFFY,
YOU WOULD HAVE
REALIZED YOU KNEW
IT ALL ALONG
AS WELL.

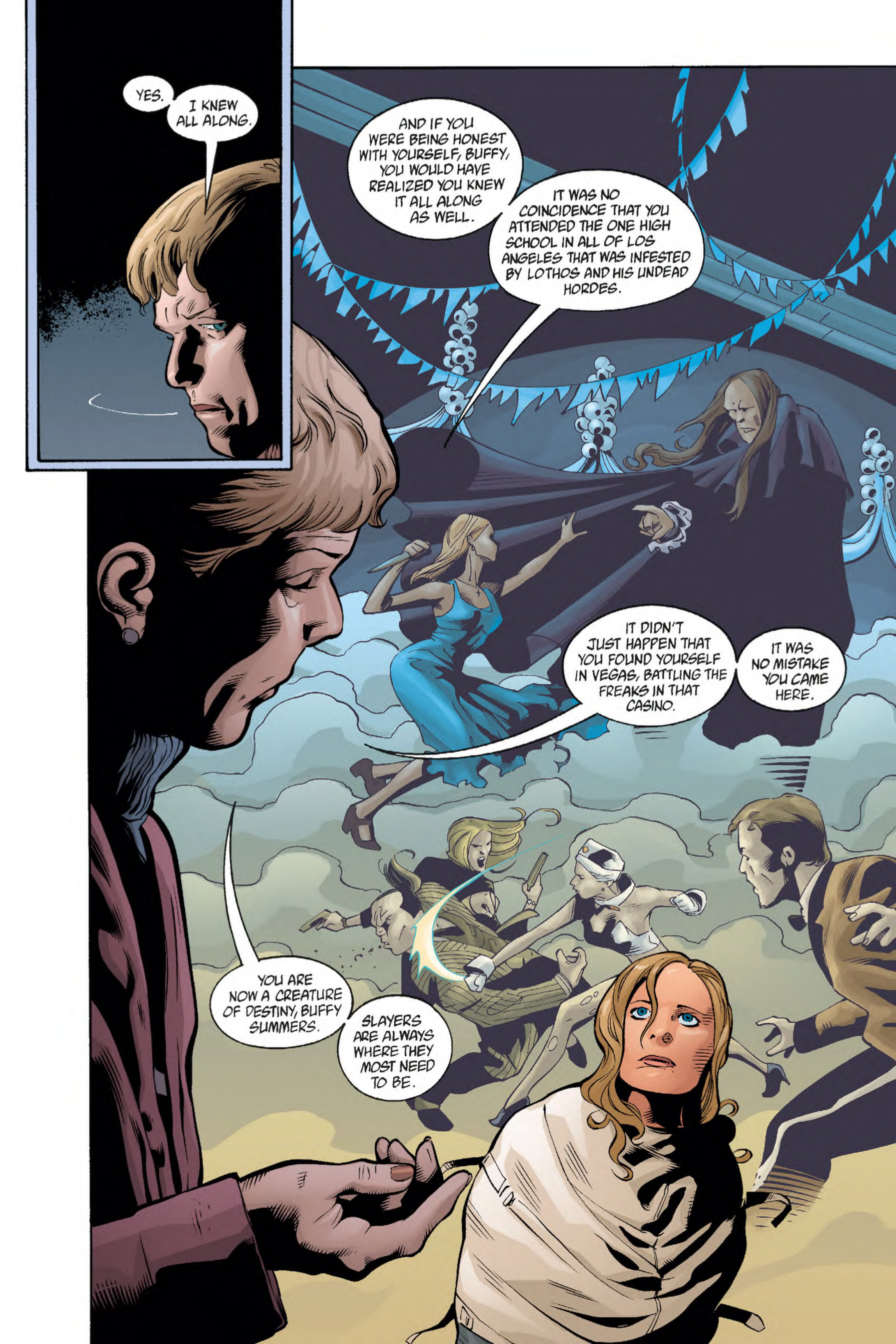
IT WAS NO
COINCIDENCE THAT YOU
ATTENDED THE ONE HIGH
SCHOOL IN ALL OF LOS
ANGELES THAT WAS INFESTED
BY LOTHOS AND HIS UNDEAD
HORDES.

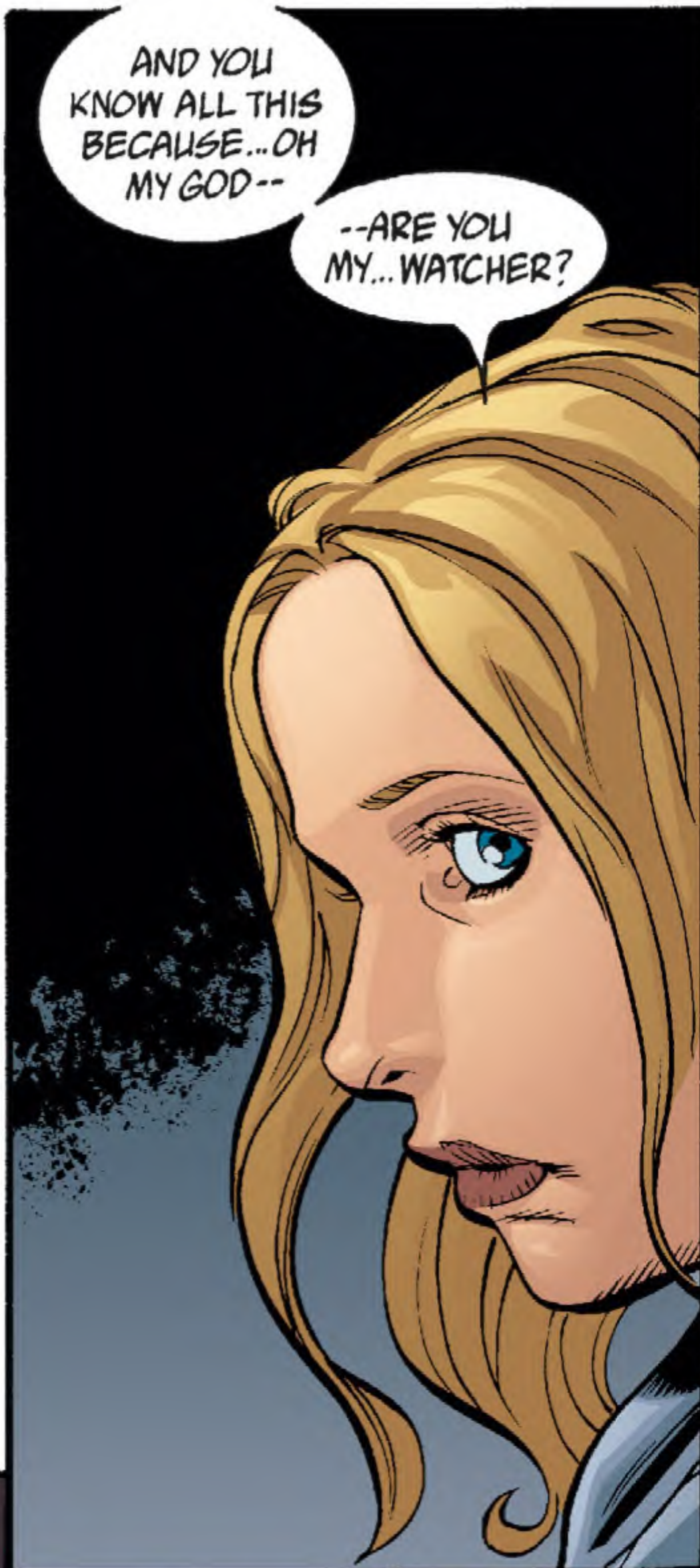
IT DIDN'T
JUST HAPPEN THAT
YOU FOUND YOURSELF
IN VEGAS, BATTLING THE
FREAKS IN THAT
CASINO.

IT WAS
NO MISTAKE
YOU CAME
HERE.

YOU ARE
NOW A CREATURE
OF DESTINY, BUFFY
SUMMERS.

SLAYERS
ARE ALWAYS
WHERE THEY
MOST NEED
TO BE.





AND YOU
KNOW ALL THIS
BECAUSE...OH
MY GOD--

--ARE YOU
MY...WATCHER?



DEAR GOD
IN HEAVEN,
NO.

THAT IS, NOT
THAT I WOULD
NOT BE PROUD
TO BE YOUR
WATCHER...

...BUT CERTAINLY
WHATEVER POOR
SOD DRAWS YOUR
NAME IS GOING TO
HAVE HIS OR HER
HANDS FULL.



NO, I WAS
A WATCHER...
A VERY LONG
TIME AGO.

I WAS
FORCED TO
STAND BY AND
WATCH AS
MY SLAYER
DIED--

--AS ALL
SLAYERS
HAVE DIED
BEFORE
HER.

"FOR YEARS I TRIED TO
REASON WITH THE
WATCHERS COUNSEL. I
TRIED TO GET THEM TO
REALIZE THAT IT WASN'T
THEIR RIGHT TO AID AND
ABET THE SLAUGHTER
OF ALL THOSE WHO ARE
CALLED SLAYERS.

"THAT IT WASN'T
OUR PLACE TO
HELP THESE
YOUNG WOMEN
TO THEIR DOOM
UNDER THE
PRETEXT THAT WE
SOMEHOW KNEW BETTER."



WE NEEDED TO
DO BETTER THAN
JUST EXPLAIN TO
OUR CHARGES
THAT WITH GREAT
POWER COMES
GREAT RESPON

PAP! P! P!

Eh?



YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU KNEW?! THIS WHOLE TIME YOU KNEW ABOUT DR. STONE AND YOU DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO STOP HIM?!

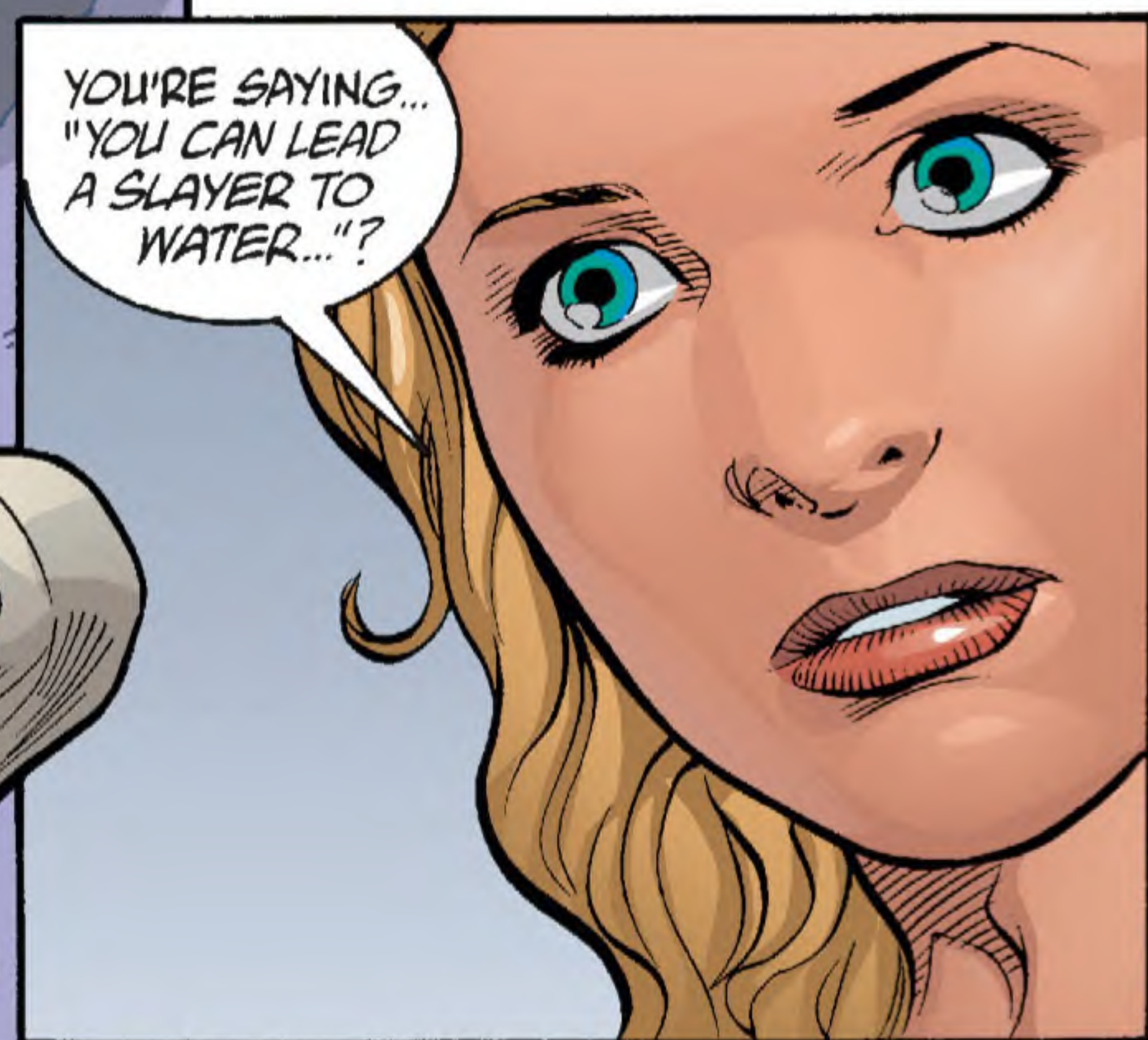
I DON'T GET IT!

WHY DIDN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

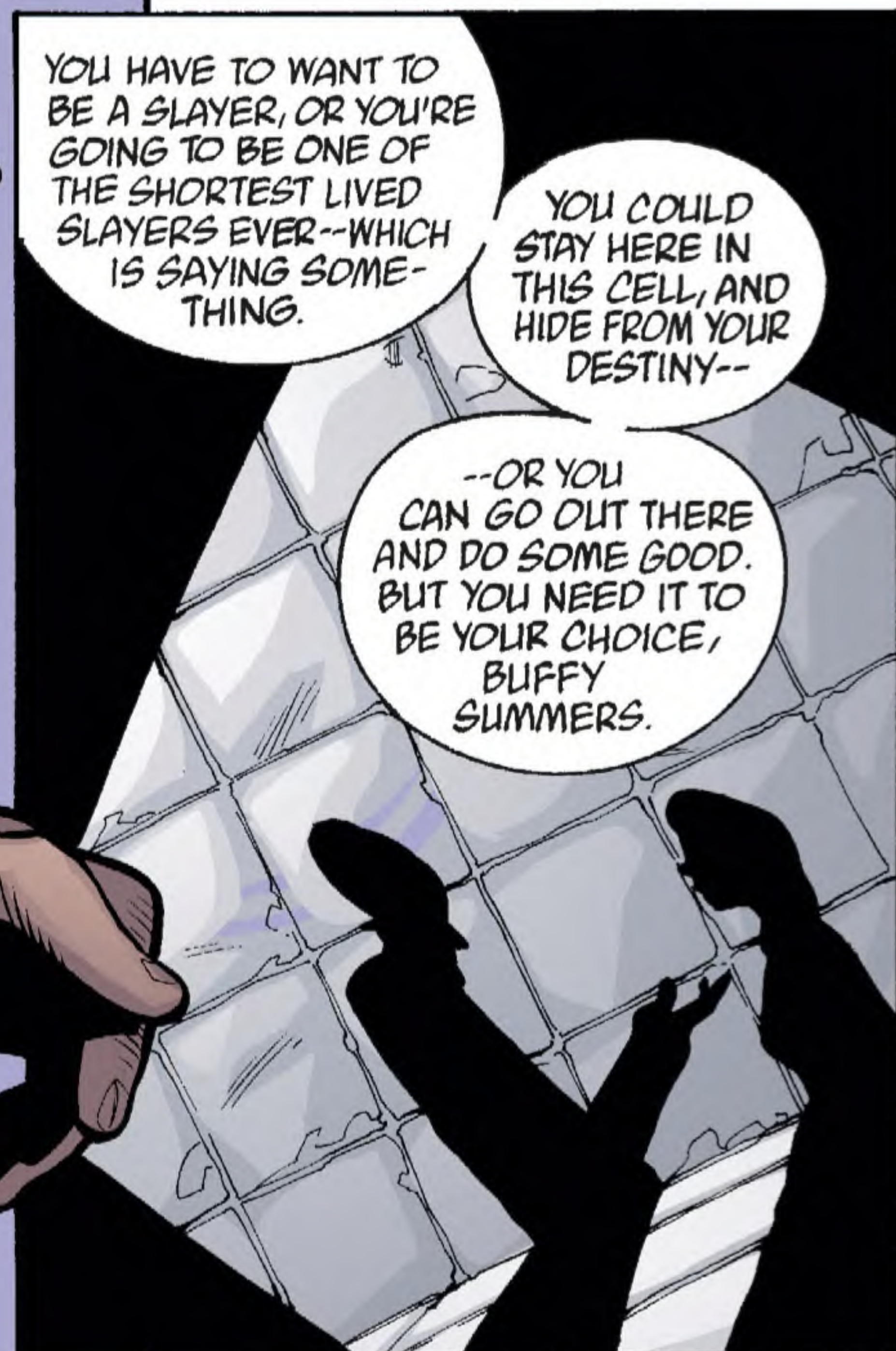


BECAUSE I'M JUST AN OLD WOMAN, BUFFY. YOU ARE THE SLAYER. NOTHING SHORT OF YOUR DEATH IS GOING TO CHANGE THAT.

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO ASSUME YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES.



YOU'RE SAYING... "YOU CAN LEAD A SLAYER TO WATER..."?



YOU HAVE TO WANT TO BE A SLAYER, OR YOU'RE GOING TO BE ONE OF THE SHORTEST LIVED SLAYERS EVER--WHICH IS SAYING SOMETHING.

YOU COULD STAY HERE IN THIS CELL, AND HIDE FROM YOUR DESTINY--

--OR YOU CAN GO OUT THERE AND DO SOME GOOD. BUT YOU NEED IT TO BE YOUR CHOICE, BUFFY SUMMERS.



YOU KNEW
ABOUT THE
SLAYER ALL
ALONG!

THAT'S WHY
YOU TOOK HER
FROM ME--WHY
YOU TOOK HER
OUT OF GROUP
THERAPY!

ACK!

YOU
MANIPULATED
HER. YOU GOT HER
TO A PLACE WHERE
BEING A SLAYER
BECAME A CHOICE!
YOU GOT HER TO
WHERE SHE IS SITTING
IN THAT CELL FIGHTING
TO ACTUALLY FULFILL
HER ROLE AS THE
SLAYER!

TOO BAD
SHE'S NOT
HERE TO
HELP YOU
NOW!



TOO BAD
SOMETHING,
THAT'S FOR
SURE.

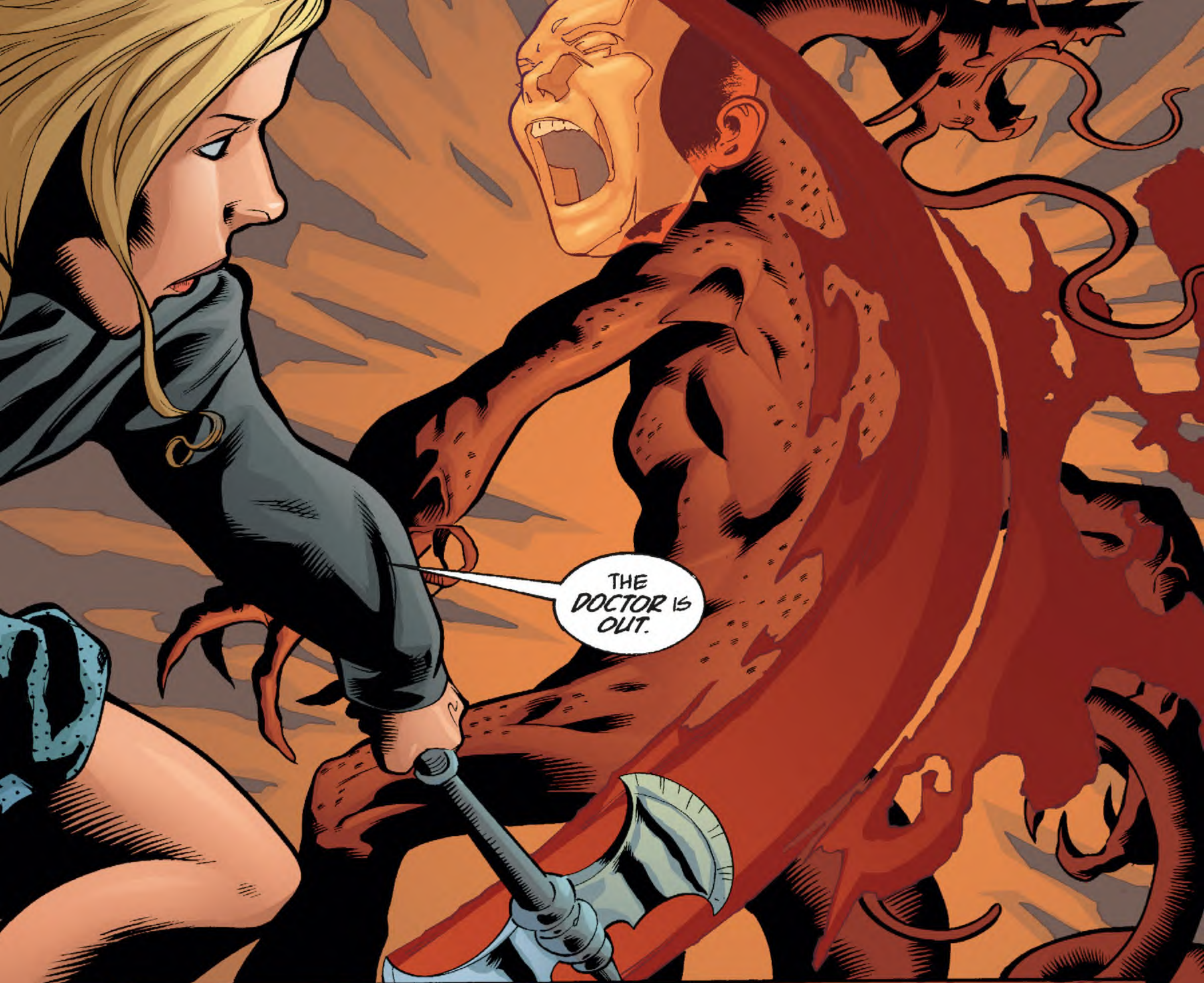


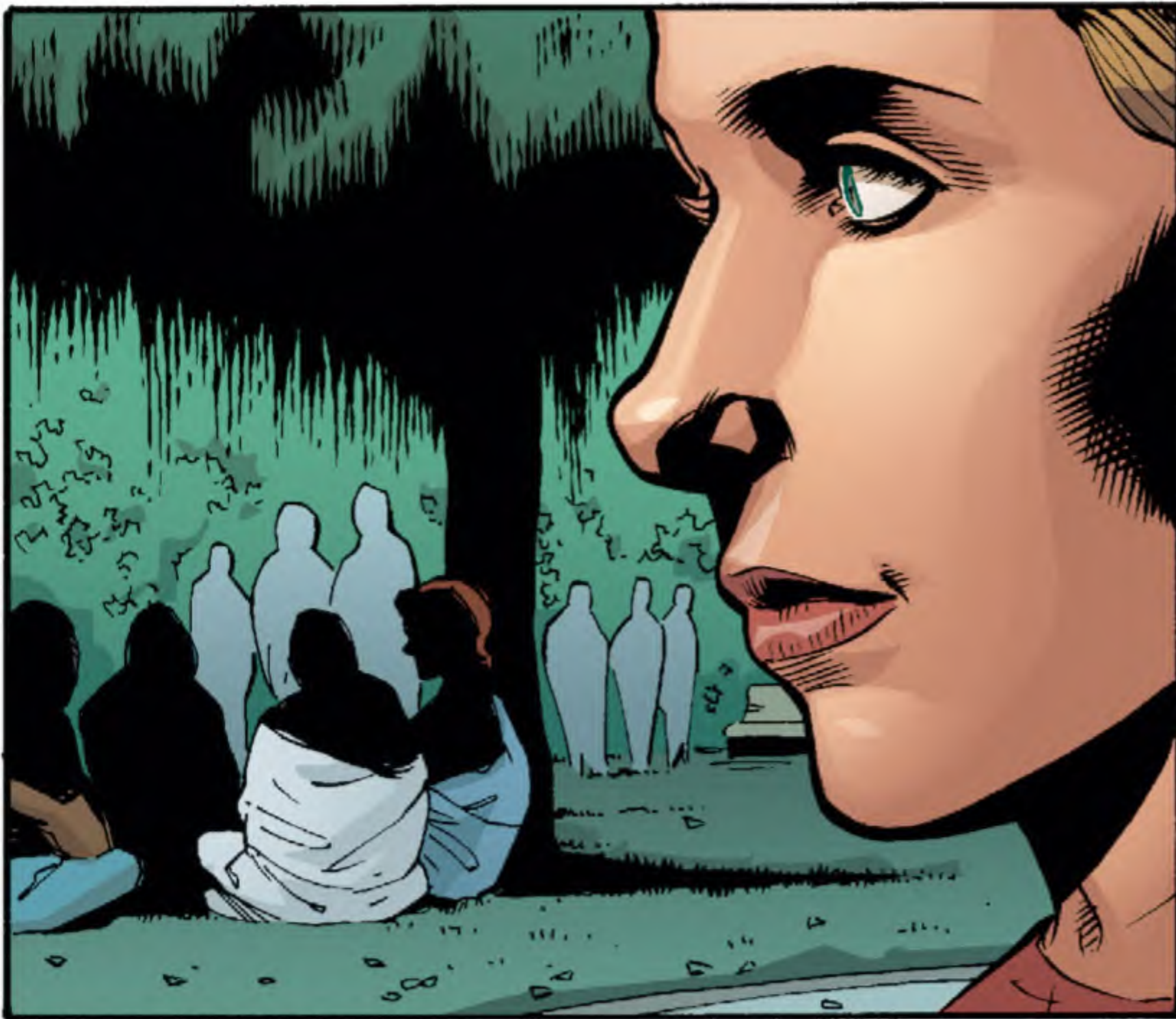
BUFFY?!



THAT'S THE
NAME. BUT
SOMEHOW,
WHEN YOU SAY
IT LIKE THAT I
GET ALL TINGLY
INSIDE, DOC!

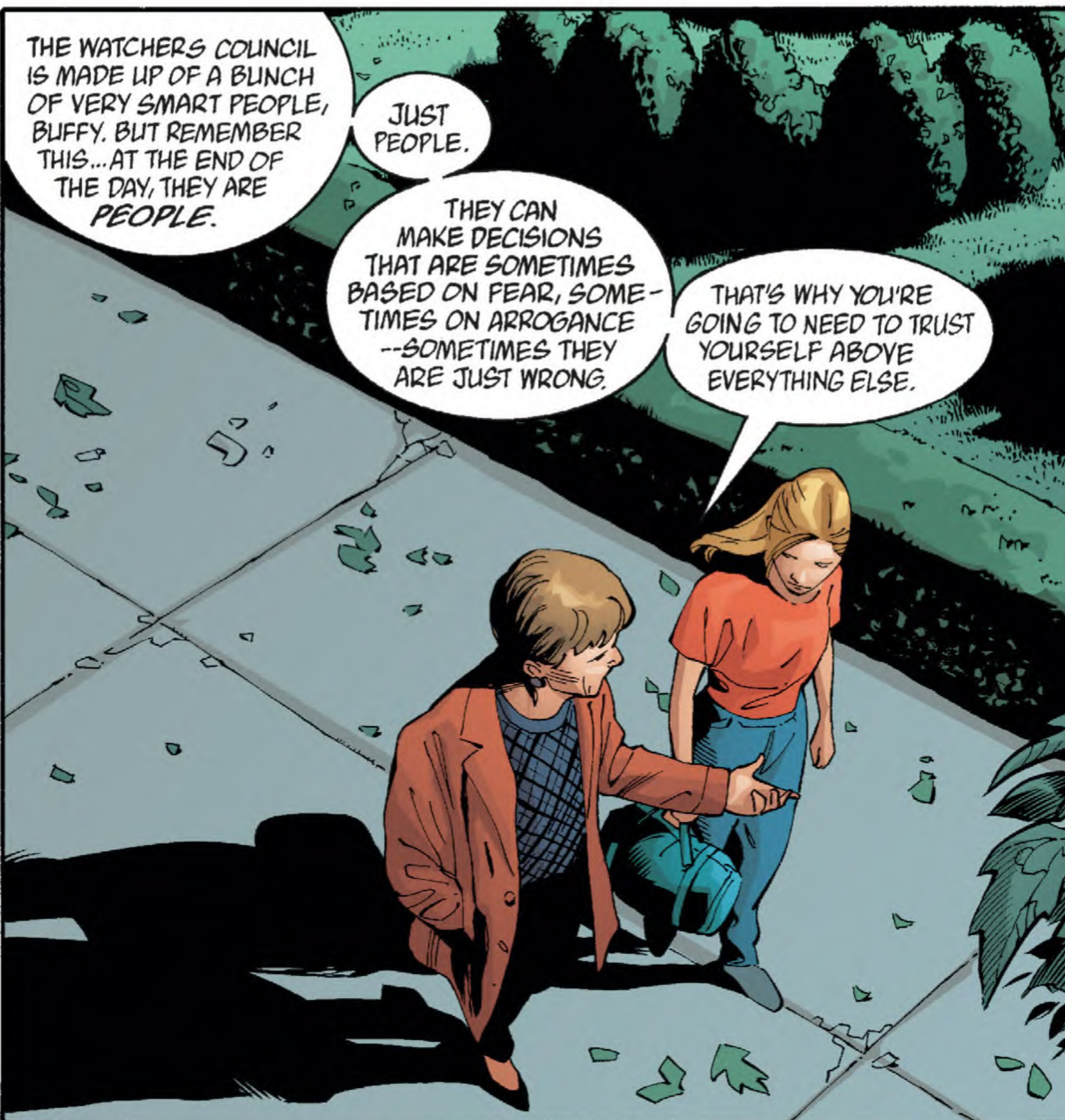






YOU HAVE
A LOT TO BE
PROUD OF
THIS DAY.

I DON'T
FEEL
PROUD.



THE WATCHERS COUNCIL
IS MADE UP OF A BUNCH
OF VERY SMART PEOPLE,
BUFFY. BUT REMEMBER
THIS...AT THE END OF
THE DAY, THEY ARE
PEOPLE.

JUST
PEOPLE.

THEY CAN
MAKE DECISIONS
THAT ARE SOMETIMES
BASED ON FEAR, SOME-
TIMES ON ARROGANCE
--SOMETIMES THEY
ARE JUST WRONG.

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE
GOING TO NEED TO TRUST
YOURSELF ABOVE
EVERYTHING ELSE.



THANKS.

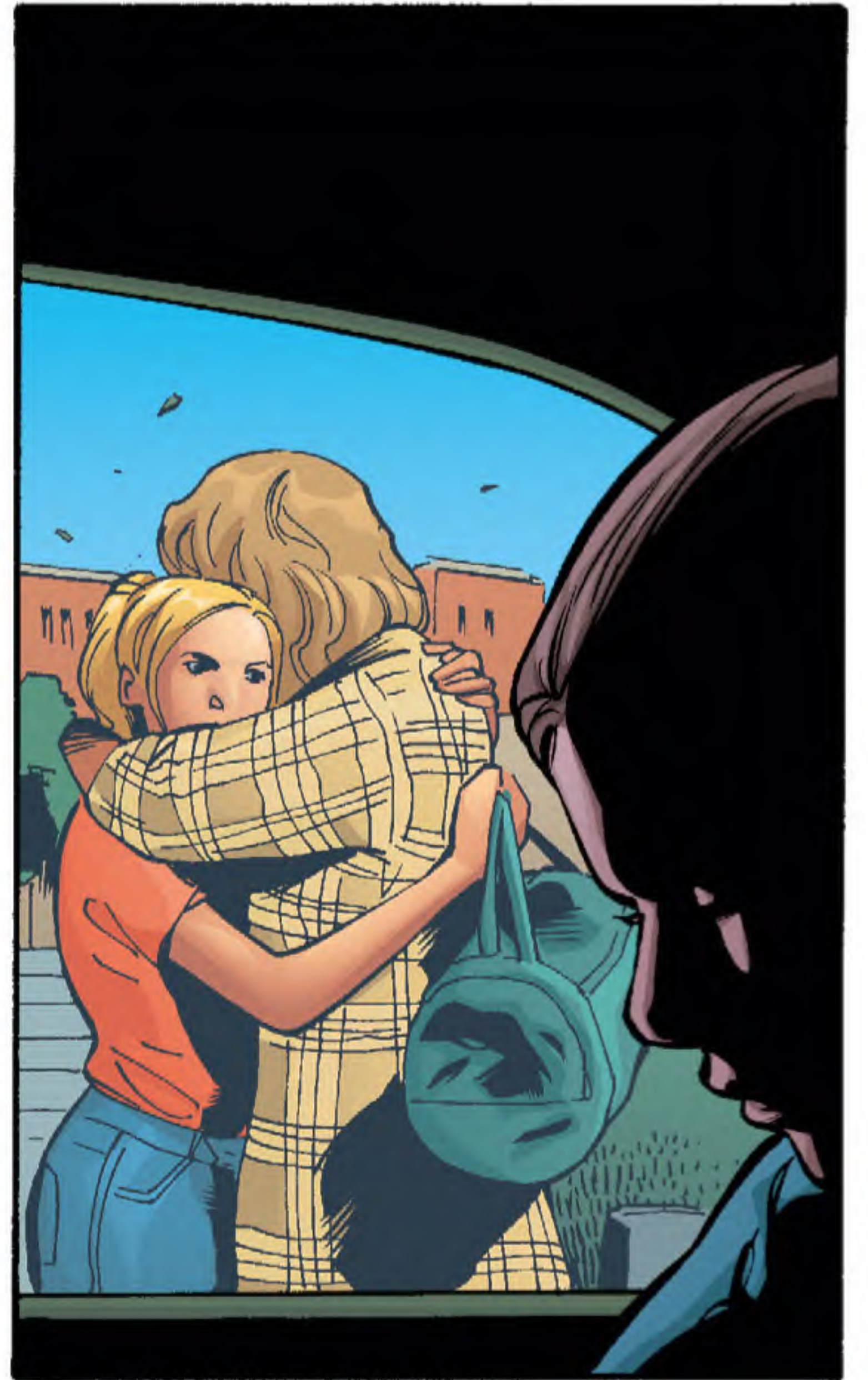
UM, SHOULD
WE HUG OR
SOMETHING?

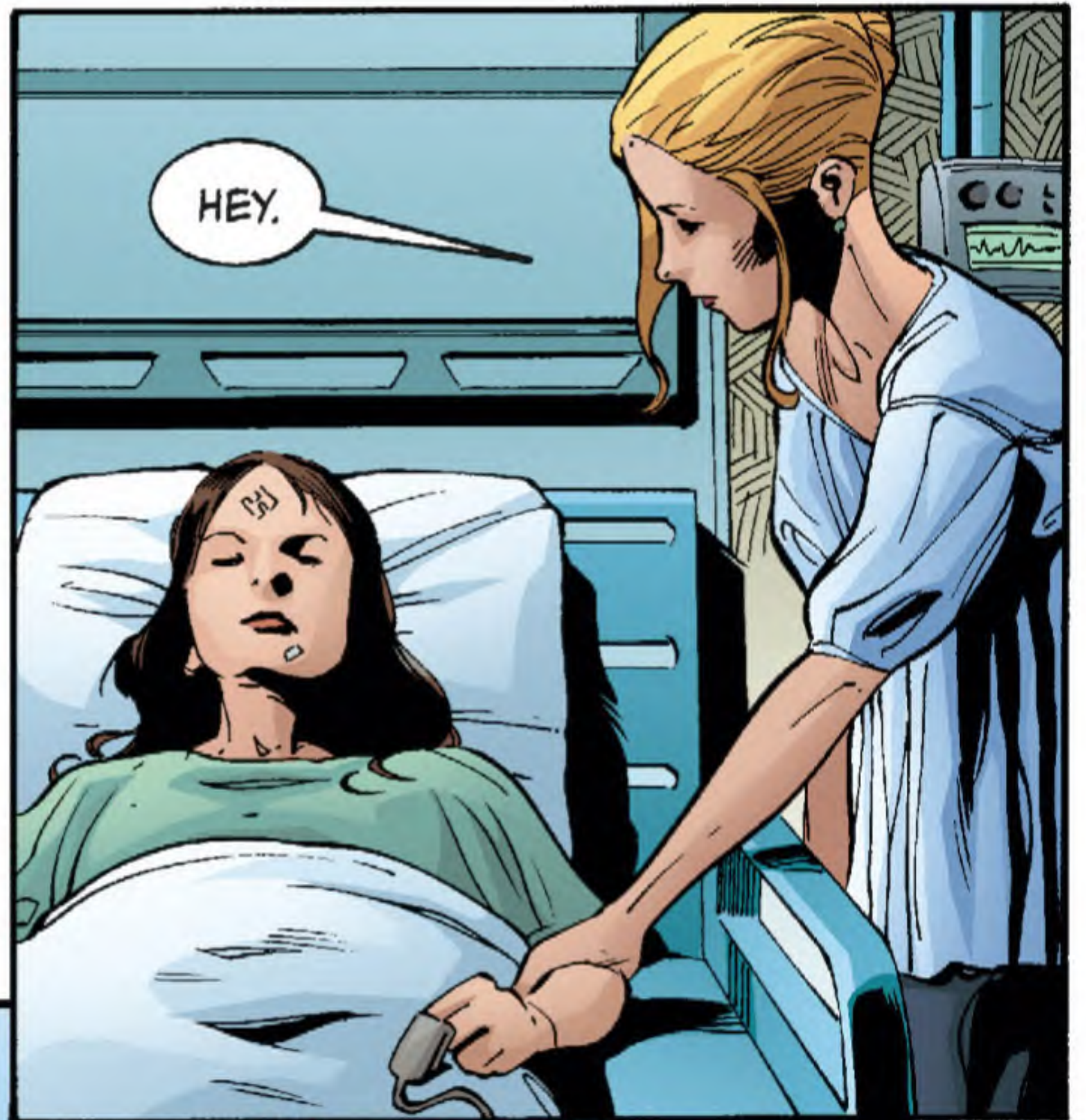
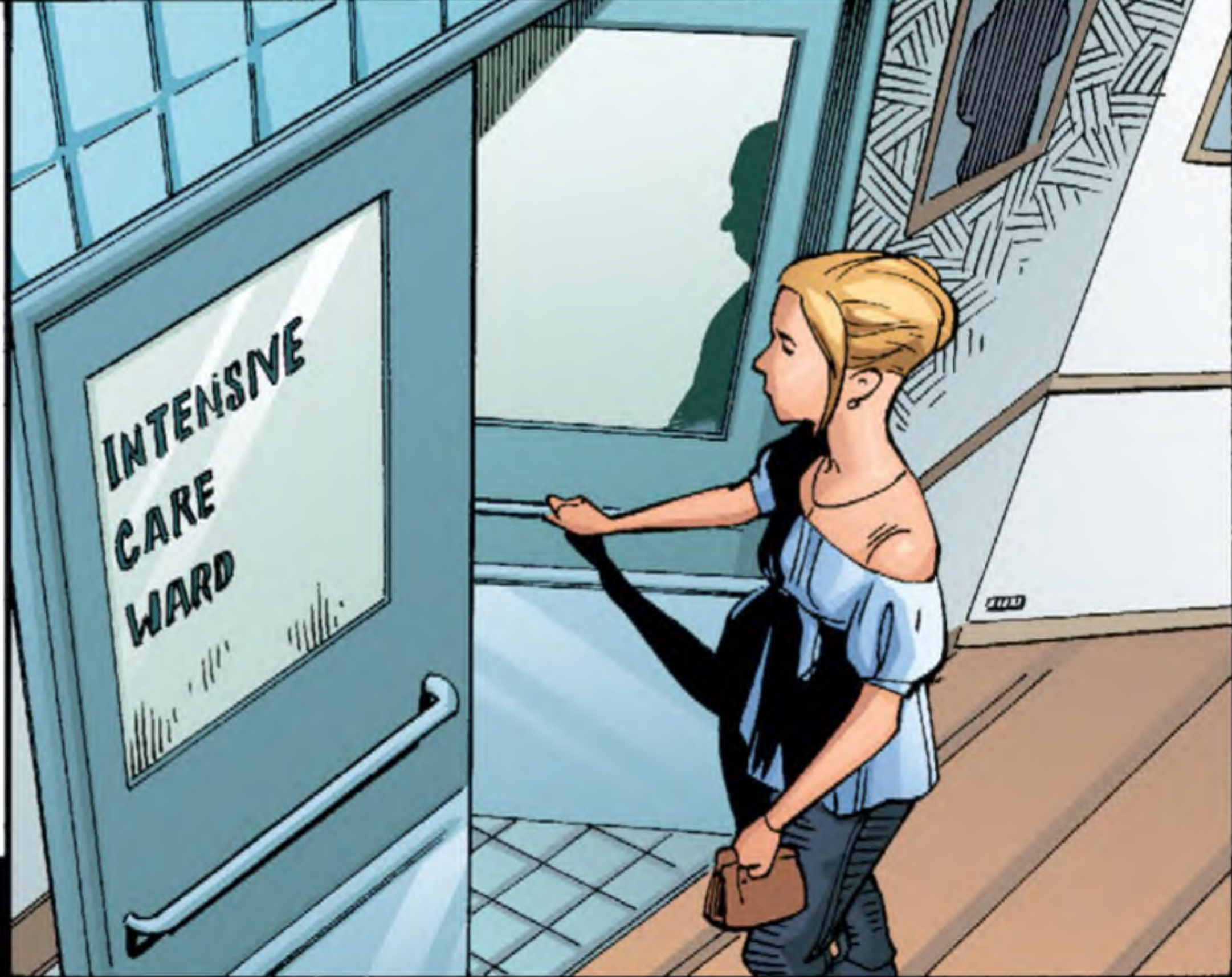
I
WOULD
RATHER
NOT.



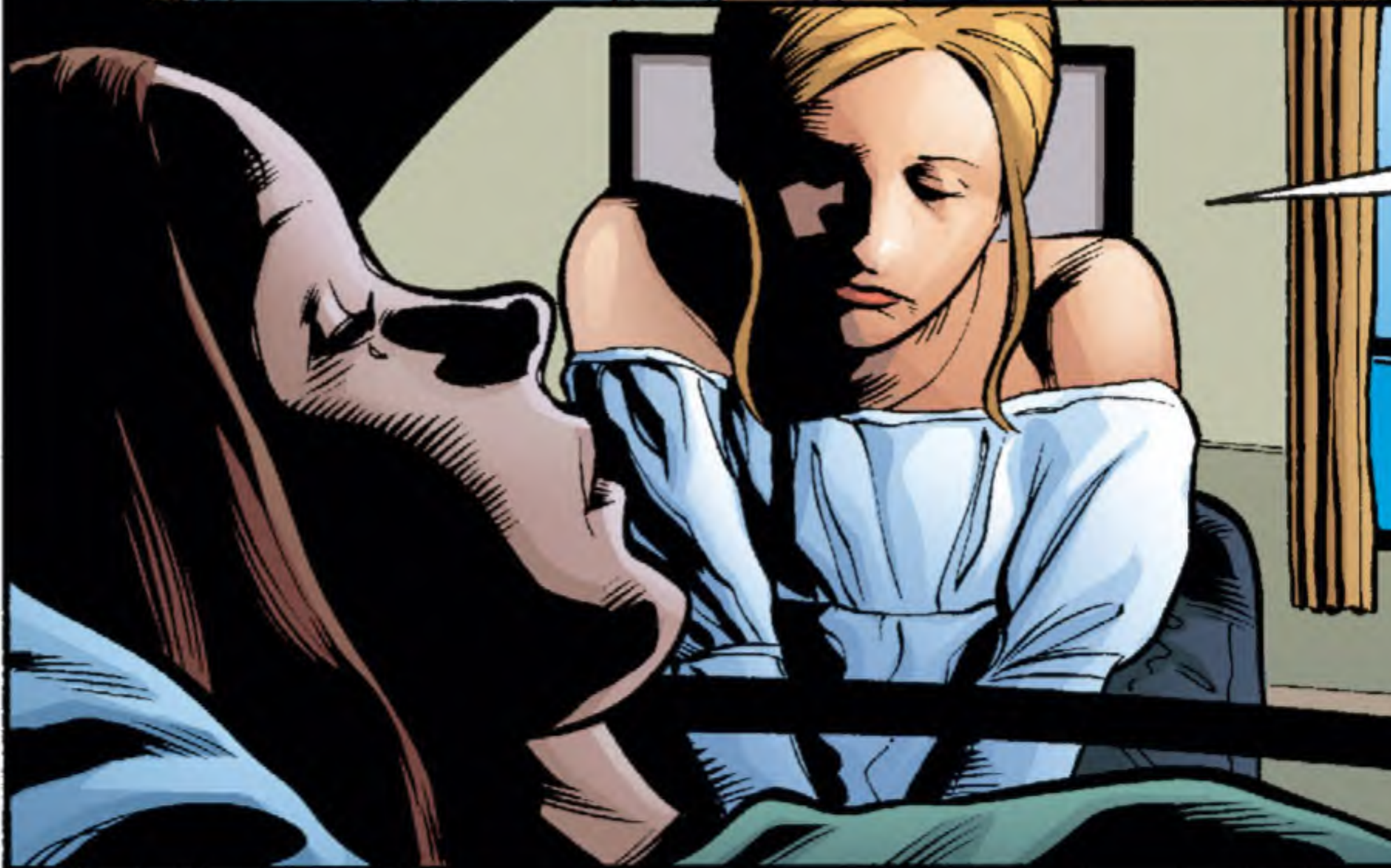
DO NOT
GO GENTLY INTO THE
NIGHT, BUFFY SUMMERS...
HOLD ON TO THAT PART OF
YOU THAT IS SO UNIQUE
TO YOU.

GO
SHOW THEM
HOW LONG A
SLAYER CAN
LIVE.



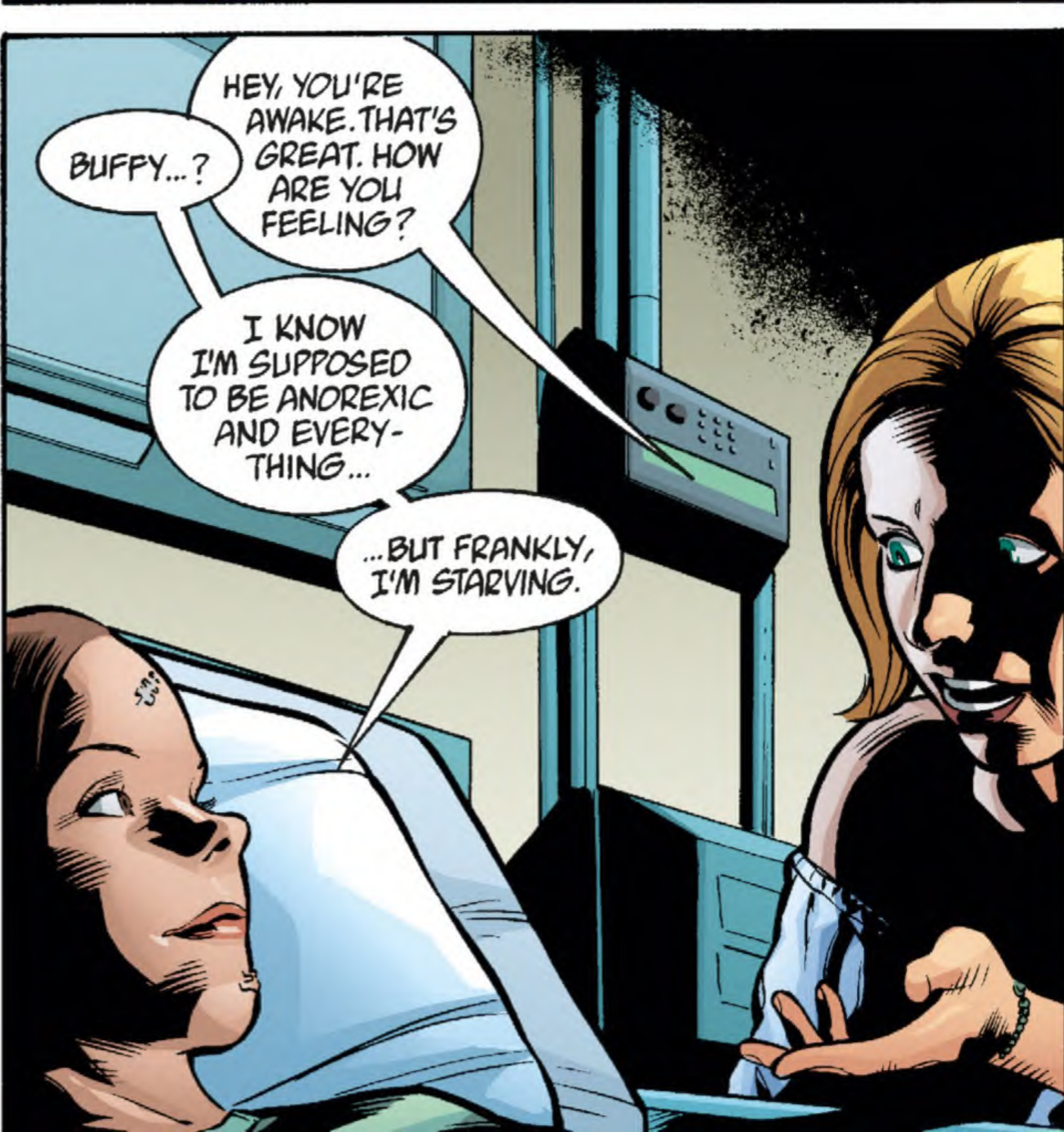


HEY.



I'M SORRY, YOU KNOW...

...NOT DOING MY WHOLE JOB THING AND ALL.



BUFFY...?

HEY, YOU'RE AWAKE. THAT'S GREAT. HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

I KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ANOREXIC AND EVERY-THING...

...BUT FRANKLY, I'M STARVING.



DOUBLEMEAT®?

THANKS!

THE WATCHER'S
COUNCIL OUTSIDE
OF LONDON...

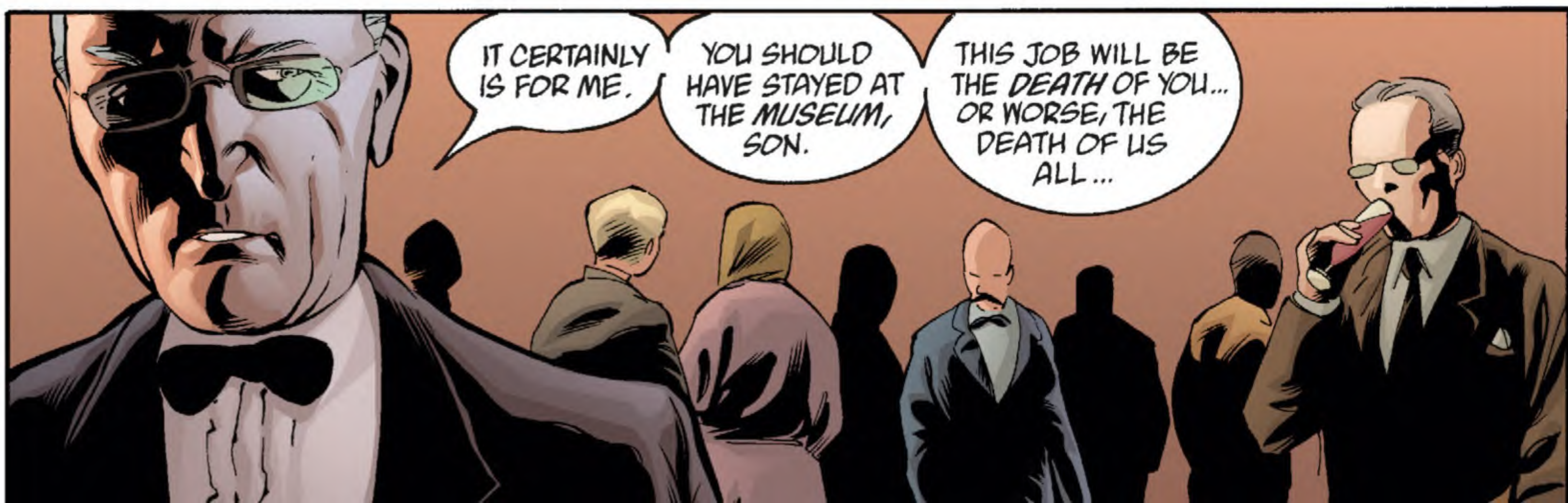
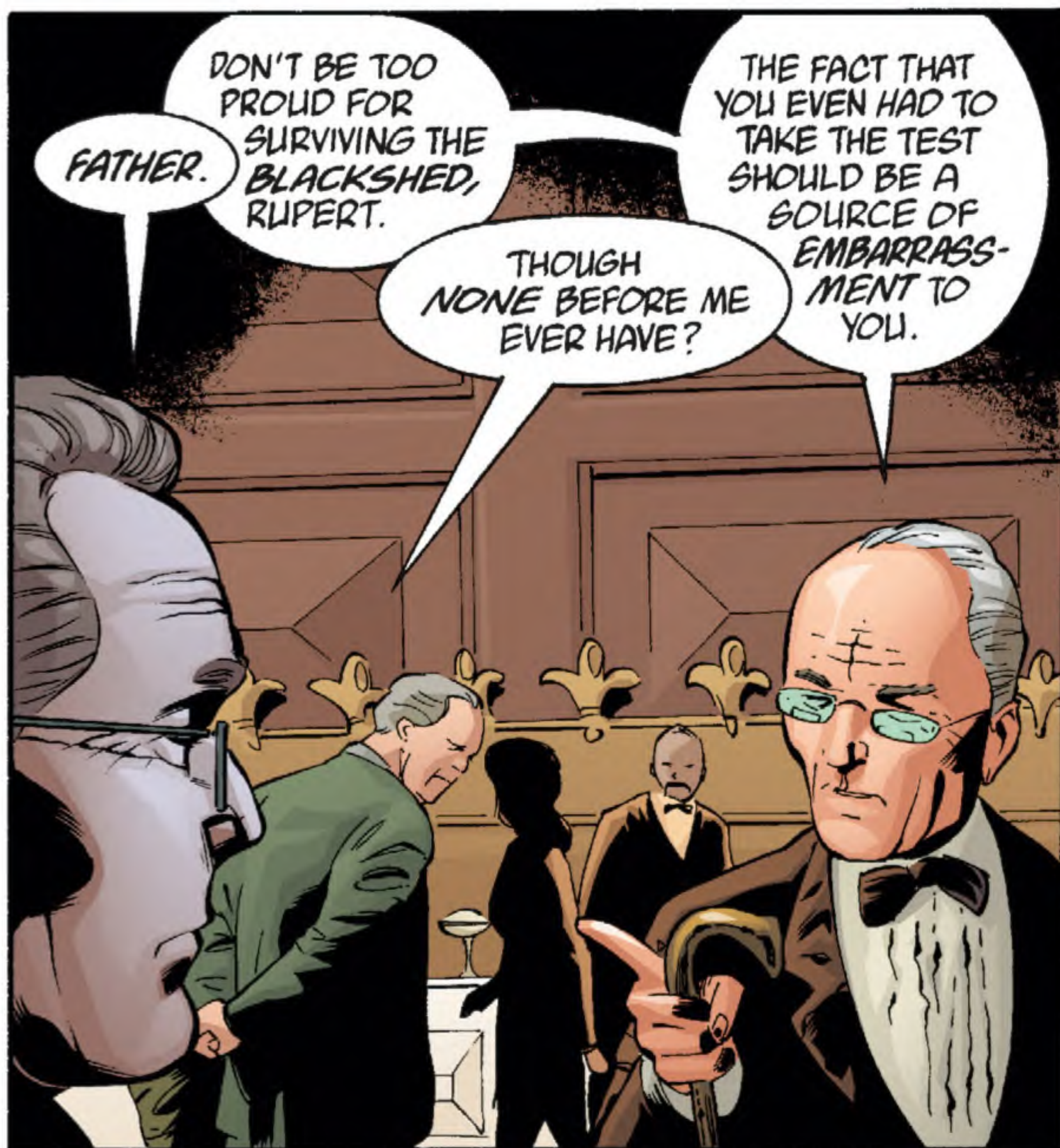
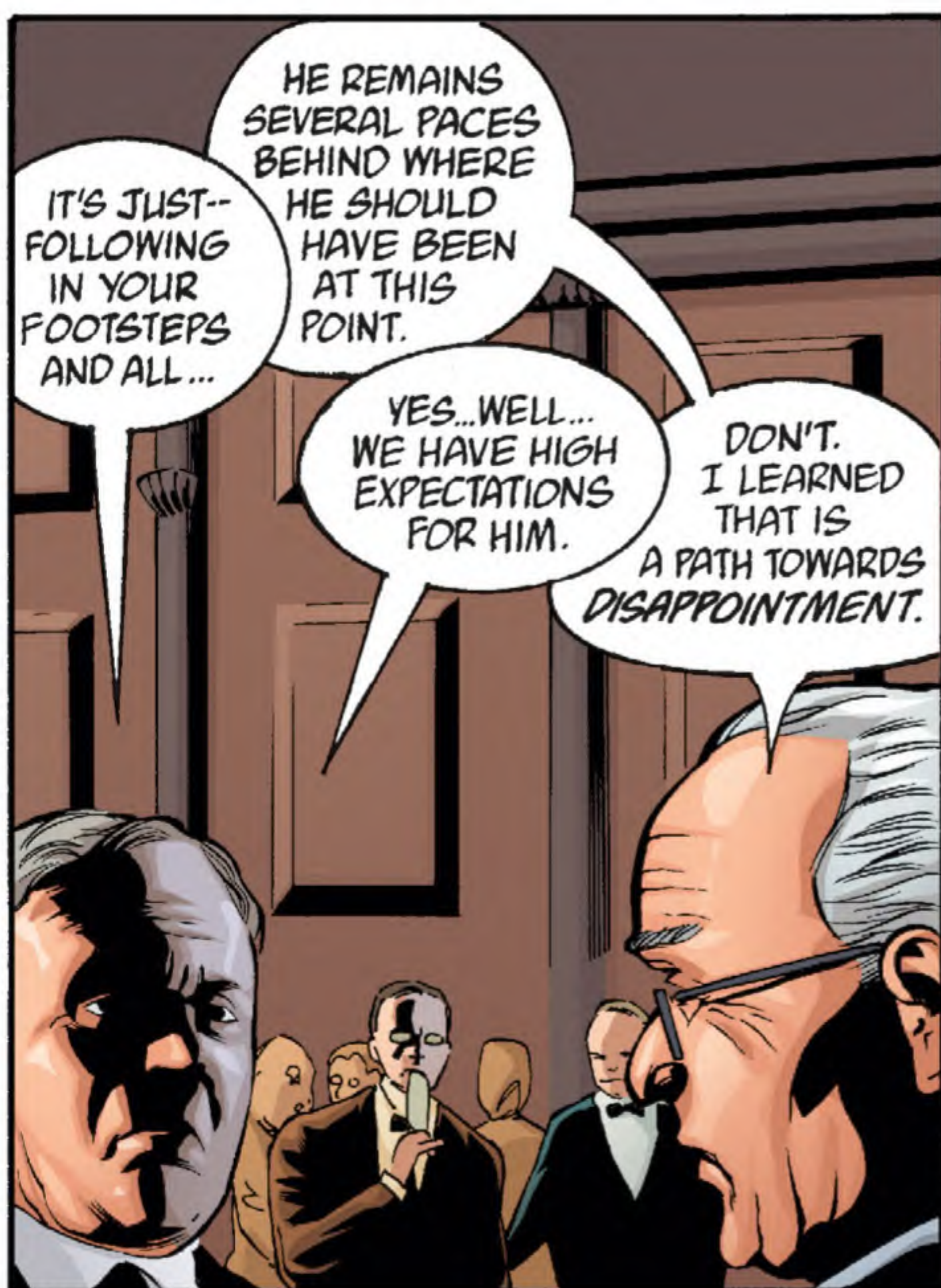
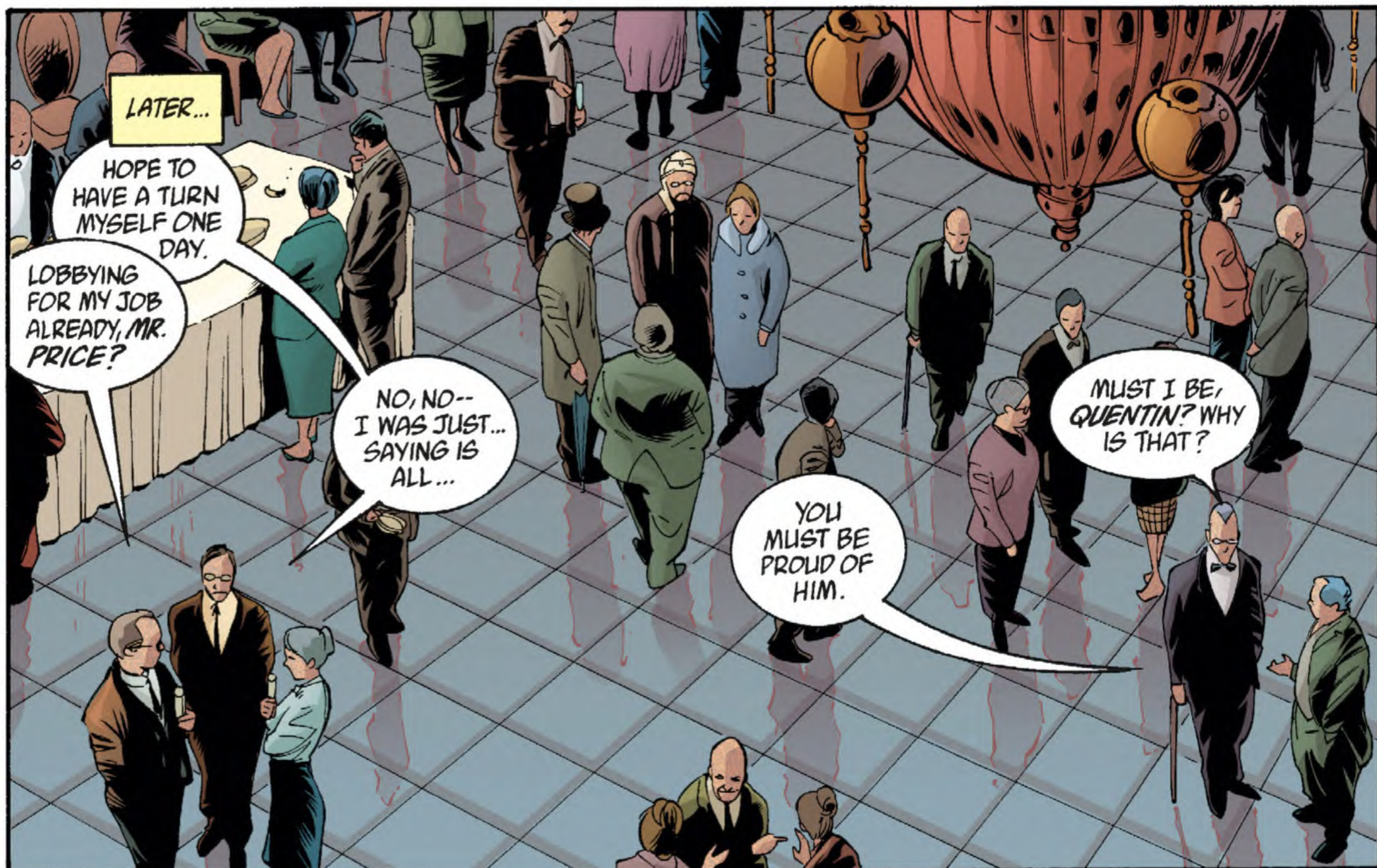
IT IS WITH
GREAT PRIDE THAT
WE CONTINUE OUR LONG
TRADITION--

...AND CALL
RUPERT GILES
INTO SERVICE AS
OUR NEWEST
WATCHER.

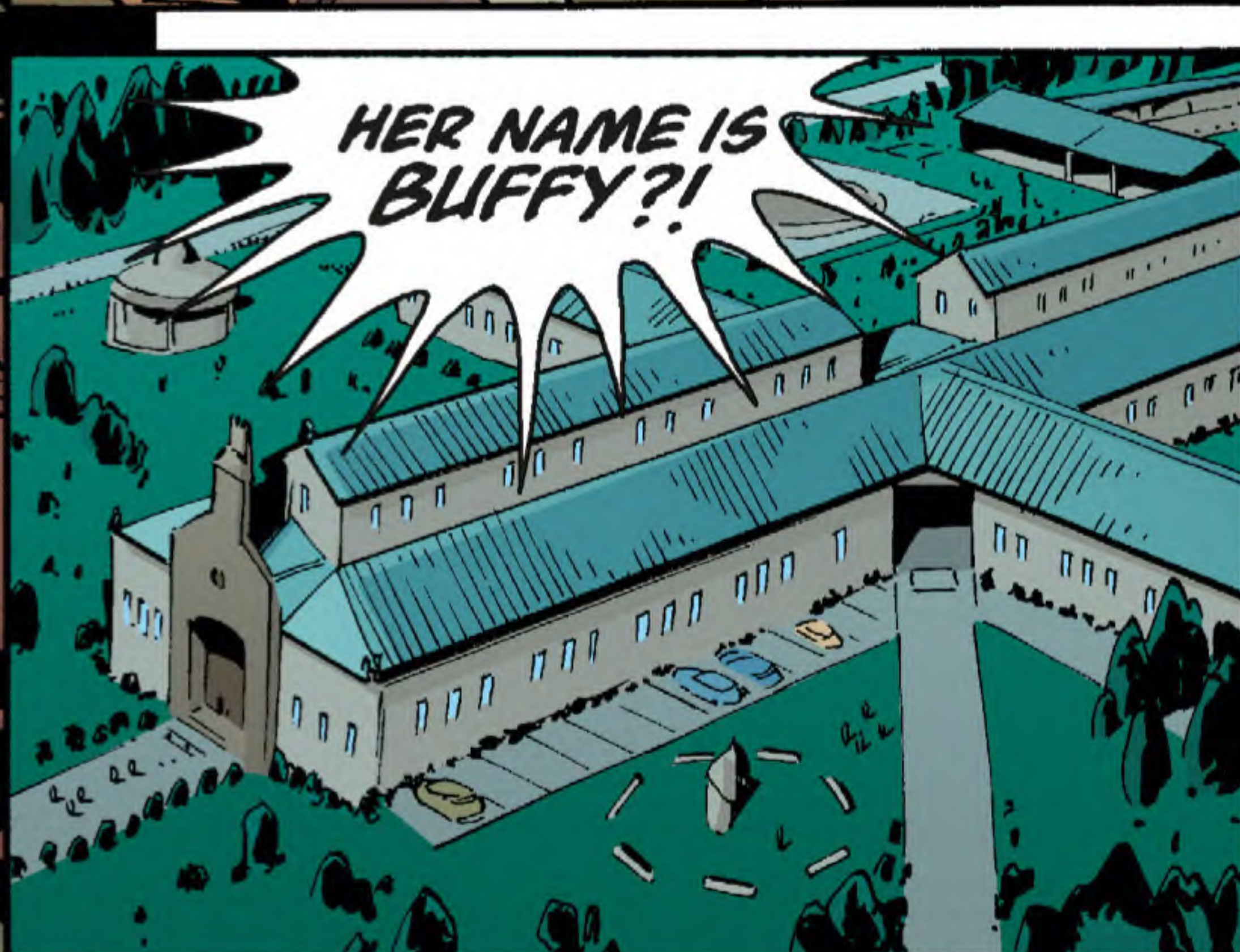
WE ALL
KNOW IT WASN'T
AN EASY ROAD FOR
HIM TO TRAVEL, BUT WE
ARE CONFIDENT THAT
HE WILL SERVE OUR
CAUSE--

--WITH THE
SAME DISTINCTION
AS HIS FATHER AND
GRANDMOTHER BEFORE
HIM.

THANK YOU,
QUENTIN.
THANK YOU,
ALL.



MORNING...



THE END

COVER GALLERY

BUFFY: THE ORIGIN #1 & #2

by Joe Bennett with J. Jadsen and René Micheletti,
and with Jeromy Cox and Guy Major

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER #51–53

by Paul Lee and Brian Horton





THE ORIGIN

JOE BENNETT
J. JARVIS

KETCHAM

CHRISTOPHER
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BRERETON







Buffy

the vampire slayer™

OMNIBUS

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